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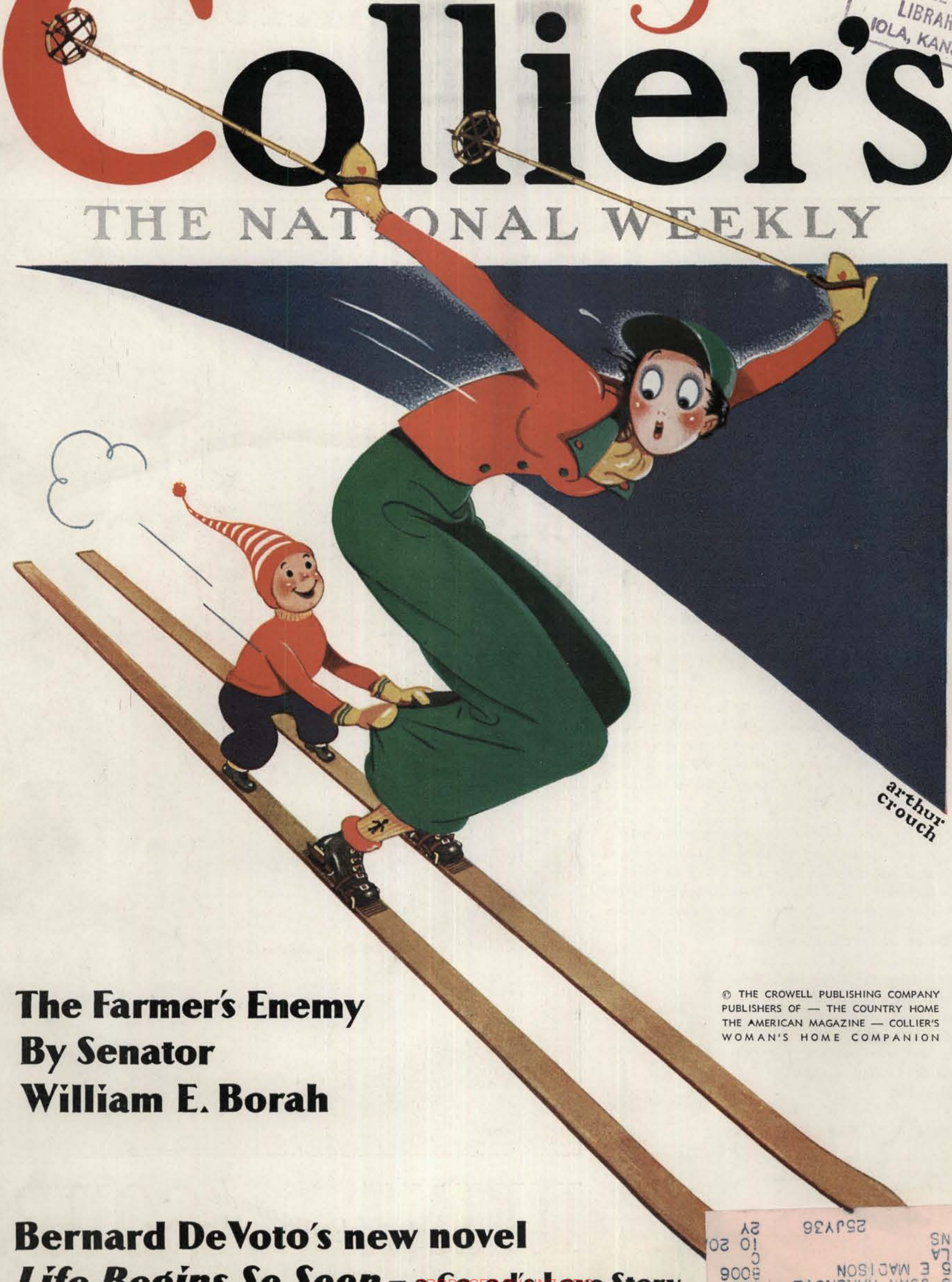

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By Senator
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***Life Begins So Soon* – a Co-ed's Love Story**

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57

***20 DELECTABLE KINDS**

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Chicken Gumbo Creole
Clam Chowder
Consommé Madrilène
Bean Soup
Onion Soup
Consommé
Pepper Pot
Beef Broth
Scotch Broth
Mock Turtle
Vegetable Soup
Cream of Spinach
Cream of Mushroom
Cream of Oyster
Cream of Asparagus
Cream of Green Pea
Cream of Celery
Cream of Tomato
Corn Chowder

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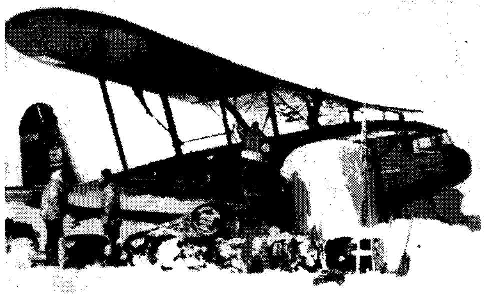
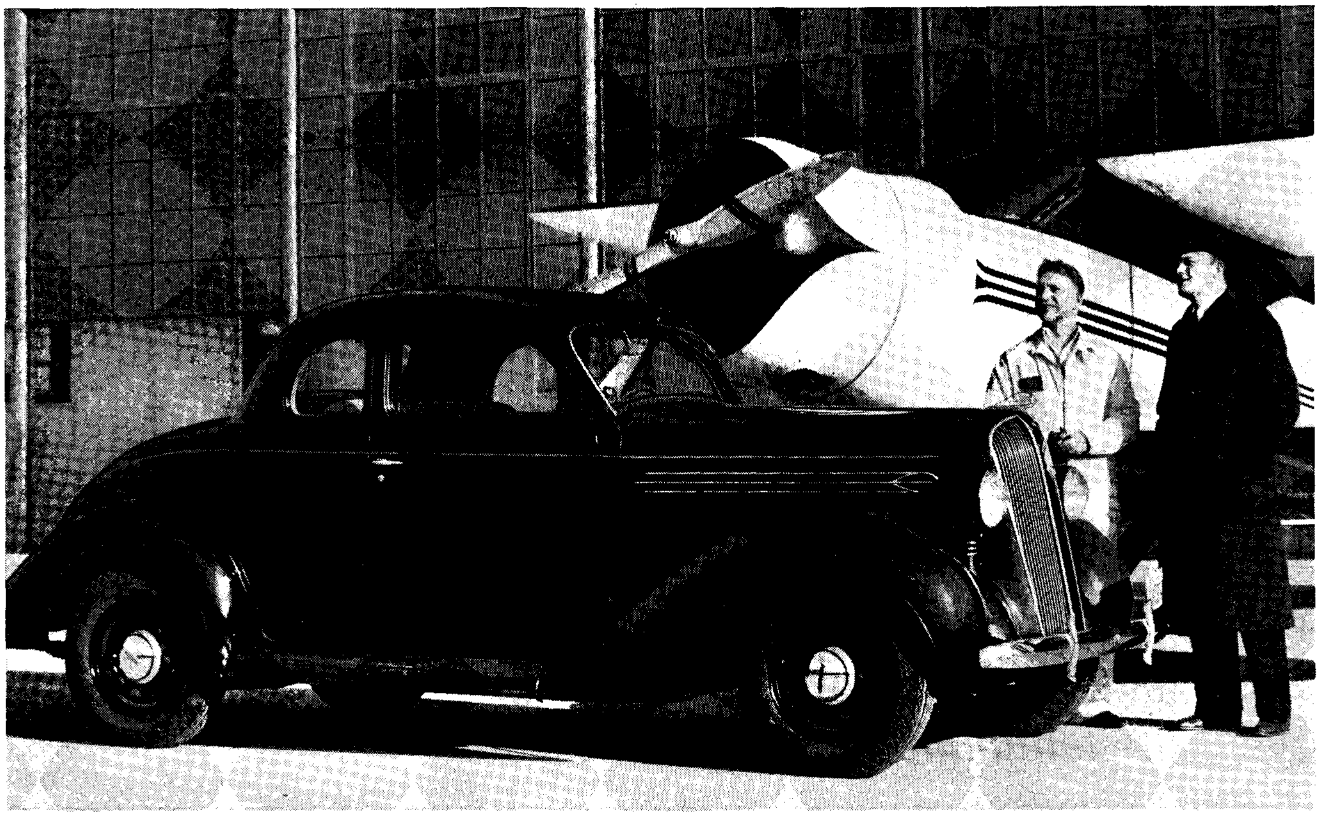


"WE FREQUENTLY had to start our plane engines in temperatures of 40° to 57° below zero."

PAUL SWAN had the responsibility for keeping six airplanes operating at the South Pole.



SUPERIOR ENGINEERING sold Engineer Paul Swan his beautiful new 1936 Plymouth . . . the gas and oil economy of the great six-cylinder engine . . . the handling ease of the car . . . the safety of Plymouth's 100% hydraulic brakes and famed Safety-Steel body.

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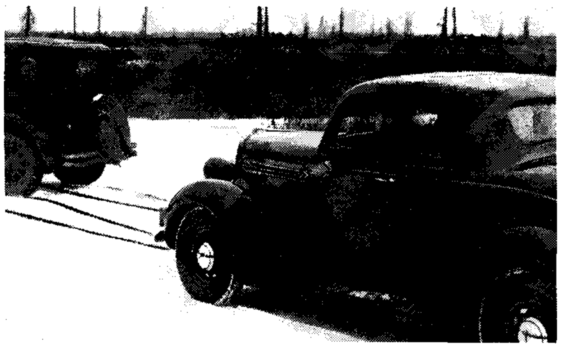

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Next Week

IF YOU'RE a transport pilot, and a good one, you'll know how Wad Madison felt when they told him that Maisie was stewardess on Trip Five and that Len Kendrick was flying the plane. Wad knew that Trip Five was lost in a blizzard, fighting for life against a gale. He suspected that Kendrick was incompetent in a crisis but he himself had just been fired and could do nothing. At least he had no authority. But the girl he loved was in the plane.

In a magnificent short story Peter B. Kyne shows you how Wad landed the transport "Without Orders."

THERE is nothing very spectacular about him—except his habit of success. In 1932, which was seven lean years rolled into one for the Republicans, he was elected governor of Kansas on the Republican ticket. In the following years, which were doubly lean for most state treasuries, he balanced the Kansas budget and, in a quiet way, aroused a good deal of enthusiasm among his fellow citizens. That enthusiasm has been spreading rapidly to other states until now the quiet man from Kansas is "Probable Alf Landon," a likely candidate for the presidency. Walter Davenport presents him.

JONAS COLE was in love, in love with a girl named Sally. If Sally was in any way short of perfection, he didn't care. He liked her the way she was. But it just happened that Jonas was the one man who could make Sally over and he had to do it. In "Sometimes They Like It" Josephine Bentham shows you what happened.

THERE was a melancholy moment on Martha's Vineyard island when the last of all the heath hens realized that he was alone in the world. No chick nor child. No wife nor parents. "Going! Going! Gone!" had been the story of his race. It is the story of wild life in general. And now once again we are trying to do something about it. Quentin Reynolds explains.

TOM NEAL was getting a little sick of it—sick of being crowded off the sidewalk by Colonel Carver. He had created the Colonel and kept him going in the comic strips, but the Colonel had outgrown his creator. In "The Boy Grew Bolder," Heywood Broun shows you how Tom dealt with the upstart.

THE serials, under the expert direction of Bernard DeVoto and Ethel Pettit Roche, move smoothly forward. Miscellaneous gems are supplied by Kyle Crichton, Max Brand, George Creel and others. Leaving you well taken care of.

This Week

●

February 1, 1936

Cover by Arthur Crouch

BERNARD DeVOTO
Life Begins So Soon, Part I. A dramatic story of college life—the new serial. Page 7

MARGARET CRAVEN
The Viking's Bride. The love story of an indoor girl. Page 10

WILLIAM E. BORAH
The Farmer's Enemy. Senator Borah's brilliant analysis of the farm problem. Page 12

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE and ETHEL PETTIT ROCHE
Callingham's Girl, Part VII. The madcap maestro. Page 14

GEORGE CREEL
Outdoor Games. Government competition for submarginal land. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Too Many Women, by Maxwell Penrose. Page 17

FRANCIS and KATHARINE DRAKE
Conquering Hero. A magnificent story of the airlines. Page 18

JACLAND MARMUR
Record Passage. A young skipper sails for home. Page 20

RUTH MOORE MORRISS
Hot Stuff. The Mexican touch. Page 22

EDWIN MULLER
Coming Down the Mountain. The winter Olympics. Page 24

GREGORIO SOMERS
Orphan Gold. Adopted by the general. Page 34

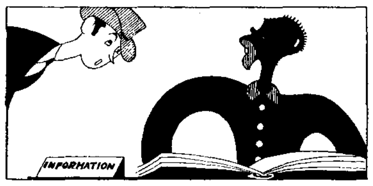
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. What you don't know. Page 49

EDITORIAL
The Great Silver Bubble. Page 54

●

Any Week

WE HAVE it from Mr. Royal Klapper of Washington, D. C., that anyone thinking a spirit of coöperation doesn't prevail in the capital is shy of facts. For example, when Mr. Klapper was in the Department of the Interior not long ago he overheard an extremely irate gentleman demand of one of the Negro information clerks the office number of "whoever's in charge of paving construction." While the clerk was vaguely looking through the directory he went on to roar that "it was a sin and a shame for a great government like this to let contracts to low crooks like—" But at that moment the clerk drew himself up and with an air of injured dignity said: "But you must understand, suh, that we is doin' the best we kin fo' all the people all the time, suh."

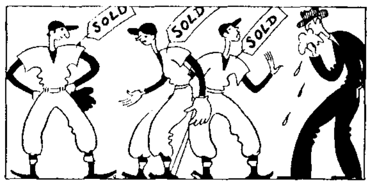


LAUDABLE as that is, it will not be enough to continue Mr. Roosevelt in office, thinks Mr. Arthur Hallam of Evansville, Wisconsin. This is no whim of Mr. Hallam's. He arrives at his conclusion by summing up years of study of the relations between employee and employer. "No one," says Mr. Hallam, "likes his boss, no matter how good a fellow the boss may be. Comrade Roosevelt was elected because the voters were mad at their bosses who laid them off. To the type of men in WPA jobs all bosses look alike. They will be just as mad at Harry Hopkins as they were at the private bosses they used to work for, because they don't like any boss. It makes no difference where the pay check comes from, they are still mad. Just stick around until the first Tuesday in November and you'll see."

A CONSIDERABLE amount of fuss has been made by our readers about the shoes the young woman on our cover for December 21st is trying to put on. We tried hard to ignore the incident but are forced to explain. Some protest that the girl is equipped with two left shoes. Others say she has her shoes and feet mixed. But most insist that she shouldn't have two left shoes. But why not? Look carefully at the lovely young thing. Anyone can see she's in distress. And why is she in distress? Because, dear, dear friends, she is very, very uncomfortable. Personally, we can't imagine anything simpler. So why all the fuss? You'd look pained too.

IT ALL amounts to one of those arguments that Mr. J. Ward Lukeman of Brownsville, Texas, overheard not long ago. One chap was saying that President Roosevelt had lost a lot of prestige in the past twelve months. And the other one replied that it took a damned good man to have enough prestige to last two years at anything and have enough left to be able to lose some. And the first said he didn't think prestige got a man anywhere anyway because if the President of the United States couldn't swing enough influence to get a guy a job he couldn't be much of a President. He had written to the President about it, too. But the second retaliated with a crusher. Said he: "Ah, go vote Republican and shut up."

WE HEAR a great many things that we do not believe, among them what the late Mr. Teddy Hoyt of Philadelphia told us just before he died a few weeks ago. He said that Mr. Connie Mack was motivated by pure patriotism when he sold all his ball players. "Mr. Mack's great heart," said Mr. Hoyt, "was just too tender. He loved his boys but wanted to create employment for the even more unfortunate. He hopes to get rid of all his players and recruit a brand-new team from the relief rolls."



MR. GEORGE B. HILLS of Jacksonville, Florida, objects to references to him in Walter Davenport's article, "Splitting Florida." Mr. Hills, who is a leader of the Democratic party, is also a member of the engineering firm of Hills and Youngberg, who were employed by the City of Jacksonville to make certain studies in connection with the canal project. He writes:

"The Hills and Youngberg report on the Florida canal was completed and submitted under date of October 16, 1931. It was exclusively an economic analysis of Gulf shipping. It was not in any sense an engineering study of the project. It was apparently the first comprehensive report upon the project and preceded by many months the other reports referred to in the article. The fee paid the engineers was less than half of the $30,000 fee mentioned. I was not a member of the committee of canal proponents referred to. Any discussions had with Senator Duncan U. Fletcher on the subject were had at his request."

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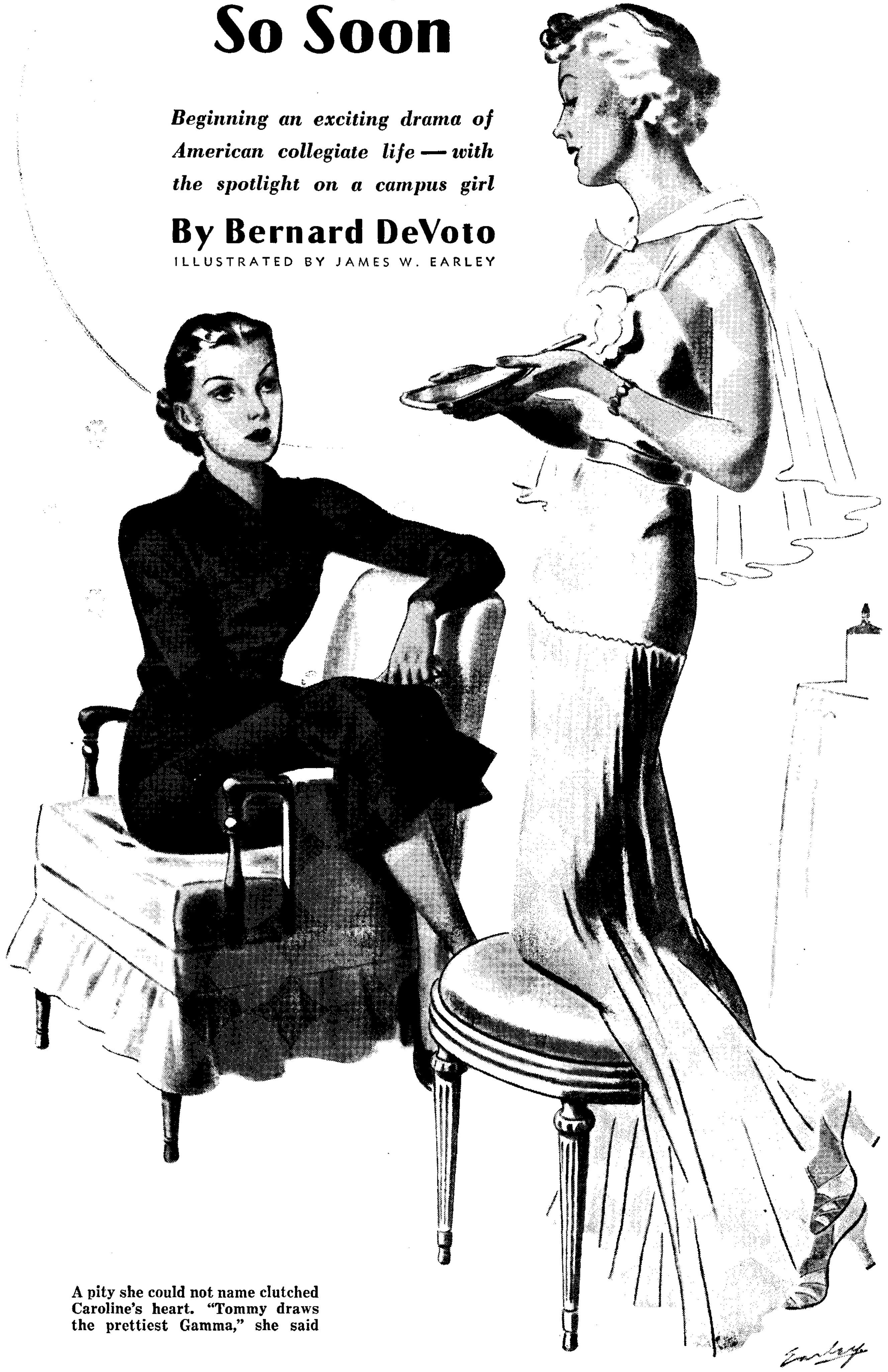
Life Begins So Soon

Beginning an exciting drama of American collegiate life — with the spotlight on a campus girl

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY



A pity she could not name clutched Caroline's heart. "Tommy draws the prettiest Gamma," she said

AFTER it all belonged to the past and could be tranquilly remembered like the mingling horror and beauty of a dream, Caroline Fanning could see that many things should have told her trouble lay ahead. She was too thoughtless, too innocent, maybe, to understand that they were portentous when they happened. Even on the night of the Gamma Formal, when chance set her down in the very middle of things, she had not understood them. She did not see that events had led straight to that shocking night and could not guess that they would lead beyond it to much worse.

Senior year at Morrison University had already failed to be the climax of gayety and achievement she had expected. Being Women's Editor of the Morrison Daily, the highest place a co-ed could have in the biggest campus activity, proved less adventurous than it had promised to be. Steve Abbott, the editor, and Emery Smith, the managing editor, were still stanch and fraternal—she was still linked with them in a fellowship of three against the world — but somehow that counted for less than it used to. The zest that had carried her through three years seemed to be gone. She was moodier, less eager, less interested. She had grown up—and that had cost her some indefinable quality which she sorely missed.

If campus achievement let her down, so, she found, did campus romance. She wore Tommy Pierce's Tau Omicron pin through the month of December, a period of tender exaltation that ended by seeming false and silly and very young. She could not make herself clear to Tommy, giving him back his pin. She couldn't explain that his debonair recklessness had come to seem adolescent to her or that his unstable charm seemed weak. She could only smile shakily and say, "This was my first campus engagement, Tommy, and a girl can't get a degree without at least one. We weren't in love. Nobody is damaged. Go devastate someone else."

FOR a couple of weeks there were despairing letters and tragic phone calls that only vexed and wearied her. Then Tommy carried his lavish heart and theatrical charm elsewhere, and before long he was being just as worshipful to Helen Herrick, Caroline's roommate. In Caroline's mind the episode had acquired a kind of cheapness that deepened her dissatisfaction with this senior year. But at the Daily, Steve and Emery shut the editor's office to candidates, and were grave and dignified.

"We waited to be sure of our ground," Emery said. "Sometimes a girl goes shy and transfers the pin to her underwear. But I've seen it on his vest at the Tau Omicron house. Have you a statement for the press, Miss Fanning?"

Caroline smiled.

"You're three weeks late. That's bad news sense, Emery."

"No, just conservative editing. May we hope it's a final amputation?"

"What would an inconclusive amputation be?"

"Ah!" Very gravely, Emery crossed to shake hands with Steve Abbott. "Carol is back. Maybe we got a paper again—maybe we even got our little fireside circle."

"Must I fall in love to please you?" she said. "Why have you never liked Tommy?"

Emery raised his eyebrows. "Why, Caroline, I saw Peter Pan five times."

Steve sighed. "The T. O.'s, now, there's a democratic crowd."

"Sometimes," Emery admitted, "we get a born Zeta B."

Steve, this year's president of Zeta Beta, grinned at Emery. Steve was neat and precise, very dignified, far more mature than most students, and at the Daily a driver, a born executive. "Now let's all get out and run a paper, Carol," he said.

"The way to run a paper," Emery said, "is let's all go down to Zelli's for *un bock*."

Caroline sighed. Steve and Emery were her best friends, this was her gang, and last year such lunches late at night at Keller's Cellar had been momentous, the best part of college. "Beer was romantic when I was a freshman and it was forbidden," she said.

"Tommy Pierce is also romantic to freshmen," Emery said sympathetically.

The boys' attitude toward her engagement should have told her something. So should Helen Herrick's growing enchantment as Tommy Pierce continued to rush her. Caroline was to remember mirth and loveliness growing in Helen all those weeks.

She was also to remember Dr. Fifield. She was writing her senior thesis under him in English D-51. Women students always hated or adored him—a man of thirty-five with a trim Van Dyke, an intimate eye, a sarcastic manner and a reputation for unspecified but exciting wickedness. She saw him sometimes at Paula Traggas' house: Paula was a faculty wife and a Gamma alumna who entertained tirelessly. He was friendly and courteous there, but coming sometimes to his office to discuss her thesis, Caroline found herself uncomfortable without quite knowing why. His scrutiny was too personal or maybe his sardonic wit was a little too forthright, too—dirty.

Once he drove her home through a snowstorm and the girls had a good time kidding her. They would have had a better time if they had known how often he had found occasion to pat her knee, encouraging her about her thesis. Once, at Paula Traggas', he asked her out to dinner and, when she quickly recalled her job at the Daily, he said, "My dear girl, an instructor can take you to dinner without threatening your virtue." But what counted was the time, also at one of Paula's haphazard gatherings of faculty and students, he was gay with cocktails and found her alone in the study and kissed her. A senior girl at Morrison has been kissed by a number of men, but this was different. She had no more consultations and she stopped going to Paula's.

HELEN HERRICK, though the wealthiest girl in Gamma, never had enough stockings. She put a fingernail through her last good pair and appropriated some of Caroline's. "Some day I'll buy a thousand pairs and give you half." In the sketchiest of underwear Helen was lovely—sweet and slender, very young, blue eyes glowing. One stocking on, she grew solemn. "Caroline, will it matter—will you mind if I ask Tommy to the Formal?"

There had been too much of this solicitude. "Look here," Caroline said. "I wore his pin. Sure, that's on record. But don't invent a broken heart for me."

"You're awful glum, these days."

"That's maturity—wait till you're a senior." She saw something shy and melting in Helen's eyes and was faintly alarmed. "Darling," she said, "you're having a gorgeous time. Go ahead—have the gorgeousest time there is. But don't fall in love with Tommy."

Helen's red-gold curls danced. "I never fall in love."

"You've been in love every breath you've drawn for two and a half years."

A dimple showed at the delightful chin. "Well, what's college for?" Helen grew serious and sighed. "Besides, it's always someone different. I'm a faithless wench."

"You're a retarded child but I love you. Everybody loves curly-haired blond babies with dimples. Run along and ask Tommy as romantically as you can."

Helen drew on the other stocking. "I have. Ages ago."

It seemed part of Caroline's restlessness that the long preparations for the Formal had only bored her. Always before it had been the high point of the year; now she couldn't succumb to it. But something obviously had to be done. After dinner she went to the Daily offices—they were off-campus, downtown over the printer's shop. A worried sophomore candidate was running the desk, in a fever lest he make some mistake and be dropped. Caroline looked at his sketch over his shoulder, picked up some takes, and suggested a different make-up for the front page. The candidate loftily explained how she was wrong.

"Sawyer," Emery said lazily through the open door, "if you can tell our Miss Fanning anything about running this sheet, don't bother competing, just take my desk."

SHE went on in, glad to find Steve Abbott there too. The editor didn't have to work—he slaved as managing editor in his junior year and then, as a senior, simply drew a nice salary and was a big man on campus. Steve and Emery nodded amiably. Caroline hung up her coat, sat at a desk, hoisted her feet up on it, and gazed affectionately at the grimy, cluttered, trophy-hung room. She'd had a good time here.

"Which of you sacrifices his pride and takes me to our Formal?" she asked.

They beamed and she was warm with a sudden feeling of fellowship. They'd had some good years—they'd stuck together—they'd done what they set out to do.

Emery said, "I can't go over the chief's head, even for you."

Steve looked stern. "You certainly must express a preference."

"Heavens, Steve, if I took you both the sisters would boycott me for monopoly."

"If it's me," Emery said, "you get better dancing but only gardenias. Croesus would buy orchids and he's handsome—but a dull stick. I fascinate."

"The sisters would feel a sourer envy over me," Steve pointed out. "But the stout youth would look more infatuated."

Emery spun a half-dollar before Steve. "Dare you risk everything on one throw?"

"You spit on it—unfair." Steve got a deck of cards from his desk, rippling them swiftly. "One cut. High takes Carol to her party."

Emery cut, and smiled. "There is only one ace of spades. But mind you, Caroline, don't presume. I take you to the party, but there is no clause about falling in love with you. What will the liquor situation be?"

"Helen Herrick got her father to promise us champagne. But the big dumb ox wrote to the dean."

"Ah, white wine cup, then, and a debauch of coffee with the scrambled eggs."

STEVE yawned. "Grenadine and water. All Formals are awful."

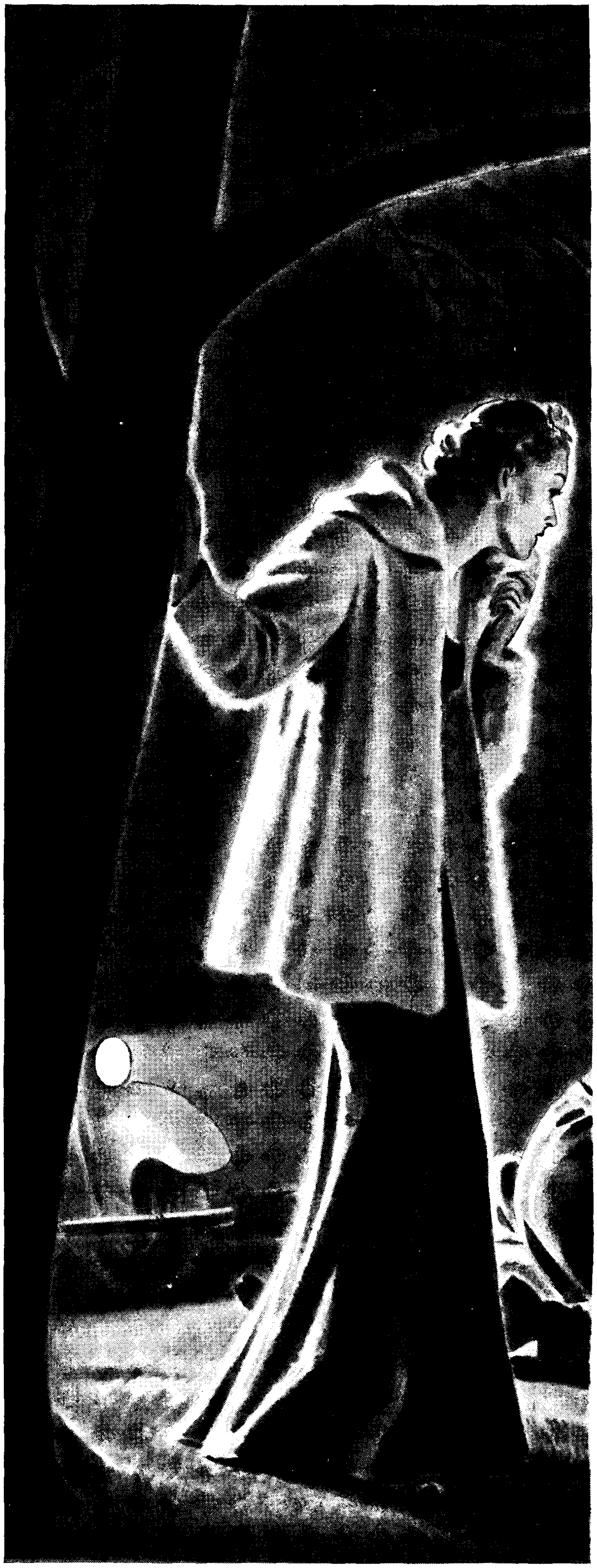
"But all Gammas are not Caroline," Emery pointed out. He picked up a sheet of copy paper. "This will rend you. One of our industrious runners brought it in."

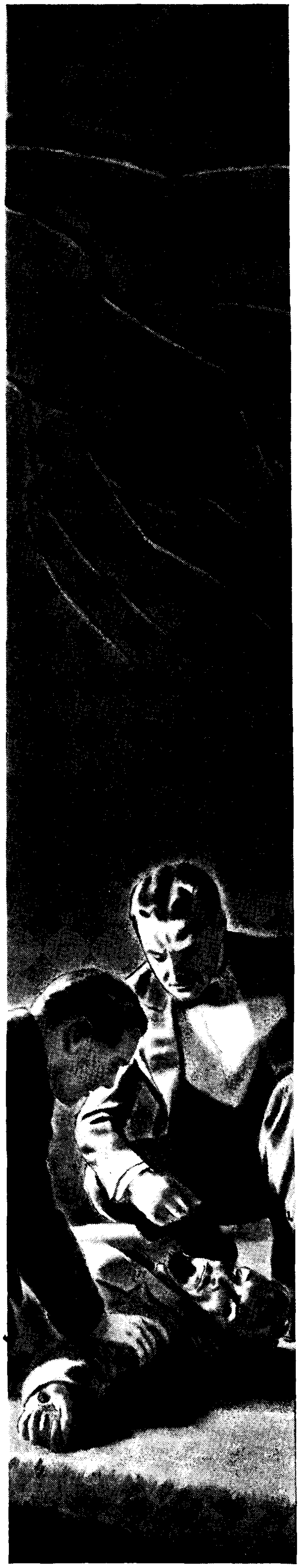
It was half a stick announcing that Tommy Pierce had resigned his managership of the Senior Year Book. "For heaven's sake, Emery! Why did he do that?"

Steve said suavely, "The decline of T. Pierce. Shattered life, dear. When you throw them over, nothing is worth the effort."

"But all those fat commissions! Poor Helen will get spring blossoms for the Formal."

"Yeah," Emery said, "he ceases to support the florist trade. It's going to cramp his gallant style. You done right





Emery said, "I thought he was stewed until he fell down. He said a car hit him on the road"

—Carol, I'll buy you a big dinner before the party. And if you think we can trust that sophomore not to put a No. 1 head on the weather report, I'll buy you and my sullen rival a bock right now."

"Never mind the bock," Caroline said thoughtfully. "Concentrate on making me think the Formal is one tenth as enchanting as I used to think. That's going to take work, Emery."

THE Gamma Formal put things into motion irrevocably, but David Bingham, assistant professor of industrial chemistry, was aware of events shaping long before, of causes reaching back over several years, deep in the intricacies of many lives.

He sat in Maurice Traggas' office, off the seminar rooms of abnormal psychology, simmering with an anger he must not show, resenting his friend's stubbornness and hostility, pitying his bewilderment and weariness. The argument had lasted too long.

"All right, Maurice," he said sharply. "But I hate to see you act like a fool."

Traggas' eyes were sulphurous and unhappy. "I tell you, the State Insanity Commission meets in Brookfield till midnight. By the time I've driven a hundred miles the infernal dance will be over."

"You could skip one meeting to let Paula parade a new dress."

"I can't, and I don't want to. I'm chairman of the commission."

Dave Bingham studied his friend's face. In the four years he had been at Morrison, he had seen that face grow thinner, more harassed, more hopeless. He couldn't say, "I know well enough your marriage has collapsed." He couldn't say, "She isn't worth your heartbreak." He couldn't say, "If you'd get rid of her you'd be a whole man again."

He could say, "Surely Paula will want to go. She's drafted for a patroness and she loves extravagant shows. Do you mind if I take her?"

They avoided each other's eyes. Traggas said wearily, "Paula will do as she likes. If you want to, I'll be—satisfied." He pulled his large, ungainly body out of the chair. There was an undefended shame in his face. "Run along, Dave, I'm charting the dementia praecox of a sovereign state. Curiously, neither of us has dementia praecox."

Dave Bingham went out to a campus sloppy with the fag end of February. He was the closest friend Maurice Traggas had ever had and he could do nothing to arrest the failure of that somber life. That destructive little moron with the bedroom eyes! She was ruining a brilliant, perhaps even a great career.

With a rising anger, he drove to a slope beyond Shagbark Pond dotted with bungalows of the younger faculty. If he found her surrounded by the flip and callow undergraduates who regarded the Traggas house as Morrison's Montparnasse, he would feel homicidal. Still it would be as bad to find her alone and intensely seeking self-expression in one of her outrageous canvases.

She was alone—vivid smock, short black hair rumpled, paint on hands and cheeks. At once her dark eyes were lustrous and she began to exhibit herself in a series of decorative postures. Lord, he thought, she will flirt even with me! She made him praise a landscape she was touching up. She dashed to get him a highball. She posed on the arm of a chair, laughing over too-pointed anecdotes about her neighbors on Faculty Drive.

Finally she smiled at him over a rounded forearm. "Did you intend anything in particular this afternoon, Dave?"

"I came wondering if I could persuade you to take me to the Gamma Formal."

Her alluring eyes went shrewd. "My dear, can you possibly be acquiring frivolity? I'm not sure it will match that rugged jaw."

Behind her head a charcoal sketch on the wall showed Eugene Fifield's beaked nose and tenderly cherished Van Dyke. It was better than most of Paula's stuff. She had caught something of Fifield's feline grace. Eyes small and too close together, the mouth sinister. For all his reputation the man was weak. Weak and foolish and vindictive.

Paula observed his gaze and laughed in ascending thirds. "Dave, how guileless of you to save me from myself!"

Dave grinned. "Pure esthetics. You'll show better against a tall blonde."

Setting one leg swinging, she had contrived to let the smock part extravagantly. Paula always contrived some kind of exhibition. Justly. The legs were unexceptionable.

"Did Maurice put you up to this?"

"I haven't conferred with Maurice."

"If it's just honest tribute to my charm, isn't it a little belated?"

He crossed to her chair and slid an arm round her shoulders. "Should you bother being malicious, so long as it is a tribute?"

Quite automatically she leaned against him. But she looked up slantingly, cannily. "You're lying, of course. How did you know Maurice can't go? Well, I think you can't be my censor, Dave, or my morals. I'm asking Gene Fifield."

"But you haven't. So you won't, Paula. You'll ask me."

"Just why do you think you can bully me?"

The word was exact. He hoped to keep decently good-natured but, whether or no, he intended to bully her. "Because," he said equably, "you aren't foolish, Paula. You have this reckless pose but you're a shrewd woman with a mind as cold as an icebox. If it comes to your attention that you're acting like a fool, you'll stop."

She said defiantly, "Just how am I acting like a fool?"

"I won't guess for you. Put it this way. Morrison is full of Maurice's friends. You haven't any friends, Paula. A handful of students who think that wisecracks make your house a salon. A handful of discontented faculty and faculty wives. If it came to an issue, an open break, you wouldn't have a sympathizer in the state."

DRAINED of levity and pretense, her face was shockingly hard. Dave's spine prickled with a sudden discovery. Paula could be desperate. She could be —the astonishing word was vividly accurate—she could be dangerous.

"And I might not care."

"Still, you're too shrewd to force the issue." His voice sharpened. "Probably no one but Maurice cares what you do privately. But you're flaunting Gene Fifield much too publicly. It will be thoughtful of you not to take him to the Gamma dance." He crossed to her again and took her delicate shoulder in his hand. "I'll show up that night in time for the patronesses' dinner. Be quite sure, my dear, that if I find Fifield here it will still be me who takes you to it."

He held her till stubbornness went out of her face, displaced by a sullen but acquiescent resentment. Her eyes had shutters in them. "It ought to be an ecstatic evening for us both," she said. "Have you some thought of endearing yourself to me, Dave, by setting up to be the watchdog of my purity?"

The rupture of the Traggas marriage was more serious, more hopeless, than he had ignorantly known. He thought, driving away, of Maurice's tired despondency; he now knew that there could be no cure for it. He returned with distaste to Paula's hardness. She had more desperation, more recklessness, than he had thought. She could, he had discovered, be dangerous. He had also learned that she could be mastered by a show of force.

At the edge of the campus he saw Caroline Fanning ahead of him and had a brief compunction. He hadn't called on Caroline for months. He had roomed with her brother through three graduate years at Yale, and that fact had implied a couple of dinner invitations annually since she had come to Morrison. He stopped the car. Caroline got in, smiling.

"It's always pleasant to thrill the sisters, driving up with the faculty," she said. "It's been a long time since I saw you—are you sure we know each other, David?"

He had a sudden warm release, gratefully reminded that the university had mirthful girls, contrasting her frankness, her youth, with Paula. Her slim erect body, her chestnut hair, the clarity of her eyes and voice were the more delightful from that contrast. Spontaneous and vital as Paula could never be.

"I'm coming to your dance," he said. "Can you save me a round or two?"

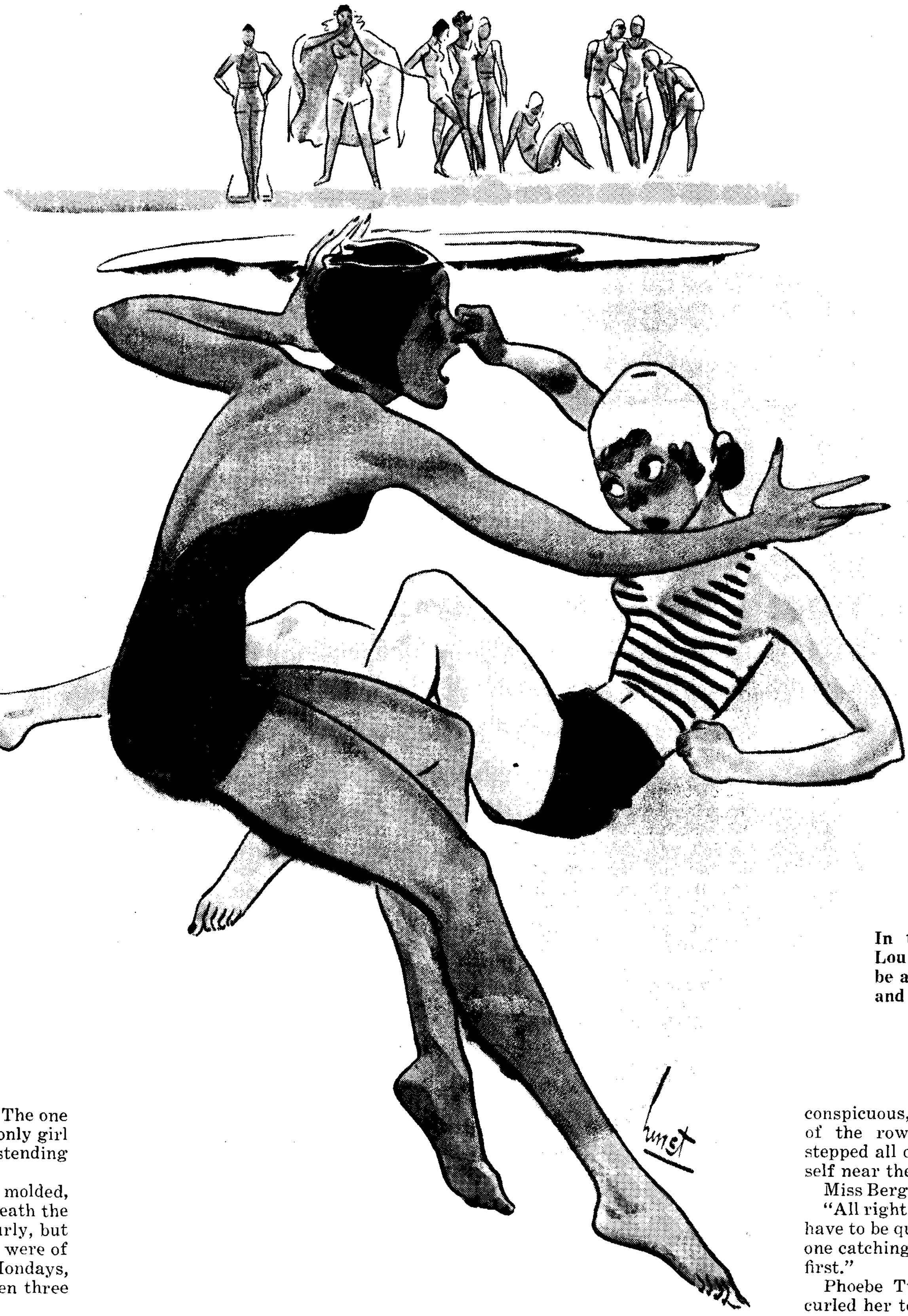
"We always try to program it and it always turns into catch-as-catch-can," Caroline laughed. "Sometime you should see a houseful of girls the week before a Formal. All of us belong in Dr. Traggas' case book. There's an alarming temperature now, but it will go up two degrees when I tell them the big Yale chemist will be there. Then, if for a minute or two you could, be conspicuously attentive to me, please."

BY EIGHT o'clock the chapter officers had been swept away to the patronesses' dinner, lyric with excitement, jittery under the obligation of dignity. "I'm next to the dean of women," Priscilla Farley, the president, said, "what tee do I tell her has been reserved for necking?" "Tell her," Barbara Morley said, "that she can't get necked anywhere but the butler's pantry." Mary French patted Priscilla's hand. "Any tee you pick out, some of us will be there cheering you on to that Sigma Nu pin at last."

The officers gone, the house was even wilder. Caroline moved through an air steamy with fifty hurried showers, scented with a myriad of flowers and electric with hysterics. If "The Nut Cake" could see these swarms of nearly nude girls, she thought, there would be another suppressed issue for the Daily to write editorials about. Betty Stevens dragged her into a room and, twisting, pointed to a tiny blotch far down her back, demanding "Is that blossom going to show?" "Not if your dress has a skirt, dear," Caroline told her. From the third floor Frances Holly wailed, "I can't make my shoulders stay up—Carol, you've got to show me how adhesive plaster works." Anguish in Georgine Roberts' face, "No, I bulge and that can't be laughed off—why, oh why didn't I go out for field hockey?". . . "No Tri-Delt ever got gardenias from him.". . . "What of it?—that was my last year's pin." . . . "Darling, you have to be engaged—shy dreams don't count." . . . "If he broke a leg it couldn't show up in his dancing.". . . "I can't wear step-ins with this dress, not if the dean of women dies of shock." . . . "Freshmen off the fairways!". . . "Better carry a fan, darling, or a bubble." "Five engagements and one grand bust-up last year—let's go, Gamma.". . . "Explain to this freshman that a Phi Psi who kisses her hasn't promised to rob her of her all."

Finally Caroline went to her own room, where Helen was dressing with an intensity that made her wistful, remembering dances for which she had prepared with the same blissful frenzy. "I bought three pairs for you," she told Helen. "You can spoil one now. That gives you one to wear and one to carry."

(Continued on page 39)



In that moment Mary Lou stopped trying to be a big outdoor woman and began to get mad

The Viking's Bride

By Margaret Craven

A romance of today, when all of us young people simply have to be athletic, and of a young man who chose to be clever instead

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

SHE was the one small girl. The one pink-and-white girl. The only girl with queer fat bulges distending the rubber of her cap.

All her curves were delicately molded, and the mass of hair pinned beneath the strip of chamois was red and curly, but they did her no good now. They were of no use to her whatsoever on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays between three and four.

The other girls were dancing up and down to keep warm, but Mary Lou just stood there in the lee of the dressing-rooms, watching the spring rain make little dents in the surface of the huge outdoor pool, waiting patiently for triumphant woman to make her usual magnificent entry.

Then a door opened, and Miss Bergstrom came out. Miss Bergstrom wore a flannel bathrobe over her dry suit. Around her neck on a long black cord hung a shiny whistle. In her right hand she carried a small white megaphone.

Miss Bergstrom was an Amazon—Pacific Coast variety. She never failed to inspire Mary Lou with tremendous awe, or to convince her all over again that single-handed, she, Elmira P. Bergstrom, was quite capable, thank you, of putting mere man—any mere man—where no doubt he should have been put long, long ago.

Miss Bergstrom strode to the other side of the tank on her big sandals and, raising the whistle to her lips, she blew a mighty blast.

Instantly the girls ceased their chatter and lined up. Mary Lou sought an inconspicuous, small place at the far end of the row, but some big fat thing stepped all over her, and she found herself near the top instead.

Miss Bergstrom raised her megaphone.

"All right girls," she called out, "you'll have to be quick today. I don't want anyone catching cold. Miss Tweed, you'll be first."

Phoebe Tweed stepped forward, and curled her toes around the tiled edge of the tank. She was five feet ten and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. When you met her on Quad, her hair was always damp and lank. Her face was the color of old leather. Her hands hung hugely from her sleeves. Now she was an object of beauty, tall, tanned, lithe and menacing.

MISS BERGSTROM'S eyes marched down the line.

"Miss Phillips, you'll be the rescuer. You're to break a front strangle hold, tow Miss Tweed to the shallow end of the pool, roll her out over your shoulder and resuscitate her."

Was that all? Miss Tweed, the big smug thing, smiled lazily. Mary Lou smiled too, and stepped forward.

"Ready?" called Miss Bergstrom.

Miss Tweed was ready. She put her weight on the balls of her feet. She held her arms out from her waist, elbows bent, described with them a quick, back half-circle, jumped at the same moment, turned over in air, and cut the water cleanly not two feet from the side. She came up five seconds later out in the middle of the tank—still smiling.

A little admiring sigh passed over the line. A little inward moan passed through Mary Lou.

"All right, Miss Phillips. Don't forget how to break the hold. Watch your form now. Make a racing dive."

"Here I go," thought Mary Lou grimly. "All covered over with goose pimples."

She made a racing dive. She miscalculated it, of course, and the water came up and smacked her face and chest so hard they stung. She tried to use her best crawl—her Bunny Rabbit crawl, she called it. She tried to exhale under water, and to roll just right with her stroke. But the rain got in her eyes, and when she opened her mouth to breathe, a wave caused by her big splash rolled over and fell in.

The next thing she knew Miss Tweed had grabbed her around the neck, and they both went down in twelve feet of water.

Now as you're drowning, your life is supposed to rise up and pass before you in quick review. Mary Lou wasn't drowning. She couldn't drown. Miss Bergstrom wouldn't let her. The minute Miss Bergstrom saw that Mary Lou was in any real difficulty, she'd rip off her beautiful bathrobe, and even wet her nice dry suit to make a neat Amazonian rescue.

No—Mary Lou couldn't drown. But for a moment she almost wished she could. At least it would end a lifelong struggle with the elements.

Question: If one is born a Pacific Coast female, what is she expected to be?

Answer: A big outdoor woman.

Mary Lou had spent most of her life trying to be a big outdoor woman, and all she'd accomplished to date was to break one arm, two ribs and a collarbone.

JUST as the smallest man in the orchestra takes to the tuba, Mary Lou had taken to the Amazonian precept. How wonderful to emerge from five sets of tennis, wind-blown but triumphant! How marvelous to smack a golf ball two hundred yards off the tee with a lovely swish! How grand to leap over hurdles on a spirited steed!

Yes—how wonderful but how hard!

Mary Lou had tried them all with an infinite patience born of slow martyrdom. Her tennis was erratic. Her golf was inaccurate. Horses dumped her off over their heads and then walked up and stepped on her. Why, she couldn't even tan properly. Every time she tried it, she went to bed with third-degree burns.

She had come to swimming as her last hope. It was. At swimming Mary Lou was a natural. She was a natural-born dog-paddler, and down there under water in Phoebe Tweed's grizzly hug, it seemed so silly and so dumb.

She put one hand behind her neck and tried to pry one of Miss Tweed's fingers loose, but that big meanie had rolled her fingers over her thumb, with all the tips folded in. She was making it just as hard as possible.

In that moment Mary Lou stopped trying to be a big outdoor woman, and began to get mad. She dropped her right shoulder, brought her right hand up close to her own body to Miss Tweed's nose. She grabbed it. She stuck her little finger in Miss Tweed's eye. She brought her knee up and punched it firmly into Miss Tweed's middle.

Miss Tweed let go. They came up. Miss Tweed took a fresh breath and prepared for a fresh tussle. Mary Lou stuck out her open hand and dunked Miss Tweed's face under. Miss Tweed said, "Ouch!" Mary Lou said, "Lie still then. You're supposed to be drowned."

Miss Bergstrom said, "Girls . . . girls . . ."

Then there was that long tow down to the shallow end. When Mary Lou had rolled Phoebe Tweed over the side, she took hold of the edge with both hands, and jumped up, straightening her arms. But she was too tired to pull herself over. It took four tries.

She was going through the motions of resuscitating Phoebe—who was in much less need of it than Mary Lou—when Miss Bergstrom walked over.

"Miss Phillips," said Miss Bergstrom, "your demonstration was fair, but your technique was a little rough."

MARY LOU stood up, and let the water run out of her ears.

"Have you dived off the board for the flatiron yet?" asked Miss Bergstrom.

Mary Lou had not dived off the board for the flatiron yet.

She shook her head—and started for the dressing-room.

"Miss Phillips, the class is not yet dismissed."

Mary Lou turned.

"It is for me," she said gently, "I've resigned." And she walked through the door, shutting it behind her upon all this big outdoor stuff, upon the Amazonian precept forever.

When she left the gymnasium, the rain had stopped. The world was fresh and green and lovely. She could hear Dr. Mary Matheson, who resembled a sack of grain with a string around it, giving some girl hail columbia, unhappy land, for wearing high heels to Physical Ed. 32.

She could hear Miss Bates, sharp and tailored, yelling, "One, two, one, two," at a class of neophytes, wearing themselves out, poor things, leaping over wooden horses, and pulling themselves hand over hand up the ropes that hung from the gym roof.

"And when they get up there, what will they do?" asked Mary Lou of nobody at all.

Answer: They would come down so fast they'd burn their hands.

Mary Lou smiled a little because she was through with all that. She ambled along slowly, feeling very happy and emancipated, and presently she met Jay Hunt coming out of the chemistry building with an armful of books. He hailed her.

"Hi," Jay said, "where are you taking that red head of yours?"

Mary Lou stopped. She had known Jay Hunt for years, and she considered him sweet, if insignificant.

"To the museum," she answered. "I'm going to have myself stuffed."

"Among the Flora or the Fauna?" Jay asked.

"Among the Flora," said Mary Lou. "Jay, I have discovered something. I am unique. I'm not athletic. I am the last of the clinging vines. Hereafter, I am through with all this big outdoor stuff, and you don't know how grand it feels."

"DON'T I?" Jay said. "Why, my dear girl, I know *all* about it. When I came to college I was too light for football, and too short for basketball, so I went out for the low hurdles."

"Were you any good?" asked Mary Lou.

"I banged my ankle six times in four tries," said Jay proudly. "I broke the record, but I could hardly walk. Mary Lou, do you know what we are?"

"We're exhausted," declared Mary Lou.

"Exactly, so I think we should take ourselves down to the Cave and drink a few pots of hot, strong coffee."

"It'll keep us awake," said Mary Lou.

"I hope so, and then I think we should have ourselves some English muffins, dripping butter and strawberry jam."

"It'll put fat on our livers," said Mary Lou.

"Of course it will, and then I think we should form ourselves into an organization of two. I think we should be known hereafter as the world's best sitters in the sun."

"As the champion salamanders," said Mary Lou.

They didn't talk much after that. They strolled down to the Cave, which was the campus resuscitation parlor, and sequestered themselves in a rear booth. It was very pleasant sitting there.

PRETTY soon Phoebe Tweed strode in—manless, of course—and seated herself at the counter, and ordered a malted milk and graham crackers.

Yes—it was very nice, and presently Mary Lou saw Phoebe Tweed perk up like a setter getting the scent, remove her compact and give her big nose a hasty pat. Could it be that somewhere down in the middle of the huge thing there beat a woman's heart?

Evidently it could, because down the steps into the Cave came a young man.

Hmmmm—very neat, too. Mary Lou could say honestly that she had never seen a better-looking man in her whole life. Huge he was, with great, broad shoulders and wonderful long legs—the tout ensemble topped off by a handsome head, thatched with curly blond hair.

He strolled down the room, looking for an empty booth, while all the men raised their hands and said, "Howrya?" a little too quickly. All except Jay.

Jay went right on eating his muffins, until the newcomer was opposite their booth. Then he looked up and said, "Oh, so it's you?" adding, as if it were of no import, "Mary Lou, this is Bill Bolton."

Mary Lou took her cue from Jay.

"What does he do?" she asked.

"Oh, he throws the discus one hundred seventy feet eight and a half inches," Jay said.

"Is that all?"

"Well, it's pretty good."

Mary Lou looked up at Mr. Bolton.

"Really," she said, "I should think he could do better than that."

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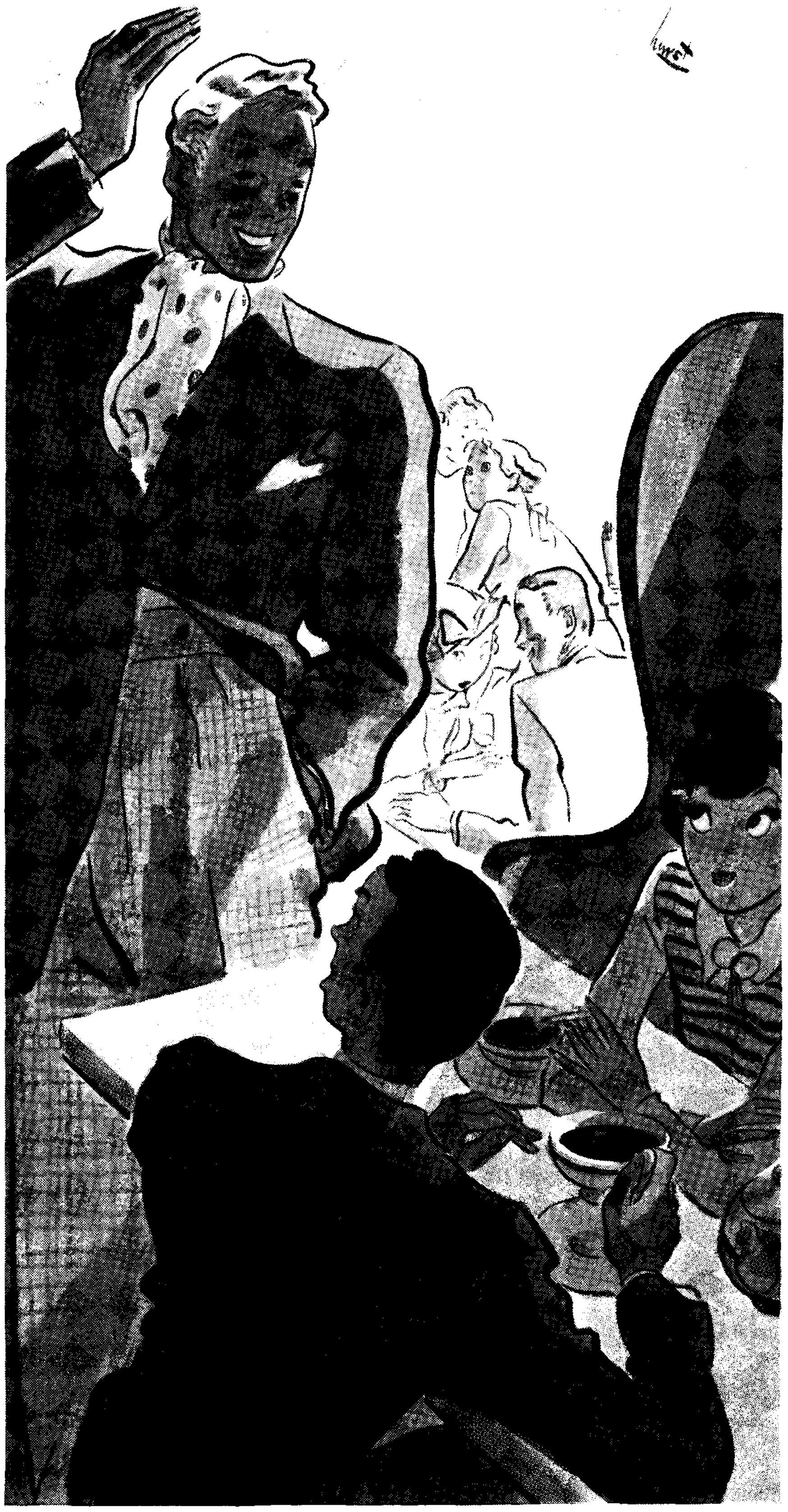


Jay looked up and said, "Oh, so it's you?"

The Farmer's Enemy

By William E. Borah

U. S. SENATOR FROM IDAHO

WHERE is the American farmer to find the market upon which alone depends his permanent prosperity? Is there a market? If so, where is it?

Whatever virtues there were in the Agricultural Adjustment Act as an emergency proposition, it did not seem to me a permanent solution of the tragedy of the American farm.

Mr. Freestone, the able Master of the State Grange of the State of New York, according to the press, recently stated: "We hope that some of the experiments sincerely made in the cause of agriculture will be successful, but in the long run, on a permanent basis, government cannot save agriculture. . . . When the present emergency is over . . . when the end of experimentation comes, the organizations (farm organizations) will see new opportunities to grow in the service of agriculture."

This, I suspect, represents the view of the vast majority of the American farmers.

Notwithstanding the hog vote, the wheat vote and all other votes, the farmer does not like regimentation. He takes it because it is the only help that has been offered him in an almost indescribably distressing situation. Those who picture the farmer as anxious to let his acres lie idle and wait for his check, in my opinion, know little about his real views. He is less in love with bureaucracy than anyone in the United States. Instinctively he wants to run his farm which his own industry has carved out of perhaps a desert; he wants to enlarge and to improve. He likes to add to his acreage, his herd; and he rejoices to see things grow—"multiply and replenish the earth."

But he had seen the debenture which the Grange had urged for fifty years killed. The Tariff Act of 1929 as it passed the Senate provided for the issuance of debenture certificates to farmers exporting farm commodities equal to the amount of the duty upon such commodities.

These certificates issued to the farmer exporting his commodities were to be redeemed by the Secretary of the Treasury under proper rules and regulations. He had seen the pledge broken by which he was to be given equality of treatment under the tariff. He had seen his dollar, when measured in the commodity of his production, cut in half, and his taxes, interest and debts in the meantime increasing. So he consented to reduce acreage and to kill his pigs—something which he deplores far more than do those who criticize him for doing so.

Forced to Regimentation

Give the farmer a fair market—a market in which he can realize the cost of production with reasonable profits—and he will return the check, take back the idle acres, fight for the life of his pigs, and chase away the first representative of bureaucracy appearing at his barn gate, with a pitchfork. But until he is given a market he must take regimentation in order, as he hopes, to save his farm, his home, and afford a chance in life to his children. You cannot blame him for accepting the only program offered, however distasteful it seemed, to afford as he feels a chance, if not to pull through, at least to exist.

It is a truism, of course, to say that prosperity for agriculture depends upon an enlarged market. But it is a truism which is greatly disregarded. Refinancing of farm indebtedness is, of course, important. Reduction of taxes and cheaper freight rates are likewise important. But the fundamental and determining factor is that of increased and increasing demands for the products of the farm. Can this demand be created? Can this market be found? The demand is at hand; that we know. I feel the market can be made available. And fortunately in making this market available we will at the same time be serving the cause of humanity and strengthening our entire political structure. In other words, insofar as we serve the cause of social justice we serve the cause of agriculture by furnishing a market.

We Can't Look Abroad

It appears doubtful whether we shall realize anything like what we seem to hope for in the matter of a foreign market. Everything indicates we are not going to find any considerable demand abroad for our agricultural products. I do not mean to say that we should not by all practical and reasonable means seek to enlarge our foreign market. And to this end the debenture system will probably be of more service than anything which has been suggested. But at best the foreign market will take care of a very small percentage of the products from the farm. In normal times only about 18 per cent of farm income is represented by exports. We may not be able to maintain even that percentage.

We know that it has been the policy of all nations, particularly since the World War, to increase all agricultural output. It is estimated that some fifty million acres have been put under cultivation since the Armistice. Backward countries with fertile soil and abundance of cheap labor are supplying and building up production to such an extent that it not only reduces the demand for American products but actually threatens to invade, in fact is invading, our domestic market. It would seem that the only market for the American farmer is here in the United States, at his very door. And it seems to me that under a sound economic system that market is ample to insure, in connection with a fair system of refinancing farm indebtedness and a just tax policy, return of prosperity to American agriculture. I say a return of prosperity. The time has been so long that perhaps I should say insure prosperity to American agriculture.

I suppose we ought to gauge our farm problem by normal years rather than years of depression. It would greatly simplify the problem if it should be ascertained that in normal years the farmer was prosperous or even fairly prosperous, and that his trouble came only with the general depression. But if we ascertain that in so-called prosperous years we still had a most serious condition on the farm we will be able better to determine the seriousness of the problem, the nature of it, and possibly the solution of it.

What are the facts? The present income of the farm is about $7,300,000,000. It has been augmented since 1932 to the extent of about $1,963,000,000. I am not now subtracting anything by reason of increase in the price of the things the farmer must buy. For the purpose of this article we may credit the income with the full amount above indicated. But here is the real problem—not how much we have been able to add to an impossible minimum such as that of 1932, but what have we done or can we do to add to the income to which I now call attention? In 1928-29 the income of the farm was $11,941,000,000. The relevant question, therefore, is what was the condition of agriculture at the time it had an income in excess of the present income to the extent of $4,641,000,000?

Senator William E. Borah

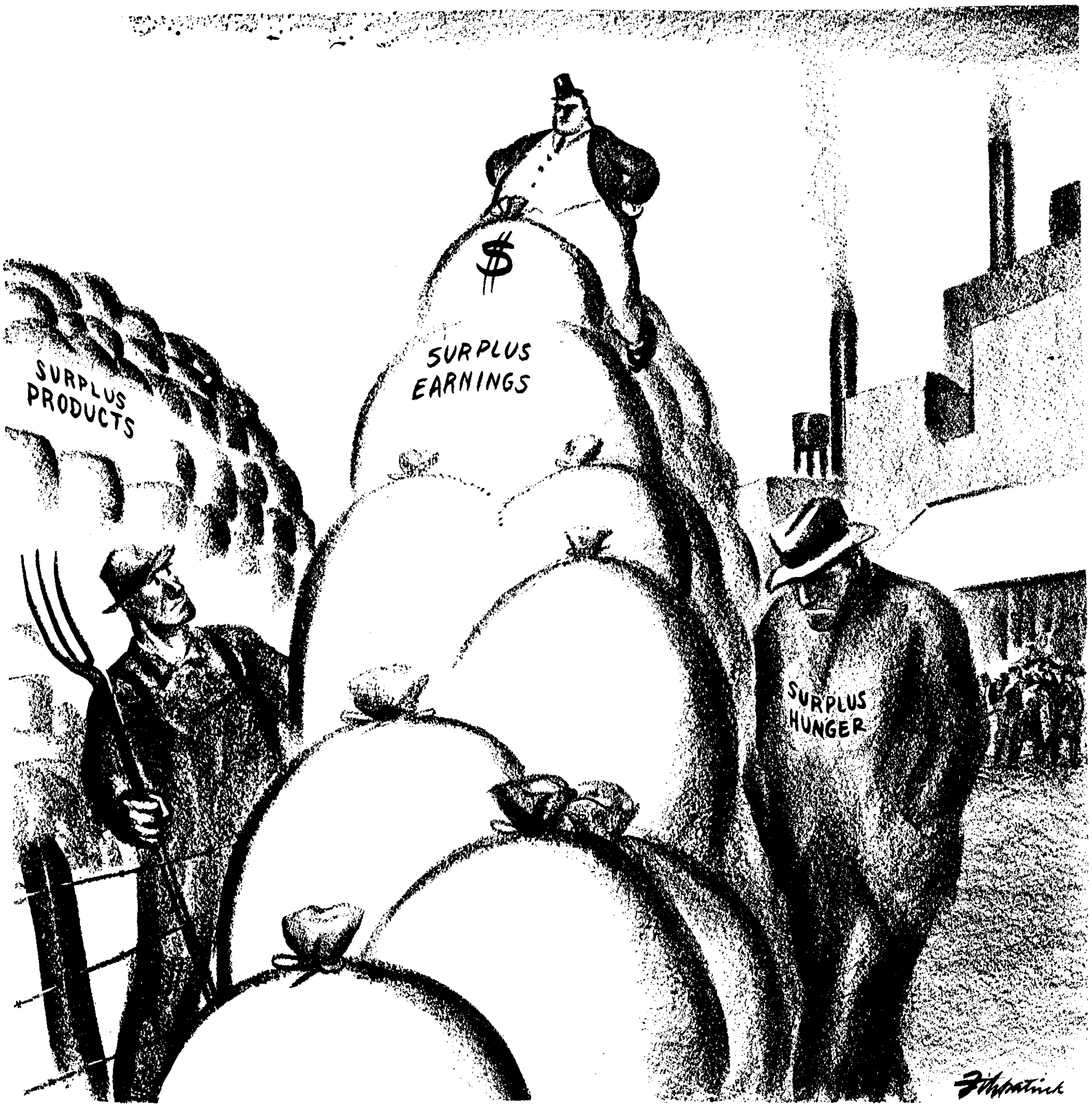
IFOR THOMAS

A Problem We've Always Had

The income, in other words, at the present time of the American farm is about 63 per cent of the average income from 1923 to 1929. The question, therefore, is: Did this income bring prosperity to agriculture during these years? If not, can we hope to bring prosperity by curtailing production, or shall we look for enlarging and increasing markets? We know that during the years from 1923 to 1929 mortgages were increased and enlarged and foreclosed. Tax sales in agricultural regions were common. At the Republican Convention in Kansas City in 1928 the farmers marched in a body from adjoining states to make known their distressed condition.

Our farm problem did not come with the depression. It was here in a most aggravated form during the years which have been designated as years of prosperity. If the trouble on the farm had commenced with the depression we might well hope that when we get back to the "favorable" condition of 1929 the farm problem will disappear. But it will not disappear under circumstances similar to those years. In fact, I ask, when has there been prosperity on the farm during recent years except in times of war or in case of crop failures on a large scale in other countries? It is instructive to go back over the history of agriculture and learn how rarely the farmer has been prosperous in recent decades except when war or famine gave him a market. The farm question has its roots in conditions other than those superinduced by general depression.

It will not be contended that from 1923-29 the farmer was at fault. He had produced and was prepared, assuming the American people could buy, to feed the American people, pay his taxes, high as they were, pay his interest, high as it was, reduce his mortgage and, keeping step to the music of the seasons' change, reseed and replant his acres. Assuming that the American people could buy! But, badly as many needed to buy, they could not buy. A proud, strong people were by the millions without the means to supply their tables with more than the bare necessities of life, and millions more were not able to provide even the bare necessities of life. The



The system that leads to meager existence for millions and plenty for hundreds reveals not only the tragedy of the farmer but the tragedy of the nation

D. R. FITZPATRICK

farmer had not overproduced, measured by the needs of the people; he had not curtailed production or limited output; he had not, through agreements, fixed the price of his products. He had gone forward and produced sufficient to make comfortable all the people of the land and in doing so had discharged his full duty to himself, to humanity and to his country. No family need go unfed and no child go undernourished on account of the failure of the farmer to produce. And yet he was producing for a people, taken as a whole, with a fabulous national income. The trouble was, this income had been so distributed that 80,000,000 people must confine their purchases to the bare necessities of life and 50,000,000 be satisfied with far less. Here is where the difficulty arose.

A Libel on Civilization

It now appears that if from 1923-29 all the families in the United States had been able to purchase sufficient to bring them up even to the standard of bare necessities, our practical capacity production in this country would not have been sufficient to meet the consumptive demand. It would seem, wittingly or unwittingly, that the farmer was producing on the theory that every family in the country would have at least the bare necessities of life. Thus this economic crisis in the life of the farm has not only revealed the tragedy of the farm but the tragedy of the nation; to wit: must we submit and be reconciled to the cruel and enigmatical theory that the natural, normal workings and processes of our economic system lead inevitably to meager existence for the millions and incalculable plenty for the hundreds? Must we accept that as the normal, modern civilization for which we have been striving? It seems to me a libel upon civilization. There can be no basis in reason or in justice in twenty per cent of the income-earning portion of our population enjoying ninety-eight per cent of its savings, leaving the balance, two per cent, to be divided among the other eighty per cent of the population. Such is not an orderly, natural result of modern civilization but a result brought about through practices resting at last upon nothing less than extortion and violence.

With anything like an equitable distribution of our national income, with such a distribution as would have naturally followed had there been no use of unfair and illegal practices, there would have been no distress on the farm. But there was distress on the farm and there will be until a more equitable distribution takes place. There will not only be trouble ahead for agriculture but profound trouble for all, as there is at this present time. Such conditions simply cannot continue. And the more debts we incur, the more taxes we impose in an effort to counteract the effects of such inequity, the deeper grow our troubles. It is an old story that the righting of such wrongs must come through the initiative of those who suffer. It never comes from those unacquainted with the discipline of want or the wisdom acquired through self-denial.

The Source of Townsend's Strength

Things are happening under our very eyes which ought to be a warning that these conditions cannot continue. Perhaps the most extraordinary social and political movement in recent years and perhaps in our entire history is the Townsend Old-Age Pension movement. Within a few months, so rapidly have the teachings of this movement taken hold in the minds of the millions of the people that they now seem to have the balance of political power in a number of states, and are boldly bidding for national control. I am not about to discuss whether the scheme is sound or practicable but am considering it only as a barometer of the feeling of a vast number of our law-abiding people. The proposal could well be entitled Townsend's Plan for the Redistribution of Purchasing Power. It is not merely a plan to secure a pension for the aged. These elderly people are in fact to be made the agents to accomplish a much broader and more fundamental thing.

And that fundamental thing is, as they contend, the restoration of purchasing power to the masses. It is their contention that the plan, if put into operation, will bring about an equitable distribution of the national income. This, in my opinion, is the driving, impelling thought behind this movement. Regardless, therefore, of the method, which you may reject as impracticable or unworkable, the movement derives its great strength from the resentment which so many feel and which resentment the movement has summoned to its support.

There is something radically wrong. The basis upon which rests our constitutional scheme of government is that for every wrong there is a remedy. If the concentration of wealth on the one hand and the spread of distress on the other should continue to develop along the same lines for the next fifty years as it has developed during the last fifty years, just what would be the status of American institutions? We might still call this a republic but it is doubtful if we would even pay that tribute of respect to republican institutions.

No Magic in Taxing

In dealing with this problem there are some things we cannot do. We cannot confiscate and we ought not to repudiate. We cannot take the property of A and turn it over to B, C and D. And if we did so under our present system A would soon have it all back again. We cannot distribute wealth or establish equitable income through the process of taxing power. Assuming that by such methods we could break down large estates, no substantial benefit would flow to the people. The sums gathered through taxation stop at bureaus and would be consumed by unnecessary officials, resulting in mere extravagance and waste. The distribution would get very little beyond the demands of those operating the government. Taxes should be levied solely for the purpose of taking care of the necessary expense of the government.

I fully understand that, when you come to discuss the concentration of wealth and the monopolistic practices or methods by which it has been brought about and by which it is maintained, it is argued, and with an air of divine finality, that you cannot turn back the clock. For myself I am not proposing to turn back the clock. I am not proposing to take from anyone the fruits of industry, of ability, of genius. If through superior ability a better article is made, if through greater efficiency a business wins its way to the market, no one has a right to complain. On the other hand, that is in the interest of consumers provided the way is still open to compete on the basis of merit and efficiency. The people get the benefit of a better article at lower prices; and the channels of trade remain open to those who may still further produce better articles at lower prices.

Getting the Benefit

This principle has been well illustrated by the motor vehicle industry. When the depression was at its worst this industry was at its best in many ways. Its engineering and experimental departments took on new life. They did not get together and agree upon prices for the same old cars. They did not come to the Congress begging for subsidies. They devoted their efforts to solving

(Continued on page 43)

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WALTER CALLINGHAM, a Broadway playboy, and Mary Byran, an attractive Park Avenue girl, *are having an affair.* At least so Bill Cantavo, leader of a famous New York orchestra is told. When, however, Tim Marsten, his closest friend, marries Mary, he believes that he has been wrong and he ushers at the wedding.

The ceremony over, he receives a terrible shock. Inspector Henderson, of the New York police force, appears on the scene, announces that Walter Callingham has been murdered, and demands to see "Callingham's girl"—the bride! Whereupon, Mrs. Marsten disappears; and next day she is found dead—a suicide, apparently. To add to the mystery, Sam Garetti, Callingham's butler, is shot to death a few days later in Nick Braggiotti's apartment on East 74th Street.

The police believe, and Cantavo *knows,* that Amy Martin, a chorus girl, knows something concerning the tragedies. She goes into hiding—both from the police and Jack Rapport, a narcotic peddler, who, infatuated with her, threatens to kill her if she marries Willy Jernegan, with whom she is in love. Her hideout is the apartment of *one Dinsmore, a member of Cantavo's orchestra,* to whom she confesses that she and not Mary Byran was "Callingham's girl."

Meanwhile, Cantavo, who knows Amy slightly, has received a number of frantic *telephone calls from her—pleas that she* meet him for a secret talk. And at last, following several futile efforts to see her, he starts for the Raynor Studios, on West 67th Street, where she awaits him.

Inspector Henderson, it appears, also lives on West 67th Street, near Amy. Believing that Henderson suspects him and his gang of the murder of Callingham, Jack Rapport decides on a bold stroke—to force two of his gunmen, Bitz and Heinie, to kidnap the inspector! Learning of this, two racketeers—Nick Braggiotti and a man known as "The Big Shot," both former associates of Callingham in various crooked operations—for reasons of their own, also decide on a bold stroke—to kidnap Henderson from the kidnappers! . . . Cantavo arrives at the Raynor Studios. It is night. In the darkness, he sees two small gangs fighting, shooting at each other. Then he is seized, hustled into a car, taken to a room above a garage. He is released by his captors, Bitz and Heinie, when they learn that he is not Henderson.

Meanwhile, *the police have not been idle.* They know of what has happened—they prepare to rescue Bill Cantavo!

VII

CANTAVO glanced at the clock as he walked into the Monroe lobby. Eleven-thirty. Sure he was late—a half hour. He couldn't have been kidnapped at a more inconvenient time.

The dance floor was crowded. "We're sure packing them in," Cantavo noted with pride. Kinney was leading the band. Doing a good job of it too. He wasn't half bad, that boy. He'd go a long way in time. Something sounded wrong. Dinsmore was missing! Cantavo walked to his platform, took the baton from Kinney's hand and smiled into the inquiring and amazed eyes of his band. Cantavo late? The unheard-of had happened! He read the surprised accusation in every eye.

Cantavo looked over his band. Dinsmore was absent. He must be sick. He looked badly last night. Too many marijuanas, maybe.

There was Jarnegan sitting at a table again—and with a new girl. Looked like a tart. Had he forgotten Amy so soon?

And there was Wilkins, the owner of the broadcasting station, smiling at him, Cantavo. He wasn't going to stop at Wilkins' table tonight. He was tired and was going home as soon as he could. Funny, he still was hearing the machine guns. Being kidnapped had made him nervous; he had to concede that.

Where was Graham? Why the hell wasn't he here where he belonged? He smiled at his own ill nature.

He smiled at Rose. She smiled. Rose looked pretty, he thought. Had on a new dress. She ought to be home holding some guy's head. This night-club business is no racket for a girl. She ought to marry that millionaire who was in love with her and stay home where she'd be better off.

Yes, Rose looked pretty.

While the orchestra was playing a popular dance number, Cantavo edged over to Rosie.

"Where have you been?" she whispered to him. "I've never known you to be late before."

"I was busy," he said, in a low voice.

"How do you account for your success with women?" she asked derisively.

"I make passes and take yes for an answer," he explained it to her.

"Who were you out with? Mrs. Bostwick?"

"No, worse luck! I wish I had been."

"Born in eighty-two and divorced in nineteen-one," she commented succinctly.

"Be yourself. She's not five years older than you."

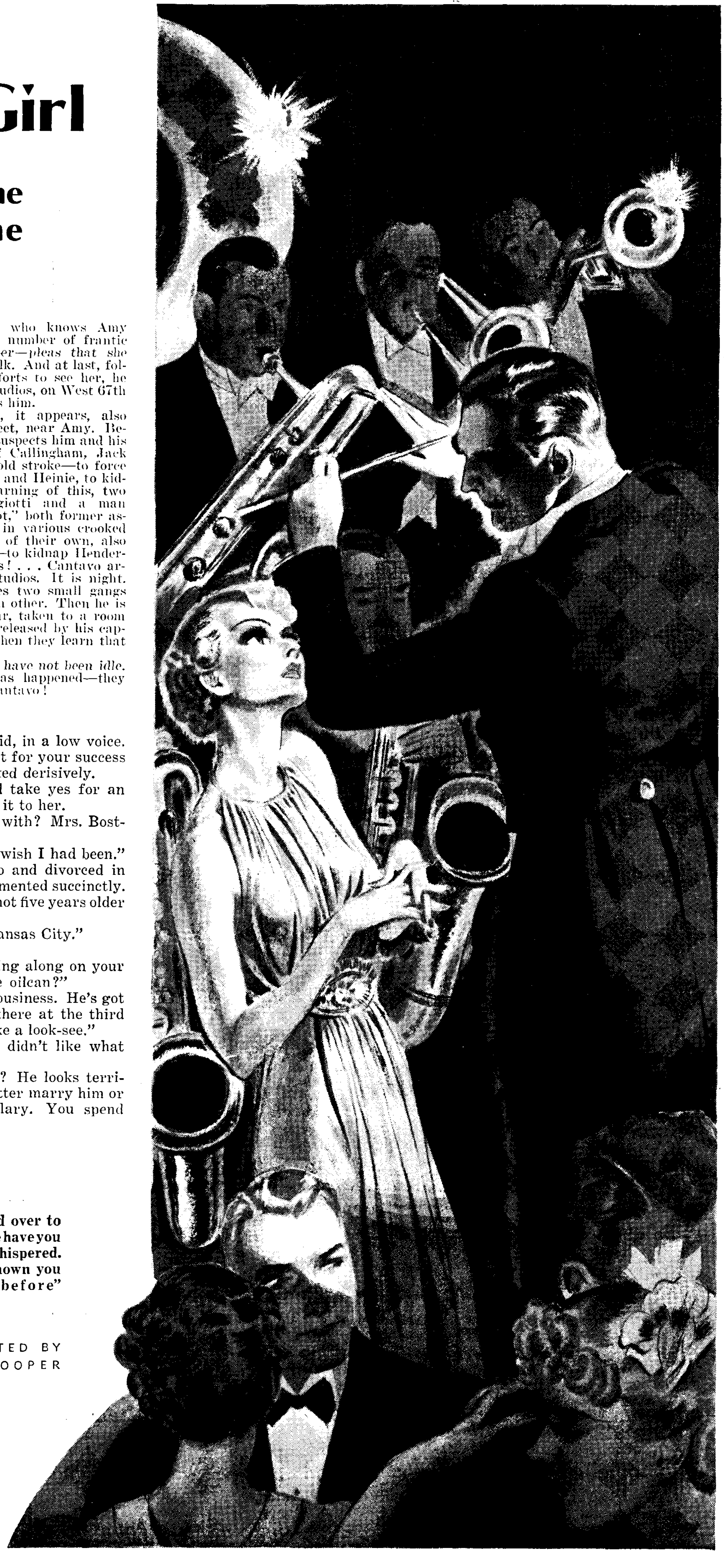
"She's older than Kansas City."

"HOW are you getting along on your romance with the oilcan?"

"He's not in the oil business. He's got a mine. He's sitting there at the third table to the right. Take a look-see."

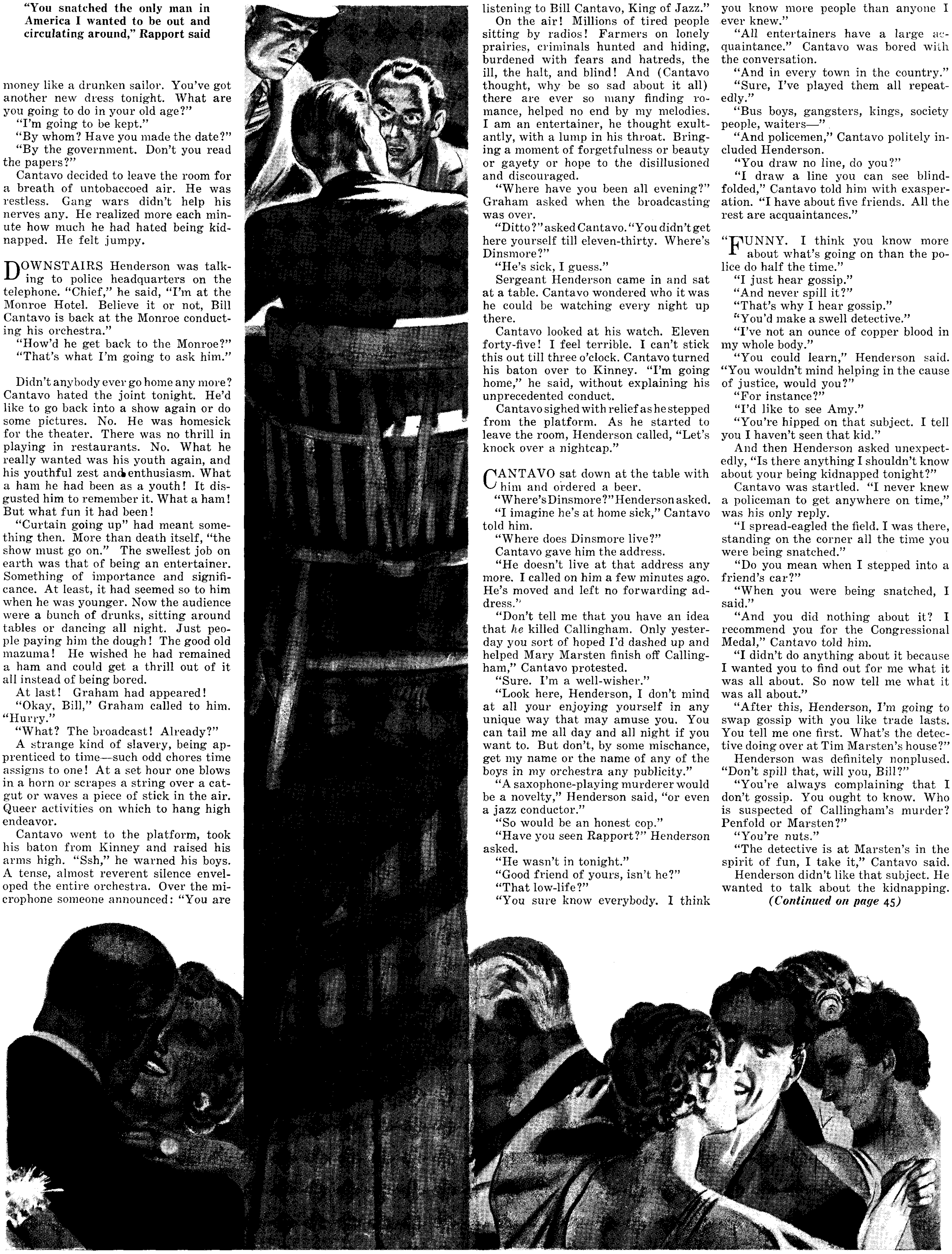
Cantavo looked and didn't like what he saw.

"A he-man type, eh? He looks terrible. Anyway, you'd better marry him or begin saving your salary. You spend



Cantavo edged over to Rosie. "Where have you been?" she whispered. "I've never known you to be late before"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"You snatched the only man in America I wanted to be out and circulating around," Rapport said

money like a drunken sailor. You've got another new dress tonight. What are you going to do in your old age?"

"I'm going to be kept."

"By whom? Have you made the date?"

"By the government. Don't you read the papers?"

Cantavo decided to leave the room for a breath of untobaccoed air. He was restless. Gang wars didn't help his nerves any. He realized more each minute how much he had hated being kidnapped. He felt jumpy.

DOWNSTAIRS Henderson was talking to police headquarters on the telephone. "Chief," he said, "I'm at the Monroe Hotel. Believe it or not, Bill Cantavo is back at the Monroe conducting his orchestra."

"How'd he get back to the Monroe?"

"That's what I'm going to ask him."

Didn't anybody ever go home any more? Cantavo hated the joint tonight. He'd like to go back into a show again or do some pictures. No. He was homesick for the theater. There was no thrill in playing in restaurants. No. What he really wanted was his youth again, and his youthful zest and enthusiasm. What a ham he had been as a youth! It disgusted him to remember it. What a ham! But what fun it had been!

"Curtain going up" had meant something then. More than death itself, "the show must go on." The swellest job on earth was that of being an entertainer. Something of importance and significance. At least, it had seemed so to him when he was younger. Now the audience were a bunch of drunks, sitting around tables or dancing all night. Just people paying him the dough! The good old mazuma! He wished he had remained a ham and could get a thrill out of it all instead of being bored.

At last! Graham had appeared!

"Okay, Bill," Graham called to him. "Hurry."

"What? The broadcast! Already?"

A strange kind of slavery, being apprenticed to time—such odd chores time assigns to one! At a set hour one blows in a horn or scrapes a string over a catgut or waves a piece of stick in the air. Queer activities on which to hang high endeavor.

Cantavo went to the platform, took his baton from Kinney and raised his arms high. "Ssh," he warned his boys. A tense, almost reverent silence enveloped the entire orchestra. Over the microphone someone announced: "You are listening to Bill Cantavo, King of Jazz."

On the air! Millions of tired people sitting by radios! Farmers on lonely prairies, criminals hunted and hiding, burdened with fears and hatreds, the ill, the halt, and blind! And (Cantavo thought, why be so sad about it all) there are ever so many finding romance, helped no end by my melodies. I am an entertainer, he thought exultantly, with a lump in his throat. Bringing a moment of forgetfulness or beauty or gayety or hope to the disillusioned and discouraged.

"Where have you been all evening?" Graham asked when the broadcasting was over.

"Ditto?" asked Cantavo. "You didn't get here yourself till eleven-thirty. Where's Dinsmore?"

"He's sick, I guess."

Sergeant Henderson came in and sat at a table. Cantavo wondered who it was he could be watching every night up there.

Cantavo looked at his watch. Eleven forty-five! I feel terrible. I can't stick this out till three o'clock. Cantavo turned his baton over to Kinney. "I'm going home," he said, without explaining his unprecedented conduct.

Cantavo sighed with relief as he stepped from the platform. As he started to leave the room, Henderson called, "Let's knock over a nightcap."

CANTAVO sat down at the table with him and ordered a beer.

"Where's Dinsmore?" Henderson asked.

"I imagine he's at home sick," Cantavo told him.

"Where does Dinsmore live?"

Cantavo gave him the address.

"He doesn't live at that address any more. I called on him a few minutes ago. He's moved and left no forwarding address."

"Don't tell me that you have an idea that *he* killed Callingham. Only yesterday you sort of hoped I'd dashed up and helped Mary Marsten finish off Callingham," Cantavo protested.

"Sure. I'm a well-wisher."

"Look here, Henderson, I don't mind at all your enjoying yourself in any unique way that may amuse you. You can tail me all day and all night if you want to. But don't, by some mischance, get my name or the name of any of the boys in my orchestra any publicity."

"A saxophone-playing murderer would be a novelty," Henderson said, "or even a jazz conductor."

"So would be an honest cop."

"Have you seen Rapport?" Henderson asked.

"He wasn't in tonight."

"Good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"That low-life?"

"You sure know everybody. I think you know more people than anyone I ever knew."

"All entertainers have a large acquaintance." Cantavo was bored with the conversation.

"And in every town in the country."

"Sure, I've played them all repeatedly."

"Bus boys, gangsters, kings, society people, waiters—"

"And policemen," Cantavo politely included Henderson.

"You draw no line, do you?"

"I draw a line you can see blindfolded," Cantavo told him with exasperation. "I have about five friends. All the rest are acquaintances."

"FUNNY. I think you know more about what's going on than the police do half the time."

"I just hear gossip."

"And never spill it?"

"That's why I hear gossip."

"You'd make a swell detective."

"I've not an ounce of copper blood in my whole body."

"You could learn," Henderson said. "You wouldn't mind helping in the cause of justice, would you?"

"For instance?"

"I'd like to see Amy."

"You're hipped on that subject. I tell you I haven't seen that kid."

And then Henderson asked unexpectedly, "Is there anything I shouldn't know about your being kidnapped tonight?"

Cantavo was startled. "I never knew a policeman to get anywhere on time," was his only reply.

"I spread-eagled the field. I was there, standing on the corner all the time you were being snatched."

"Do you mean when I stepped into a friend's car?"

"When you were being snatched, I said."

"And you did nothing about it? I recommend you for the Congressional Medal," Cantavo told him.

"I didn't do anything about it because I wanted you to find out for me what it was all about. So now tell me what it was all about."

"After this, Henderson, I'm going to swap gossip with you like trade lasts. You tell me one first. What's the detective doing over at Tim Marsten's house?"

Henderson was definitely nonplused. "Don't spill that, will you, Bill?"

"You're always complaining that I don't gossip. You ought to know. Who is suspected of Callingham's murder? Penfold or Marsten?"

"You're nuts."

"The detective is at Marsten's in the spirit of fun, I take it," Cantavo said.

Henderson didn't like that subject. He wanted to talk about the kidnapping.

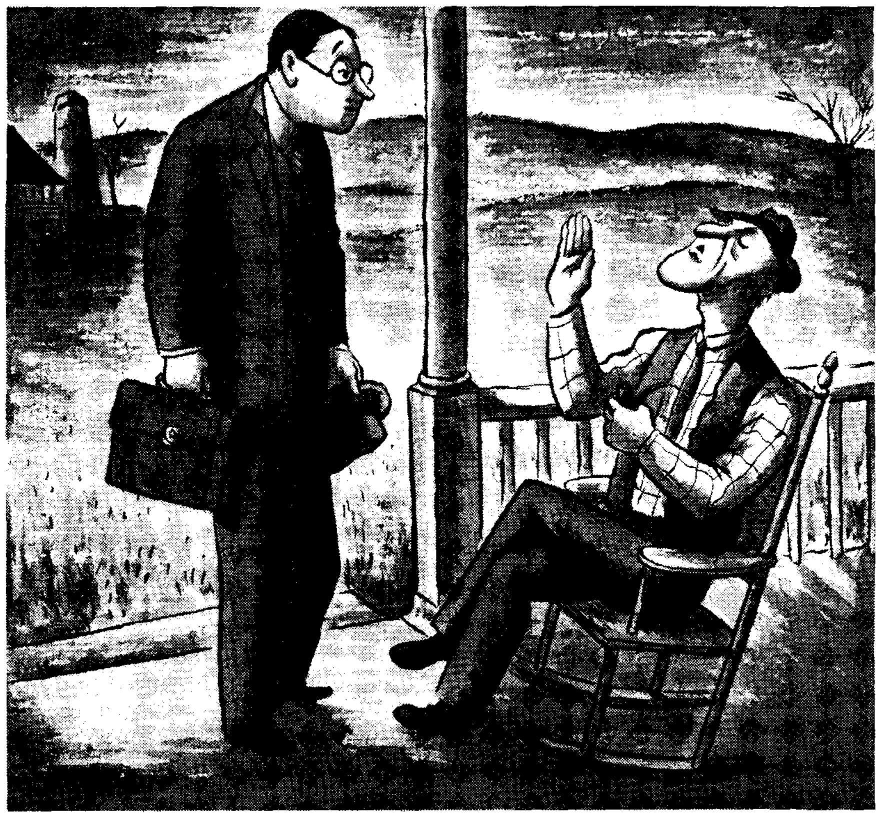
(Continued on page 45)

Outdoor Games

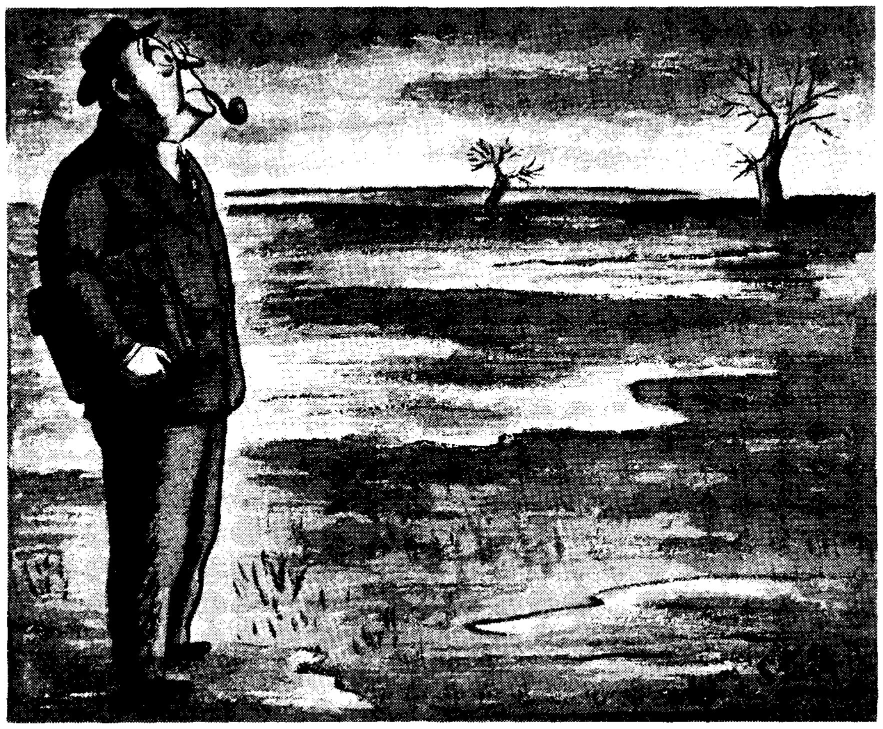
By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



Owners of submarginal land find they're sitting pretty nowadays



There is, in fact, what almost might be called a boom in worthless land

FARMERS with fertile tracts of land, able to grow anything, may still be in need of the aid so generously furnished by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, but any owner of acreage that shows a well-developed case of soil erosion can thumb his nose at the world. There is, in fact, what almost might be called a boom in submarginal land, a score of government agencies standing ready to bid against one another with all the competitive passion of stamp collectors.

Let us consider Timothy Fieldstone as he sits on the porch of his dilapidated home somewhere in a rural region. His gaze roams gloomily over a stretch of ground from which the topsoil has been blown off, letting the hardpan show. Not a tree is in sight, all having been carefully cut down; no drop of running water is to be seen, and here and there, at regular intervals, gullies deface the landscape, widened and deepened by every rainfall. To him comes a young man staggering under the weight of several bulging brief cases.

"Good morning," he hails briskly. "I'm from the Bureau of Biological Survey. That's in Washington, you know. Our experts find that your farm, before you drained the swamp and lake, was a great resting place for migratory fowl. We want to restore the normal environment for the conservation of America's wild life. How about thirty dollars an acre?"

"Nope," answered Mr. Fieldstone after much argument; not out of any dissatisfaction with the price, but because of a deep affection for the home that his grandfather carved for himself out of the virgin forest. A few days later another young man, wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key and an incipient mustache, marches up to the Fieldstone abode.

"I represent the Rural Resettlement Administration," he announces. "Our survey shows that this is a submarginal farm. What we have in process is a model rural community some twenty or thirty miles from here, where splendid Americans such as yourself will be given a new start under more favorable conditions. May I suggest twenty-five dollars an acre?"

"Man from a wild life business in Washington," Mr. Fieldstone answers, breathing heavily, "said he'd give thirty."

"He did, did he?" Battle lights gleam in the visitor's eye. "I'll make it forty."

"Nope," Mr. Fieldstone answers finally, disliking the thought of being pushed around like a newly arrived immigrant dependent on the services of a Travelers' Aid Society. "Don't think I wanta sell."

The Farmers Can't Lose

If the farmer holds out, he stands the chance of receiving offers from Subsistence Homesteads, the Forest Service and the Reclamation Bureau. Or the National Park Service may want his barren land as a playground for future generations, where happy Americans can throw their waste paper and lunch boxes. Or perhaps the American Battle Monument Association, somebody having discovered that the Fieldstone farm was once the scene of a terrific encounter between American colonials and British regulars.

An exaggerated picture, of course, but a fairly true commentary on conditions as they have existed and still exist. Everywhere confusion comes from conflict and overlapping. The Public Works Administration offers municipalities a 45 per cent contribution to projects, and along comes the Works Progress Administration with an 80 per cent contribution. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration institutes a program of crop curtailment, and the Bureau of Reclamation launches projects for bringing new acreage into production. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau suddenly decides that it will be a useful and intelligent thing to coördinate all the spending agencies of government that have to do with housing. Weeks are devoted to preliminary studies, and finally all those connected with housing are brought together for a good rousing talk. Midway in the proceedings, somebody pipes up that what Mr. Morgenthau proposes is exactly the survey that has just been completed by a committee with Frederick A. Delano, of the Natural Resources Board, at its head.

"If you don't believe it," he mutters defensively, "here is the statement."

In Oklahoma the Wild Life forces procured an allocation of $2,225,000 from the WPA for stream improvement and the impounding of water, while the State Health Department wangled an appropriation of $2,000,000 from the federal government and began a fight against the dread mosquito that made stream improvement a joke, and did away entirely with the impounding of water.

Dreaming of Coördination

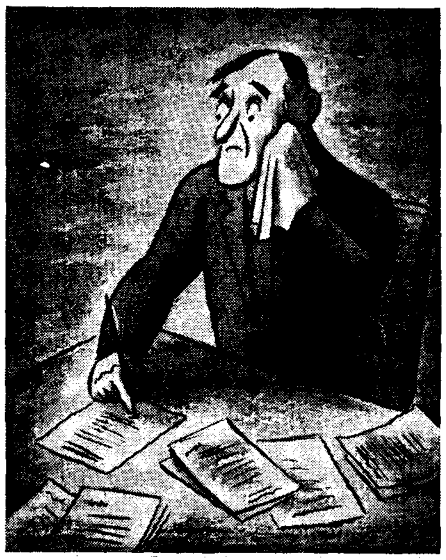
In North Dakota, as a consequence of the drought, the Biological Survey prepared a very careful conservation plan based on the waters of the James, the Mouse and the Cheyenne rivers. No sooner was it completed, however, than word came that the Army Engineers had been given $50,000 to make a water study of North Dakota. The Survey crowd protested vigorously, arguing that the work had already been done, but all it accomplished was to have the appropriation reduced from $50,000 to $20,000.

Coördination? It has been a dream for years and is still a dream. It has always been possible, and it is possible now, to secure the assent of men at the top, but no power has yet been found to overcome the stubborn opposition of the thousands of subordinates who really run the departments of government. A President is an incident in the lives of these people. So is a secretary. Elected officials come and go, but the bureau heads and chief clerks go on forever.

All effort is devoted to continuing and increasing the size and importance of the department. No function or authority is ever relinquished, and the fight for additional powers and duties is carried on with never a halt. Detail is intensified not only to prevent discharge but to compel an enlargement of personnel.

Almost every new department head bustles into office with an exalted resolve to cut red tape, institute drastic economies and compel higher efficiency. Sooner or later, depending on his courage, he realizes the futility of bucking a machine that has been in operation long before he came and will be in operation long after he has gone. As a usual thing, however, he himself catches the true departmental spirit, and starts waging a savage fight to keep what he has and to get what he can grab.

The answer? Certainly not the usual congressional attempt at reorganization or an ineffectual body such as the National Emergency Council. Perhaps a *real* coördinator, responsible only to the President, and acting under orders to "tighten up" and "clean up."

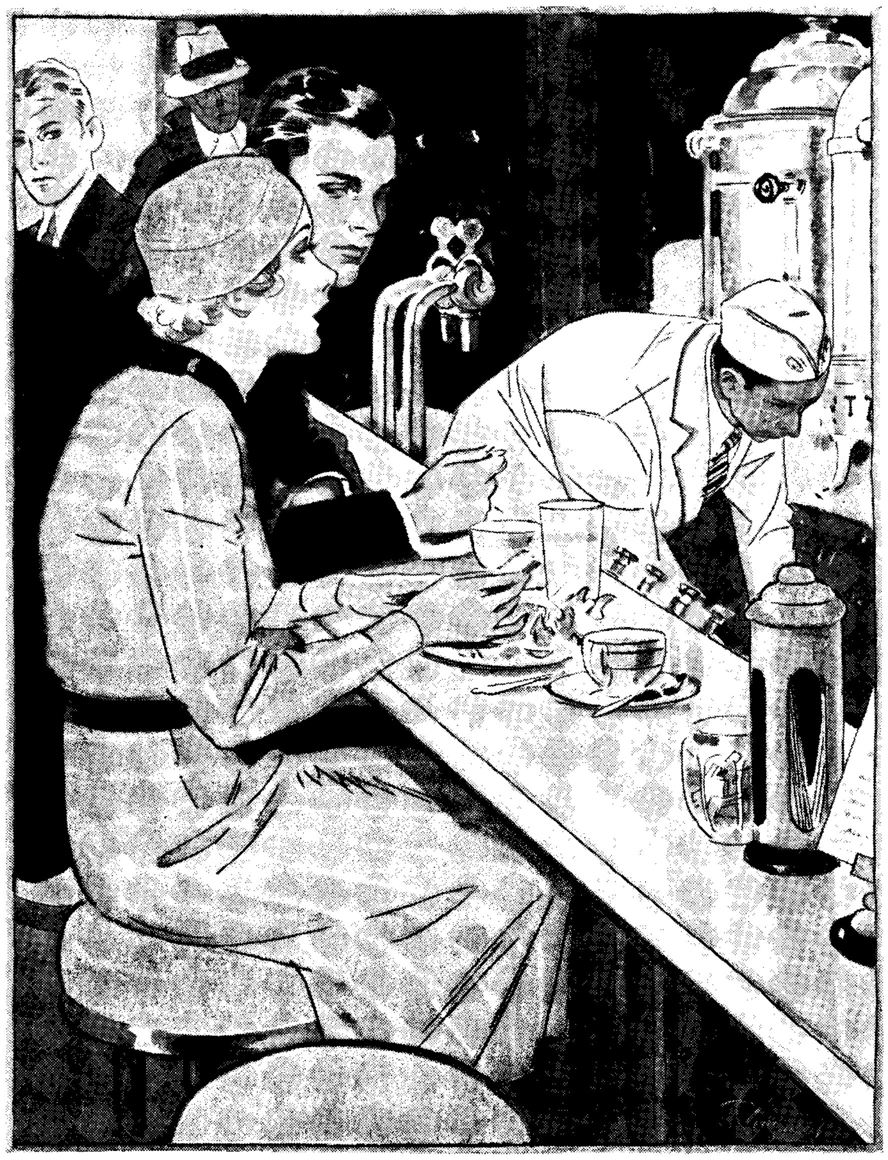


Red tape is the life line of government departments

Too Many Women

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Maxwell Penrose



With an awful sense of helplessness, he found himself telling her about Marjorie

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

IT WAS a long morning. Everybody, except Margaret, had had his little joke, and when noon finally came he slunk out of the office alone. He wasn't hungry, but he had to go through the motions. He was just climbing onto his customary stool when he became aware of the girl at his elbow. He looked—and it was Margaret. She looked at him with sweet, understanding eyes and said, "I hate that Bruce Carter. He was—was mean to do that to you!"

She was small and golden and blue-eyed, and Bill could have palmed one of her spike-heeled slippers with no difficulty at all. But had she been a hungry lioness the effect could not have been more devastating. Bill nearly fell off his stool; his reply was such as to cause him to knock over his water glass. It was a loud voice, which he didn't recognize as his own, and it said, "It—it's just an affair! You know"—and he stuck his neck out of his collar as if he were choking—"easy come, easy go!"

She looked at him in dismay. "Oh," she said. "I thought—"

RIGHT then Bill should have taken her two hands in his and looked her dead in the eye and said, "Margaret, that was a lie. There is no affair; there is no other girl. You are the first, and last, and I've been nuts about you ever since I laid eyes on you three months ago. I didn't mean it this morning when Bruce started kidding me about taking you out and I said I was already engaged. I was just scared stiff."

But he said none of these things. Instead, his brain went blank and he said belligerently, "You thought what!"

Margaret, a strangely distraught look on her lovely face, didn't answer. She half turned as if to go, one hand describing a little helpless gesture in the air; and Bill, sick at the thought of losing her like that, croaked desperately, "Listen—why don't you come on and eat?"

She hesitated for just an instant, then she smiled with unaccountable radiance and climbed up on the stool beside him.

Forty-five minutes later he was amazed to find that he had eaten two dollars' worth of assorted food and the lie had grown like a monster. With an awful sense of helplessness he found himself telling Margaret Blake that his fiancée's name was Marjorie, that she was rather small, with violet-blue eyes and hair like honey. He didn't find it difficult, although he wasn't aware of the fact that the girl he described was sitting next to him, drinking it all in. Then when he came to Marjorie's apartment he really let himself go. He told Margaret Blake all about it; and, to round out the picture, he even went into the matter of Marjorie's preferences in literature. The lady, it seemed, was an avid reader of the robust Mr. R. S. Surtees.

"Who?" Margaret had asked, looking as if she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

"Surtees," Bill said nervously, understandably naming his favorite author. "Fox-hunting stuff. English. Swell. . . ."

When he got up to pay the check he felt like a million dollars. He took her arm and they started back toward the office.

"I enjoyed that," Margaret said, glancing up at him. "Thank you for a very, very pleasant luncheon, Mr. Hyde."

Bill flushed with pleasure. "Aw," he said, "call me Bill—Margaret."

He felt her arm tighten a little beneath his fingers. What she said caused his blood to congeal.

"It's funny," she said, very softly, "that her name should be so much like my own, isn't it—Bill?"

Bill, abruptly, was snatched back to reality. Marjorie . . . "My Lord," he thought hopelessly, "I'm sunk!"

"Listen—" he started, and stopped. His tongue stuck in his mouth. He knew, in that instant, that it wasn't in him to confess that Marjorie was fiction, pure and simple. It was too silly, ridiculous. Why, what would a girl like Margaret Blake think of a goof who got so flustered by a little kidding that he would pull a kid trick like that? He plodded miserably ahead, and Margaret didn't ask him what it was he had started to say. In a deep silence, they returned to the office of Brown & Brown, Realtors. She seated herself at her desk and Bill decided that he had better go up to 48th Street and see how Mrs. Albert Blini, to whom he had just rented an apartment, was getting along.

As it happened, he didn't see Mrs. Blini. She didn't happen to occupy the same park bench where he spent the next four hours, wondering what he was going to do with Marjorie. He got nowhere. He went home and had a bad night.

THE next morning Margaret greeted him with a bright smile, but in his hypersensitive state he thought he saw, in her eyes, a glint of derision. Was she, too, on to him—as well as Bruce Carter? Shaken, he left the office at 9:15 and called on every one of his clients.

The next day, still unable to face that gleam in Margaret's eye—which, overnight, had become in his mind open scorn—he took to the streets again. He made another exhaustive tour of his people. By midafternoon he had completed his personal list and began on Bruce Carter's. That night he wished, fervently, that there were a real Marjorie—so he could go over and simply choke her to death. Fortunately, however, the situation was eased a little when he awoke the next morning and he was overjoyed to find that he had contracted a mild cold. He stayed away from the office a week. And at midnight on the day before his return the solution of his problem came to him. He leaped out of bed and yelled like Tarzan in Hollywood. It was so simple! Why, all he had to do would be to go to Margaret and tell her that Marjorie had proved to be too light a number for the likes of Bill Hyde, and he had given her the air!

THE morning dawned gray and cold, but to Bill it was the promised land of the travel folder. He rushed into the office and clapped Bruce Carter on his immaculate back. "Hiyah, old kid, old kid!" he said noisily, and continued to Margaret's desk.

"Listen," he said huskily, "I want to talk to you. There's something I've been wanting to tell you. Look—let's have lunch together."

Miss Blake looked puzzled. "Oh," she said, glancing toward Bruce Carter's cubicle, "I—I'm going to be busy. I'm sorry. . . . How do you feel?" she added belatedly.

"Terrible!" Bill groaned, and he meant it. He hadn't missed that appealing look in Bruce Carter's direction. It told him things—dire things. He whirled and headed ominously for Mr. Carter's desk, where that exquisite was burnishing his nails.

"Listen, you—" he began. "What do you mean—"

"Now, you listen," Carter interrupted coldly. "What do you mean sneaking around to my clients behind my back? You know what you've done, my pretty? You've got me a cancellation, that's what you've done. Old Blinderhorse in 56th Street asked old Brown to transfer her over to our new dump in 47th that you described so lyrically—and 47th is your territory. Pretty cute, aren't you?"

Bill was horrified. "Honest, fella," he said sincerely, "you're wrong—completely. I—"

But Mr. Carter was not to be mollified. "And the new tenant in old Blinderhorse's apartment," he said, "is yours. I told old Brown that the dump was off my list. I said every dump you started pussyfooting around was off my list—regardless. And there's a complaint already. You got to go up there at seven tonight and soothe the dame."

"Honest, Bruce, I never intended—"

"You be up there at seven," Bruce Carter said shortly.

Bill was up there at seven, and it was a very tough night. The wind was up and the thermometer down. He was cold and miserable. He was thinking of Margaret. Margaret would be getting ready to go out: a restaurant, warm and gay; lights, music—and Margaret in something swell, sitting across the table from him—no, not him; Bruce Carter, damn his eyes—while Bill Hyde tramped through a blizzard to listen to some irate tenant's squawk. . . . He went directly to the late Blinderhorse apartment and knocked savagely on the door.

After a moment it opened and Margaret stood there.

He went back on his heels. He choked a little. "You!" he croaked. "What are you doing here?"

"Well," she smiled, "I live here, Bill. As a matter of fact, I moved in last week, while you were sick. I heard Mrs. Blinderhorse was transferring, so I grabbed the place. Like it?"

Bill looked blankly over her shoulder, and a light began to grow in his eyes. He stood stock-still for just a moment, then, like a man in a dream, he stepped past her into a room that was wonderfully familiar—even to the red bindings of the Surtees in the bookcase beside the fireplace. Margaret's voice, very soft, brought him out of the fog.

"It's nice, isn't it, Bill?" she said.

"It's swell," he said. "It's just as if I had seen it somewhere before."

She smiled. "Oh, you couldn't have," she said. "You see, I got the idea from a girl named Marjorie—"

Bill's eyes went sharply to hers and they stood, looking at each other, for a long moment. Then slowly an amazing thing happened. A light grew in their eyes, as evident as the sustained spark that flows between two electric poles. It was the light of perfect understanding.

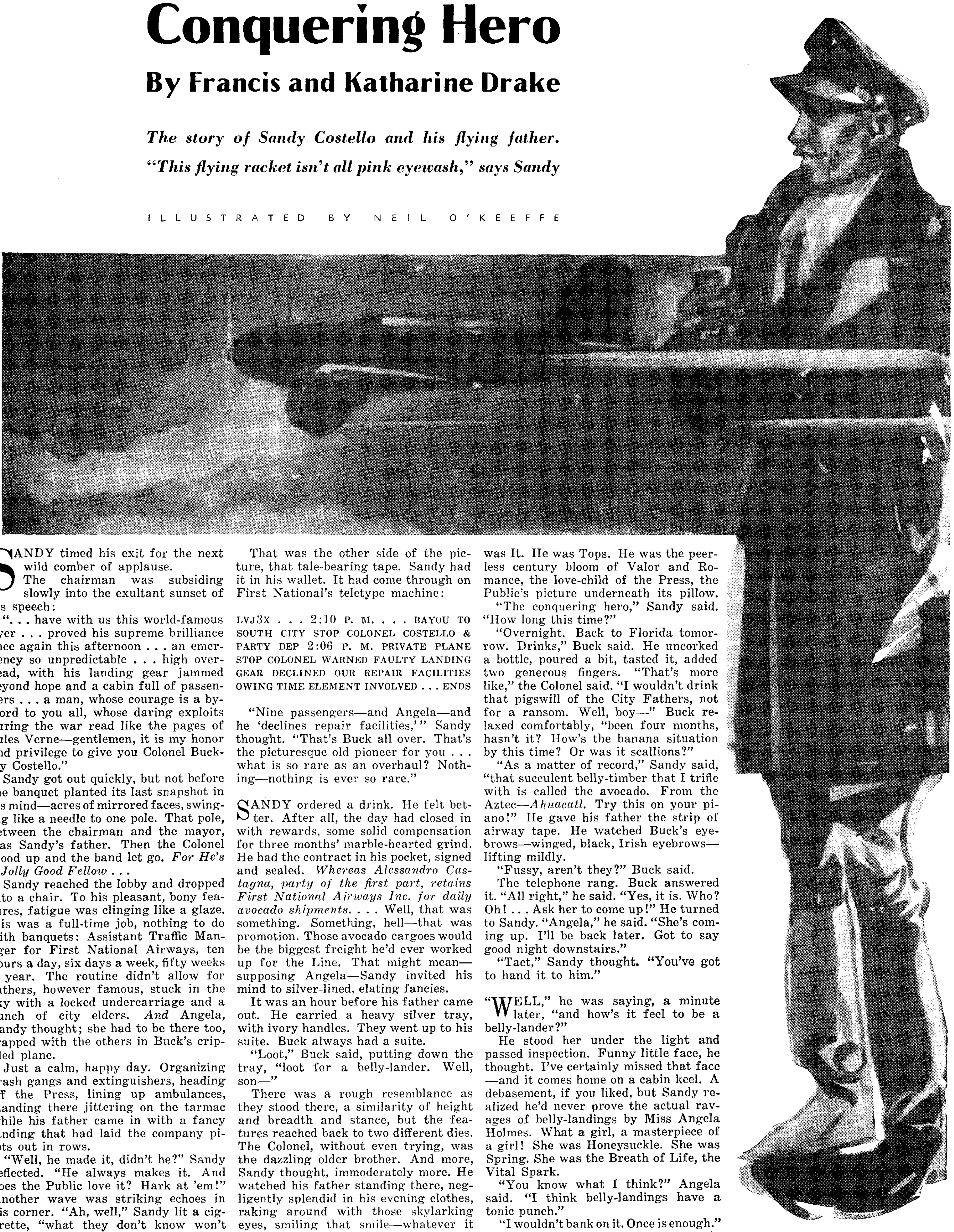
He kissed her. That was perfect, too.

Conquering Hero

By Francis and Katharine Drake

The story of Sandy Costello and his flying father. "This flying racket isn't all pink eyewash," says Sandy

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL O'KEEFFE



SANDY timed his exit for the next wild comber of applause.

The chairman was subsiding slowly into the exultant sunset of his speech:

". . . have with us this world-famous flyer . . . proved his supreme brilliance once again this afternoon . . . an emergency so unpredictable . . . high overhead, with his landing gear jammed beyond hope and a cabin full of passengers . . . a man, whose courage is a byword to you all, whose daring exploits during the war read like the pages of Jules Verne—gentlemen, it is my honor and privilege to give you Colonel Buckley Costello."

Sandy got out quickly, but not before the banquet planted its last snapshot in his mind—acres of mirrored faces, swinging like a needle to one pole. That pole, between the chairman and the mayor, was Sandy's father. Then the Colonel stood up and the band let go. *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow . . .*

Sandy reached the lobby and dropped into a chair. To his pleasant, bony features, fatigue was clinging like a glaze. His was a full-time job, nothing to do with banquets: Assistant Traffic Manager for First National Airways, ten hours a day, six days a week, fifty weeks a year. The routine didn't allow for fathers, however famous, stuck in the sky with a locked undercarriage and a bunch of city elders. *And* Angela, Sandy thought; she had to be there too, trapped with the others in Buck's crippled plane.

Just a calm, happy day. Organizing crash gangs and extinguishers, heading off the Press, lining up ambulances, standing there jittering on the tarmac while his father came in with a fancy landing that had laid the company pilots out in rows.

"Well, he made it, didn't he?" Sandy reflected. "He always makes it. And does the Public love it? Hark at 'em!" Another wave was striking echoes in his corner. "Ah, well," Sandy lit a cigarette, "what they don't know won't hurt 'em."

That was the other side of the picture, that tale-bearing tape. Sandy had it in his wallet. It had come through on First National's teletype machine:

LVJ3X . . . 2:10 P. M. . . . BAYOU TO SOUTH CITY STOP COLONEL COSTELLO & PARTY DEP 2:06 P. M. PRIVATE PLANE STOP COLONEL WARNED FAULTY LANDING GEAR DECLINED OUR REPAIR FACILITIES OWING TIME ELEMENT INVOLVED . . . ENDS

"Nine passengers—and Angela—and he 'declines repair facilities,'" Sandy thought. "That's Buck all over. That's the picturesque old pioneer for you . . . what is so rare as an overhaul? Nothing—nothing is ever so rare."

SANDY ordered a drink. He felt better. After all, the day had closed in with rewards, some solid compensation for three months' marble-hearted grind. He had the contract in his pocket, signed and sealed. *Whereas Alessandro Castagna, party of the first part, retains First National Airways Inc. for daily avocado shipments. . . .* Well, that was something. Something, hell—that was promotion. Those avocado cargoes would be the biggest freight he'd ever worked up for the Line. That might mean—supposing Angela—Sandy invited his mind to silver-lined, elating fancies.

It was an hour before his father came out. He carried a heavy silver tray, with ivory handles. They went up to his suite. Buck always had a suite.

"Loot," Buck said, putting down the tray, "loot for a belly-lander. Well, son—"

There was a rough resemblance as they stood there, a similarity of height and breadth and stance, but the features reached back to two different dies. The Colonel, without even trying, was the dazzling older brother. And more, Sandy thought, immoderately more. He watched his father standing there, negligently splendid in his evening clothes, raking around with those skylarking eyes, smiling that smile—whatever it was, you couldn't take it from him. He was It. He was Tops. He was the peerless century bloom of Valor and Romance, the love-child of the Press, the Public's picture underneath its pillow.

"The conquering hero," Sandy said. "How long this time?"

"Overnight. Back to Florida tomorrow. Drinks," Buck said. He uncorked a bottle, poured a bit, tasted it, added two generous fingers. "That's more like," the Colonel said. "I wouldn't drink that pigswill of the City Fathers, not for a ransom. Well, boy—" Buck relaxed comfortably, "been four months, hasn't it? How's the banana situation by this time? Or was it scallions?"

"As a matter of record," Sandy said, "that succulent belly-timber that I trifle with is called the avocado. From the Aztec—*Ahuacatl.* Try this on your piano!" He gave his father the strip of airway tape. He watched Buck's eyebrows—winged, black, Irish eyebrows—lifting mildly.

"Fussy, aren't they?" Buck said.

The telephone rang. Buck answered it. "All right," he said. "Yes, it is. Who? Oh! . . . Ask her to come up!" He turned to Sandy. "Angela," he said. "She's coming up. I'll be back later. Got to say good night downstairs."

"Tact," Sandy thought. "You've got to hand it to him."

"WELL," he was saying, a minute later, "and how's it feel to be a belly-lander?"

He stood her under the light and passed inspection. Funny little face, he thought. I've certainly missed that face—and it comes home on a cabin keel. A debasement, if you liked, but Sandy realized he'd never prove the actual ravages of belly-landings by Miss Angela Holmes. What a girl, a masterpiece of a girl! She was Honeysuckle. She was Spring. She was the Breath of Life, the Vital Spark.

"You know what I think?" Angela said. "I think belly-landings have a tonic punch."

"I wouldn't bank on it. Once is enough."

"Must I say, 'Ah?'" She said it again

and stuck her tongue out, pleased. "Constitution indestructible. I came down to collect Father. Where's everybody? Where's Buck?"

"Still banqueting. Your pa was making stirring speeches when I left. And Buck's been shaking hands faster than Roosevelt and signing menus. The mayor was late. He couldn't find the city keys to hand the hero, so he sprang the family silver. Nice?" Sandy indicated the tray. "The fruit growers did the cheering—and don't think that wasn't white of them, seeing that Buck snitched their big night. Castagna's night. Old Alessandro was alleged to be the guest of honor."

Angela sighed. Her soft blue eyes were full of dreams. This was her eighteen-karat intonation.

"How wonderful! How just like Buck!"

Sandy said nothing. The tape was resting like a hot coal on his chest.

"Sandy, there's something so magnificent about him!" Angela went on. She was the vestal virgin breathing on the sacred flame. "He isn't quite believable, is he? More like Perseus, a—a sort of Jason in modern clothes—my *goodness*, I almost forgot—" her voice skimmed back to the norm. "Sandy, you'll never guess! Wait—"

SHE emerged triumphant from the ambush of her evening bag. "Here," she said. "Read this!" Sandy read it:

PHAETON

"Your lustrous pinions soar above the drift,
Fleet as the wind and reckless as the dawn,
Flinging their shadow, like some gallant gift
Of Heritage, upon the ciphers, scum, the spawn."

He looked up without enthusiasm, after the first stanza.

"What's this one?" Sandy said. "Eddie Guest?"

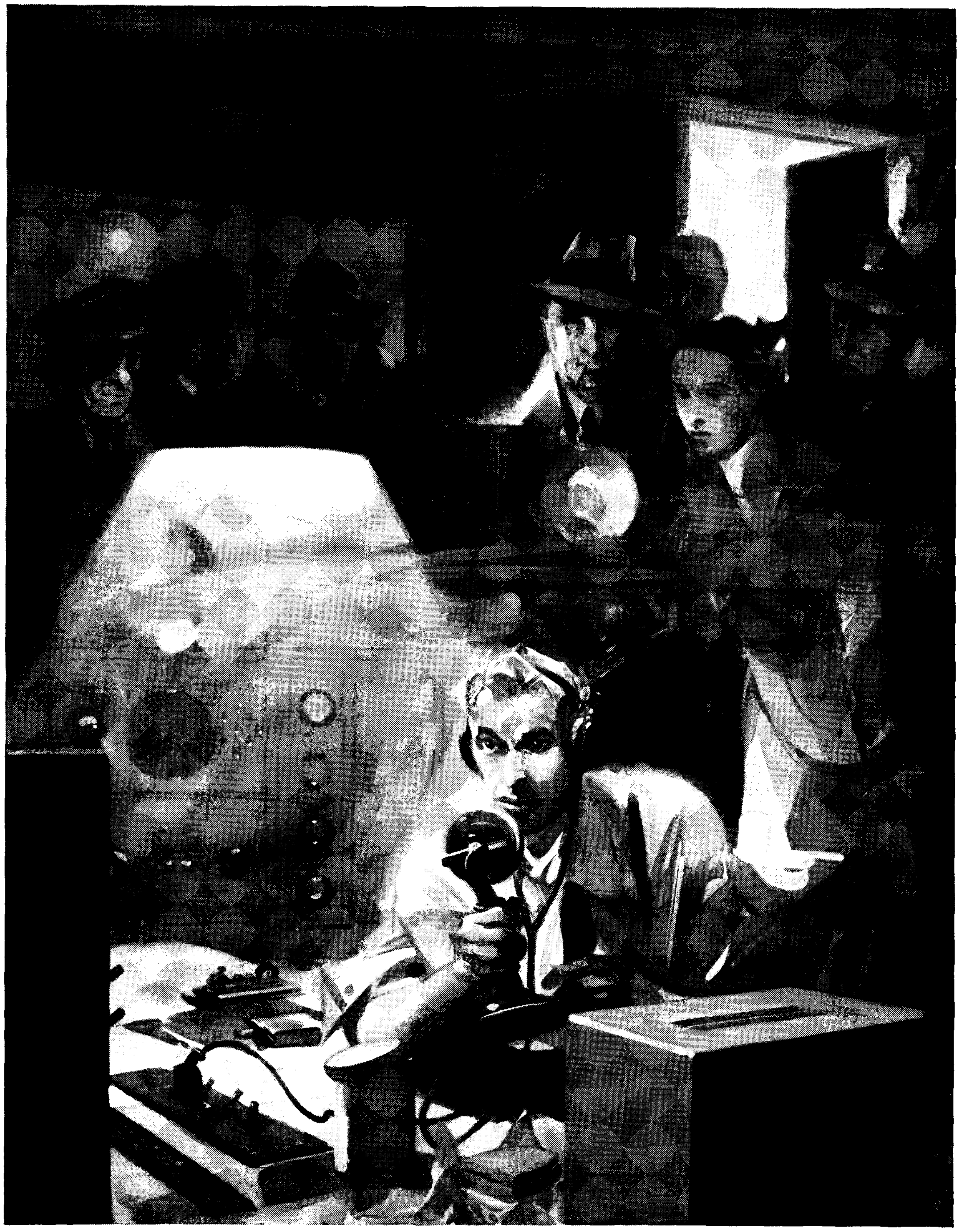
"Sandy! It's *mine!*"

"Yours?"

"I mean I wrote it." Sandy could feel her going for height, supercharger well open. "The time Buck flew the dying baby off the liner. Remember? It—it just sort of *came!* I sent it in. I got two dollars."

"Well," Sandy said. He couldn't think of anything to say. "Well!"

There was a pause. Then Buck came in, and Angela's face lit up like a lamp.



"You couldn't do it, Buck," Sandy said. "A bat couldn't mush in. We're wasting gas arguing. . . . All ready for instruction? We'll take it over once"

"Do you have to go tomorrow?" Angela said. "Buck, you're needed here—Sandy needs you. A father's loving touch . . . he's growing into Civic Virtue. All dotted line and duty. Stuffy, I call it."

"You're telling me," Buck said. "I'll say he needs *something*. You'll have to fix him, Angy. Florida, the dream state, calls. . . . I'm off tomorrow."

"What in," Sandy said—"a train?"

"Train?" Buck said. "What would I be doing in a train? I've got a special charter job from F. N. A. pending repairs. I hired that new Mercury. The dashboard's like a hardware store—a plumber's paradise. Maybe the robot knows which one's the compass. He better had. You'd look handsomer," Buck said, "if someone pushed that imbecilic grin off your face."

Sandy was guiding a sandwich through his teeth with one hand, with the other encircling the telephone receiver.

"Yes, yes, yes . . . yes, I have . . . yes, I did. Yes, indeed, Mr. Castagna." I'm wasting myself, Sandy thought; it's guys like me they need in Hollywood. "I know, sir, I know it's the first shipment. Of course it's important. No . . . yes . . . yes, we're giving you our best pilot for this afternoon. Captain Reiner. Absolutely. He's leaving Bayou at 1 P. M. sharp. Arrival here 5 P. M."

PIECES of sandwich agglutinated in Sandy's throat. He hooked the coffee carton over, submitted to a dislodging gulp.

"Listen, sir, a month ago this city didn't know an avocado from a horned toad. And now, look what you've got! Columns of free space every week. The photographers are lined up and the newsreel boys. I've got two syndicated dietitians and a broadcast. Cementing good fellowship between the sovereign states—that's the mayor's line. Progress. Enterprise. Honest, Mr. Castagna, we've got them combing posters from their hair."

One of the posters was hanging on the wall. Sandy's eyes strayed. Red, gold and informative, it hung there.

CAN YOU READ?
Do You
DEFER TO YOUR DOCTOR
SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR STOMACH
GRATIFY YOUR GUESTS
WITH
AIRFLOW AVOCADOS?

Sandy finished his cold coffee and walked into the Weather Office.

"H'yah, fella?" Scott said.

"Senile," Sandy said. He took a cigarette from Scott. "Tonight, the gypsy promised, is my night to howl. Gimme a light."

"Better change your gypsy," Scott said; "lamp this!"

Sandy lamped it. His eyes burned holes in the synoptic map. His heart went whang! against his ribs. *Fog!*

Beyond the window the sky appeared benevolently dove gray in the midday light.

"Fog?" Sandy said, "how much?"

"Bad enough. It's rolling in behind the Eastbound now. I just had Ferris. He'll beat it in, but after that it looks like hanging out the 'Cancel' sign. It's still clear down in Florida."

Cancel. That struck. That was a haymaker. . . . Cancel!

"Here," Scott stabbed at the map, "and here, and here. The dew point's smack on the thermometer. Fog forming all along the Line. Still, you can't tell. I'll let you have the D. of C. check in another hour."

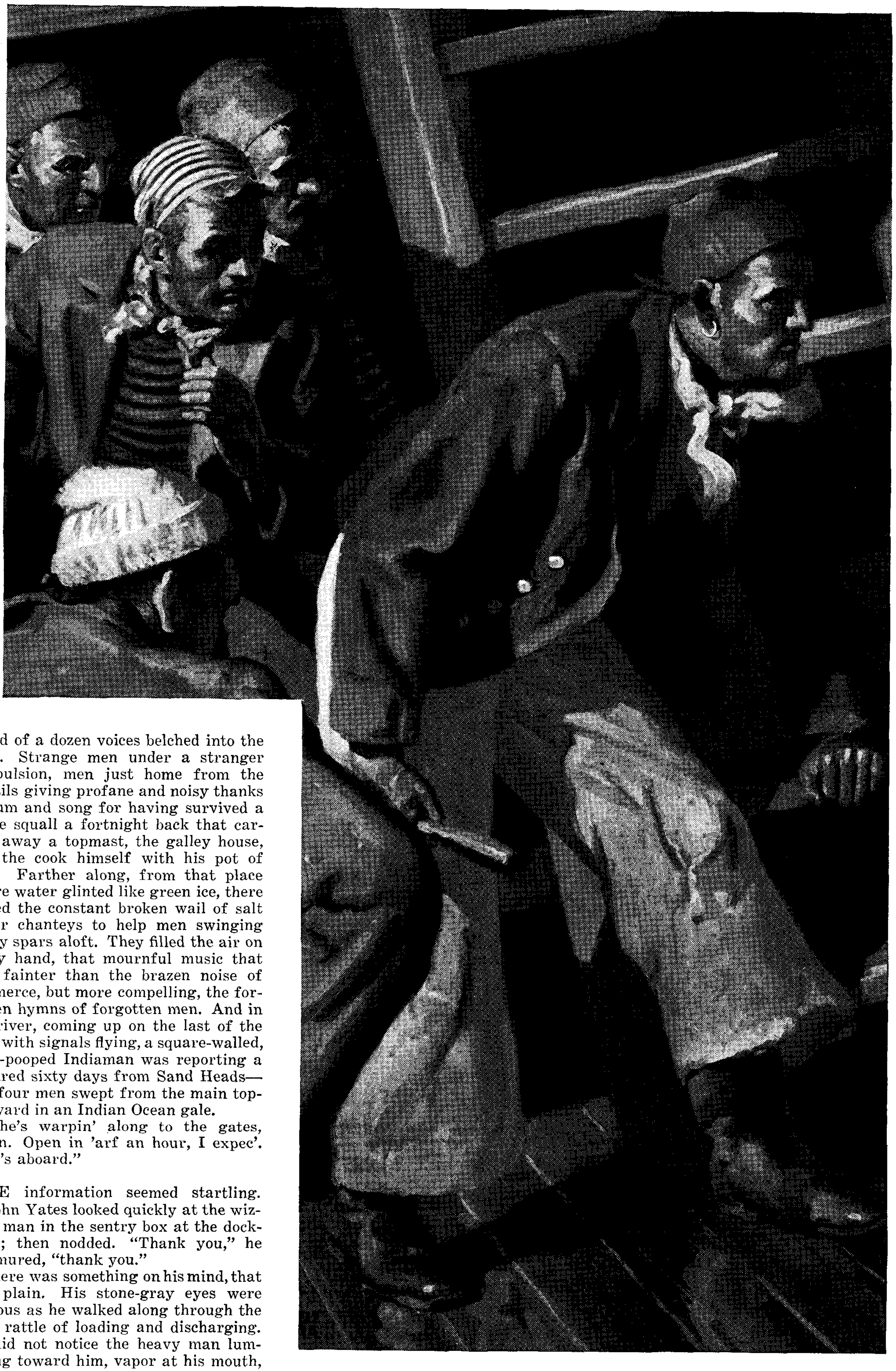
(Continued on page 36)

Record Passage

By Jacland Marmur

A story of the wind ships, when American sail was the fastest thing afloat

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



AT THIRTEEN, John Yates was a rigger's boy in a spar yard at the foot of Jones' Lane on the East River where wooden ships were building. The master axemen used to worry aloud, between the flying chips of oak, about their milch cows, grazing in the lush grass north of Twentieth Street on the farms of Manhattan Island. It puzzled John. How could a man be thinking of cattle with all that water in his eyes, and the sails of ships outbound?

At twenty-four he was in Liverpool, walking toward old Prince's Dock with clearance in his pocket for a Yankee vessel called Red Bonnet.

No one paid particular notice to the tall, lean fellow in that gray December of 1815. The strange new flag from oversea was showing itself once more in the west coast ports after the second war with England. Liverpool, once a fishing hamlet without a name on the Mersey estuary, was a city filled with the sap of the world, with tall-sparred ships at her foreshore, and full of the drone of tar-hatted saltwater men. Shipmasters in frock coats and top hats were not unusual along that cobbled road leading to the water's edge. John Yates attracted little attention. He walked languidly, a quiet-spoken fellow with wonder in his eyes and an odd look of composed reliance about him suggesting that, like a cat, wherever you might fling him he would light on his feet. And he looked so young ashore.

The wind was from west of north, hard and dry, but there was a vague hint of snow in the air. Clouds of steam poured from the flanks of laboring horses moving the profitable freight of empire. The shouting of draymen, muffled to the ears in tattered woolens, beat raggedly against a gray, wintry sky, lowering tight against the smoking chimney pots. There went immense hogsheads of muscovado from the Jamaicas; matted bales of nankeens from China land; pepper and nutmeg and odd-smelling stuff from the islands south of the line.

The doors of a pub flung open, and the sound of a dozen voices belched into the road. Strange men under a stranger compulsion, men just home from the Brazils giving profane and noisy thanks in rum and song for having survived a white squall a fortnight back that carried away a topmast, the galley house, and the cook himself with his pot of duff. Farther along, from that place where water glinted like green ice, there issued the constant broken wail of salt water chanteys to help men swinging heavy spars aloft. They filled the air on every hand, that mournful music that was fainter than the brazen noise of commerce, but more compelling, the forgotten hymns of forgotten men. And in the river, coming up on the last of the flood with signals flying, a square-walled, lofty-pooped Indiaman was reporting a hundred sixty days from Sand Heads—and four men swept from the main topsail yard in an Indian Ocean gale.

"She's warpin' along to the gates, Cap'n. Open in 'arf an hour, I expec'. Pilot's aboard."

THE information seemed startling. John Yates looked quickly at the wizened man in the sentry box at the dockhead; then nodded. "Thank you," he murmured, "thank you."

There was something on his mind, that was plain. His stone-gray eyes were anxious as he walked along through the busy rattle of loading and discharging. He did not notice the heavy man lumbering toward him, vapor at his mouth, until the other hailed him sharply.

"Bless my soul!" he boomed. "Here's Smart Jack Yates, all ready to lift and go. The tide's yours, hey?"

John grinned wryly and stopped. "Aye, Andrew."

"Maybe you think you're smart, Jack, plucking four hundred ton of coal right from under our noses for home at half a quid premium the ton. Think you got a good freight and a smart dispatch, hey?" Captain Andrew Trenchard, red-faced and hearty with Liverpool ale, guffawed unpleasantly. "Well, you ain't."

John shrugged. "It's done, anyhow, Andy, whatever you think about it."

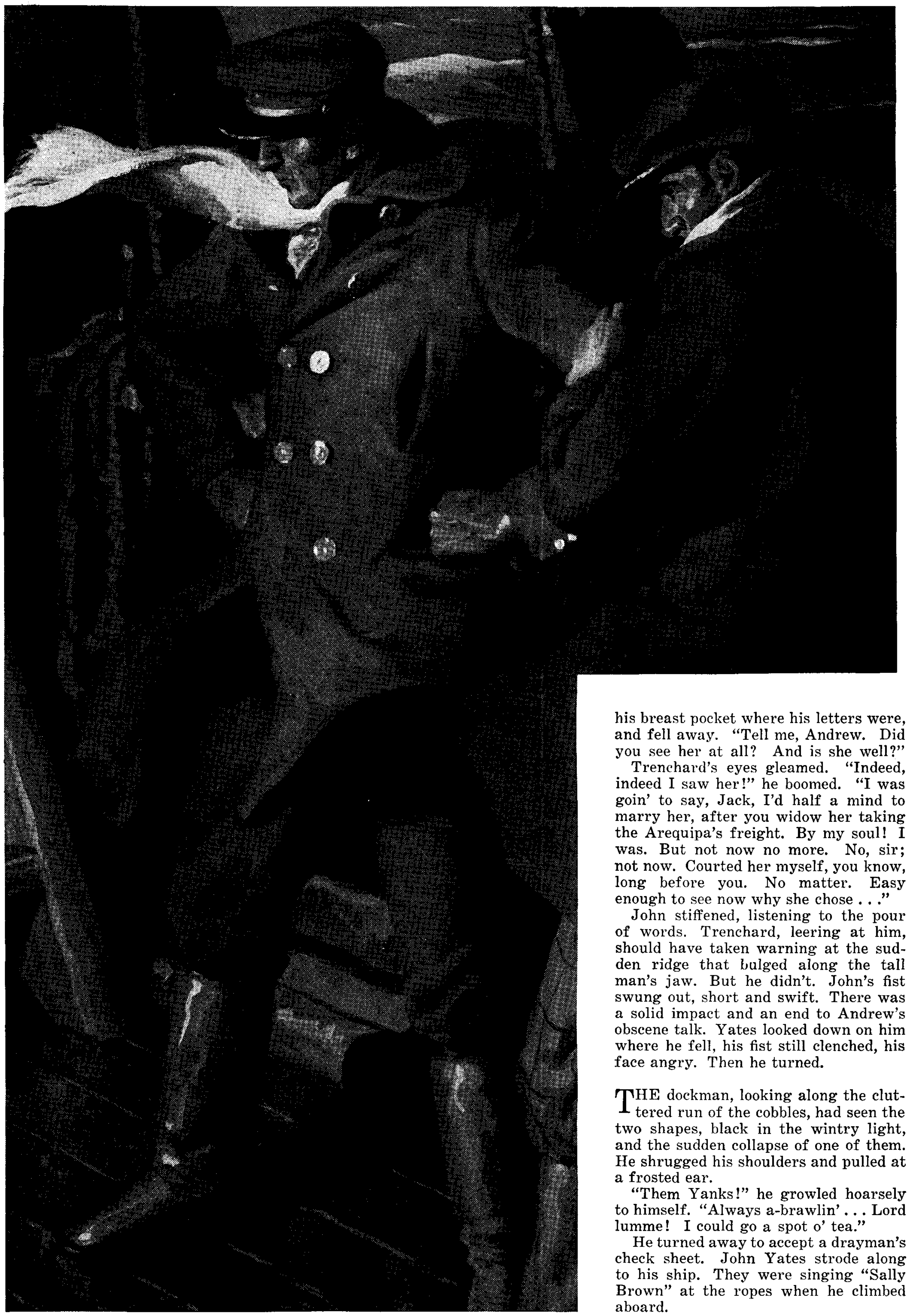
"Well, let me tell you something, then." Trenchard poked his finger at the taller man's chest. "That freight's a transshipment. It was booked for the barque Arequipa."

"Yes; I know."

"Yeah? Well, her skipper tore the sticks out of her off the Cape. Foundered with every soul aboard. Don't you know no freight of hers can ever reach a port?"

"I think maybe, God willing, this will."

"Jack Yates, you're a fool. You can't go against a natural thing like that.



"Is it fight you want, Tony? Then drop that pin. I give you my word it will not be logged, no matter what"

Every sailor knows it." He grinned slyly. "I'll report your sailing when I round-to off the Hook next year, so Emily'll know you left at least."

Something about the girl's name seemed to give him satisfaction and a perverse mirth, for he chuckled till his jowls quivered. That odd look of anxiety came back into John Yates' eyes. He looked quickly at the fleshy man.

"I been six months gone, Andrew," he murmured hurriedly. "Coffee from Rio. And she keeps things so to herself. She —she don't write of what I want to know." His hand wandered halfway to his breast pocket where his letters were, and fell away. "Tell me, Andrew. Did you see her at all? And is she well?"

Trenchard's eyes gleamed. "Indeed, indeed I saw her!" he boomed. "I was goin' to say, Jack, I'd half a mind to marry her, after you widow her taking the Arequipa's freight. By my soul! I was. But not now no more. No, sir; not now. Courted her myself, you know, long before you. No matter. Easy enough to see now why she chose . . ."

John stiffened, listening to the pour of words. Trenchard, leering at him, should have taken warning at the sudden ridge that bulged along the tall man's jaw. But he didn't. John's fist swung out, short and swift. There was a solid impact and an end to Andrew's obscene talk. Yates looked down on him where he fell, his fist still clenched, his face angry. Then he turned.

THE dockman, looking along the cluttered run of the cobbles, had seen the two shapes, black in the wintry light, and the sudden collapse of one of them. He shrugged his shoulders and pulled at a frosted ear.

"Them Yanks!" he growled hoarsely to himself. "Always a-brawlin' . . . Lord lumme! I could go a spot o' tea."

He turned away to accept a drayman's check sheet. John Yates strode along to his ship. They were singing "Sally Brown" at the ropes when he climbed aboard.

A half-hour later the Red Bonnet dropped into the stream, her jib boom pointing the way to the sea. Through the Bootle and past the banks where the winter haze hung a misty wall to guard the river mouth. Off the land she hesitated, rolling with her main topsail laid to the mast while the pilot left her to her own. Then John Yates, feet wide at the break of the poop, started piling the canvas on her as she squared off down the Irish Sea, three thousand miles from home.

She was New York built, sharper than the early Baltimore packets, of Yankee loftiness. John Yates had seen to it the traditional pieces of silver were placed in the steps of her masts before the spars went down. He had done it himself, and the wine had been drunk and spilled on her quarter-deck before her launching. He was tempting fate now and the mystic words put down with goose quills in the logs of older ships by taking a partial freight that should have sailed in a foundered ship. But John Yates wanted a quick dispatch. John Yates had to get home to a girl named Emily, three thousand miles away.

HE WATCHED the canvas rise above her cloud on cloud, till the boy, high on the royal yard shaking the gaskets loose, looked like an animated speck on a twig swinging across a windy sky. The sea was noisy now, brawling and friendless, showing unexpected white teeth that raced the weather rail before they fell back, defeated. For a moment, before the sun set, it broke clear, low on the humpbacked sea where the Irish coast would be. It was a yellow sun, feeble and old, with a cold face wrapped in rags of clouds. It threw a wan light across the deck of the Red Bonnet, and shadows that wandered stealthily back and forth as though seeking comfort before the fall of night. Then it went out, and the wind poured past in gloom, still from the west of north. The first watch was set and the wheel relieved. The two mates came up the ladder: Mr. Hawley, the chief, a man with gray at his temples, and the second, a lad of nineteen years.

"Mr. Hawley, first chance you get, have Chips bring up my easy chair and cleat it to the deck."

"Aye, sir."

That was all the chief mate said. But he looked at the master out of his still blue eyes that were mournfully alert from long contention with the sea men loved who did not know it. He knew what that meant. He understood the price of swift passage across the western ocean. The face of Captain Yates, youthful no longer and wet with the far-flying spray, was hard, his eyes gleaming in what little light there was. He listened to the roar of the wind, deep and booming. But the second, who was young, grinned in the face of the weather; and in the lee of the cabin skylight he nudged the older man gleefully before he went below for an Irish Channel sleep.

"Bring his easy chair on deck and cleat it, he says, Mr. Hawley. Bless us! we'll see some crackin' on."

"YOU think it's fun, do you?" the chief mate growled wearily. "Wait'll your bones get creaky. A week longer across won't seem so important then."

"A week longer across don't make money for owners!"

"No."

"Talkin'. You're just talkin', Mr. Hawley. You wouldn't have him otherwise."

"Aye; so. G'wan below and wink it out."

The Red Bonnet raced on in darkness, a black hull sleek as an eel beneath three pyramids of ghostly canvas, with sleepless men on her afterdeck. Well off the Tuskar Light the wind backed north northeast. John Yates was still on the quarter-deck, ceaselessly walking fore and aft. He eyed the men as the whistle skirled and the yards braced anew. A

(Continued on page 26)

Above: Lunch at Mexico City Country Club, Dolores del Rio's old stamping ground; below: the *charros* go into a dance

Hot Stuff

By Ruth Moore Morriss

If your idea of Mexican food is something that puts a crimp in your hair—or if you're off to Mexico with your lunch under your arm—just stop a minute for some chicken broth with a tang of chile, and a helping of frijoles refritos, meaning beans with a difference. Hot stuff, all right—but worth while

WE'RE having an invasion. A serious one. Lloyd's have shut down on all betting, and the conservatives haven't been so gloomy in years. And well they might be. Potatoes have been routed from the front-line trenches! Yorkshire pudding is threatened! To be replaced by what? The trouble is, no Anglo-Saxon dares to pronounce half of these dishes that are sweeping over our border. At the moment *sopa de arroz* is in command. With your roast beef. For lunch. On Sunday nights when the cook is out.

And what is *sopa de arroz?* For the answer you must ask Miss Dolores Martinez del Rio—which happens to be her real and full name—formerly of Mexico City, and now of Hollywood and Caliente fame. She has made this country *sopa de arroz* conscious. And the rumor is that the vogue is attacking England, too. Her diet prescribes it as excellent for the digestion, splendid for the figure, and withal delicious. What more can you ask of a Spanish—or to be exact, Mexican—rice with a difference?

So polish up your culinary weapons, and lay in a store of ammunition. Because you may be sure that the invasion won't stop at this one dish—nor at those time-honored émigrés, *enchiladas* and *tamales*. Not since we've found that Mexican food may be something more than hot stuff. Not since we've discovered that it may have a sophistication equal to Miss Del Rio's own!

But as to *sopa de arroz*. Its sophistication depends entirely upon not boiling your rice. Instead, take an eighth of a pound of butter, or an equal amount of cooking oil, and use your largest frying pan. When the butter is hot, toast a cup of uncooked rice very much as if it were popcorn. Toast it until it's fluffy and brown. Then add a small can of tomatoes—if you use fresh tomatoes, peel them first—one red pepper and two green ones, chopped, and a large onion likewise cut into small pieces. For seasoning, salt, pepper and whatever amount of ground red pepper pleases your palate.

Bake this in a buttered casserole—or simmer it slowly in a double boiler—until the rice is tender, adding a small amount of water when it is necessary. But be sure that the amount is small, because what you want to achieve is a rice as flaky as any Chinese servitor of San Francisco tradition could produce, and well seasoned in the bargain.

A New Way to Fry Eggs

If you are going to serve it for Sunday night supper here is another hint from below the Rio Grande. Top it with *huevos fritos*. Fried eggs, yes, but not the ordinary breakfast variety.

Drop each egg separately, and very carefully, into deep fat—no meager amount either! When the white begins to crinkle, and a chiffon-like veil spreads over the yolk, don't delay a second. That egg is ready for the rice—and for the table. And if you do serve *huevos fritos* with *sopa de arroz*, you might just as well resign yourself to an eggless Monday morning, because no guest in his right mind has ever been known to open with less than a pair, and he usually demands three of a kind!

If you always have been under the impression that Mexican food at best is bad, and that the national dish is *chile con carne*—all due honor to that good old Texas border stand-by!—you'll probably think that this worldly guise of the Mexican cuisine is something new and startling. It may be startling, but it isn't new. Back in 1830, one of the gallant gourmets of the day wrote a book of comments and cookery. He assures us, in his archaic Spanish, that the ladies of fashion were all serving a soup of surpassing elegance and richness of flavor. This phrase is his, not mine, but I can vouch for the flavor. They are still serving that soup in the state of San Luis Potosi, where customs do not change because of a mere matter of a hundred years or so!

Clear, thin chicken broth with a tang of red chile—or more convenient, a sprinkling of cayenne—and a thin slice of lime floating in it. Then, for elegance, two sickle-moon slices of alligator pear floating side by each with the lime. But—and again the but is his, not mine—the alligator pear must not be salted. Neither must it be put into the dish until it is ready for the hands of the serving maid, or it will lose its color and become dark.

Sound advice, that! Alligator pear has to be treated with respect and dispatch at all times, or it loses its pleasant olive-green complexion. And he gives us more advice. He says that the soup cannot be properly appreciated unless it is accompanied by *apio frito*, which is worth knowing about, soup or no soup. Tender celery, salted, dipped in thick cream mixed with grated cheese—or in well-beaten egg—dipped again in bread crumbs, and then fried in deep fat. It sounds extravagant. It isn't, however, if you use cream from the can, instead of the fresh-from-the-dairy variety. But whichever you use, it will taste extravagant—and delicious—if it is served at once. Fried celery is another vegetable that cannot loiter on its way from the frying pan or the fire.

Skipping, literally, from soup to nuts, he has one more suggestion that has always appealed to whatever of the gourmet there is in me. All over Mexico they serve *flan*, which is no more exciting than baked or boiled custard in any language. But our Beau Brummell of the cookbook crowns his custard with almonds, toasted and salted. He gives it a final flair with a touch of brandy, or more if you like, laced with sweet vermouth. There you have a custard whose distinction has survived the century!

Food with a Background

I suspect, however, that Miss Del Rio did not have to draw her inspiration from a cookbook of the other thirties. In Mexico City there are restaurants where food—and drink—were famous when the old Waldorf was still having trouble with bellboys who wouldn't shave off their Gay Nineties' whiskers. On Sunday mornings there's no place like the terrace of the Café Chapultepec—Restaurant Tio Hupfer, it's called now—with the *Orchestra Tipica* playing gay *jotas* and gayer *jarabes* under the *ahuehuete* trees of Chapultepec Forest.

These giant cypress trees, which would make any California redwood look to its laurels, were here long before the homesick Empress Carlotta sat up in the ungainly castle of Chapultepec and planned to turn the unpaved, unlighted city of the Spanish viceroys into a Paris of North America. And Carlotta planned well! She turned the forest into another Bois de Boulogne and built the broad driveway of the Paseo leading up to it. There she used to drive in her carriage drawn by six dun-colored mules with zebra hoofs.

The dun-colored mules are gone, and so is the empress from France, but on Sundays there are plenty of high-stepping horses—and *charros*, social register cowboys, Mexican edition and de luxe. So de luxe that it takes more than a bandit's ransom to keep up a membership in the honorable Association of Charros. Silver saddle horns, silver on their saddle leather, silver embroidery on their wide-brimmed sombreros. But for all their trappings, *charros* are no mean hands when it comes to horse flesh.

While the show goes on, and it does well into the lunch hour, the cooks in Tio Hupfer's kitchen have rolled up their sleeves and embarked on a campaign that could never take place anywhere except in Mexico. For *mole* is a campaign in itself, and it is likewise the

(Continued on page 42)

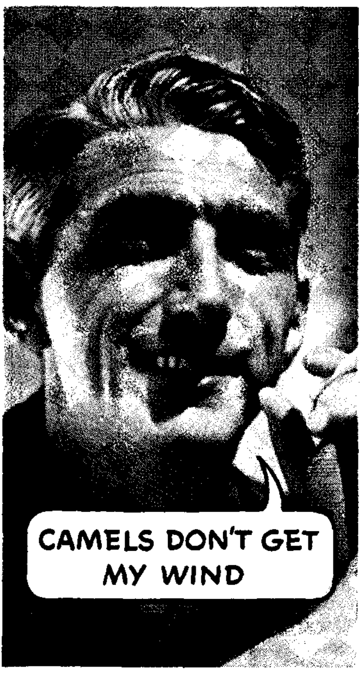
What people are saying . . . about Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!

TO RENEW MY ENERGY, I LIGHT UP A CAMEL

RAY STEVENS—Bob-Sled Champion

CAMELS ARE MILD—DO NOT IRRITATE MY THROAT

OUTDOOR GIRL—Margaret Lynam


CAMELS DON'T GET MY WIND

TOMMY ARMOUR—Golf Champion

CAMELS HAVE A MILD, DELICATE FLAVOR

HOUSEWIFE—Mrs. Charles Daly

I SMOKE A LOT. CAMELS NEVER UPSET MY NERVES

FRANK HAWKS—Daring Aviator

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Costlier Tobaccos!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

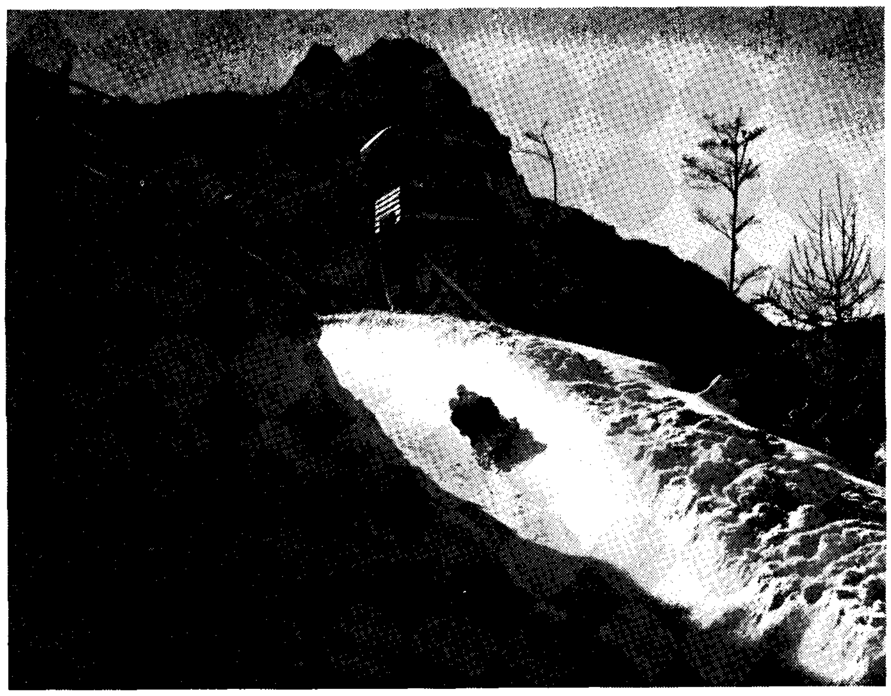
Coming Down the Mountain

At this point we start for Garmisch-Partenkirchen. Next to competing in the winter Olympics, watching them is the best sport of the season

By Edwin Muller

GERMAN TOURIST BUREAU

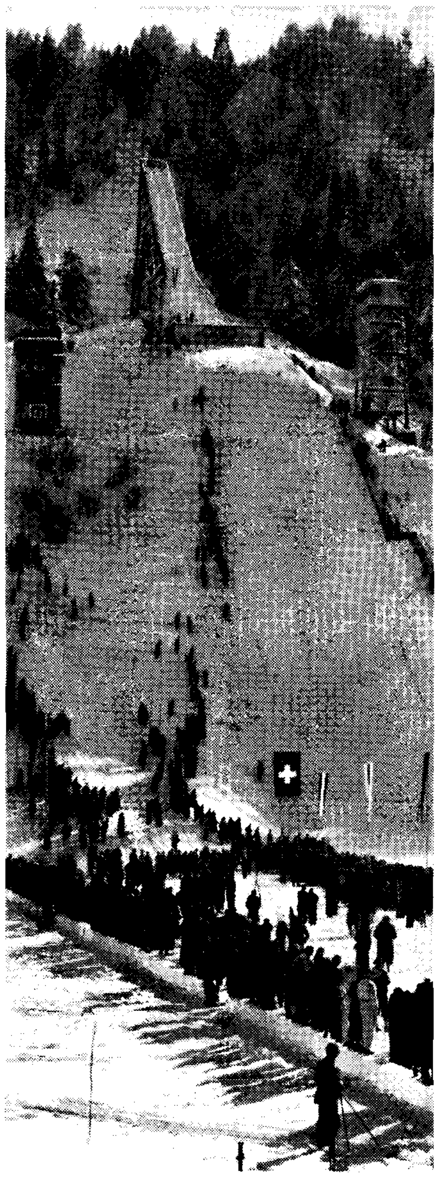
Above, Ernst Baier, left, and Maxie Herber, Germany's figure-skating champions



A twisting turn on the Olympic bob-sled run, a course for experts only

WIDE WORLD

Birger Ruud of Norway, the most formidable competitor in the ski-jumping events



New records have already been made, with more to come, on the great ski jump

THAT morning the Olympic Committee had advised all the bobsled competitors to postpone practicing. There had been a thaw followed by a freeze and the run was a ribbon of hard blue ice. A blizzard was sweeping over the hills of Lake Placid.

But Werner Zahn of the German team decided to give it a try. Taking chances had appealed to him ever since he flew a combat plane in the war, and bobsledding gave him what he wanted. He had kept on with it even after his brakeman was killed in a smash at St. Moritz.

He started down the run with his crew of three hanging on behind. The sled picked up speed with every length and by the time it reached Whiteface Curve it was doing fifty miles an hour. It roared around the Shady Corner hairpin at a mile a minute, going within inches of the top of the thirty-foot bank.

Zigzag was where most of the spectators were waiting—just as they always crowd in close to a dangerous jump in a steeplechase. It's an S, a double curve where you have to take the first one perfectly or you haven't a chance on the second.

It looked to the crowd as if Zahn had steered the first curve just right. The sled whirled around the perpendicular wall, flattened out in the run and started to climb the second wall.

Zahn may have been blinded by the stinging particles of snow, or perhaps he made a slight error in judgment. He took the rise a fraction of a second too late. When he did start the climb he couldn't hold the sled down. It went right over the top—a thousand pounds of men and sled at more than a mile a minute.

They sailed through the air for nearly a hundred feet, every man still in his place. When they struck, the runners tore away but the sled kept on going. It smashed through the underbrush and cut off saplings at the roots but, by a miracle, missed the big trees.

Zahn's broken arm was the worst casualty; the others were only badly shaken.

After that the committee decided to close the run until it lost some of its blinding speed. But Hans Kilian, captain of the German team, protested. Billy Fiske, the American Olympic champion, had negotiated the course safely just before Zahn's accident, so had the Stevens brothers and several other sleds. The Germans weren't afraid of it. After much hesitation the committee consented to keep the run open.

Two days later the Germans had a worse accident. Fritz Grau went over the top at Shady Corner and, when he and his crew were picked up unconscious, they went to the hospital for months—lucky it wasn't the cemetery. That ended the Germans' bobsledding chances at the 1932 Olympics. Kilian patched up crews for two sleds but the best he could do was to run third to Billy Fiske.

Germany's High Hopes

Kilian thinks he can do better in this year's games, and a considerable part of his time for the last four years has been devoted to that end. The Germans are altogether sure that he will win. They are lucky in that this year's winter Olympics are being held in the Bavarian Alps—at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, right where Kilian lives.

It's a pleasant site for the games. Garmisch and its twin village of Partenkirchen are in a little valley down in the southwest corner of Germany where the Bavarian plateau heaves itself up into the mighty ranges of the Alps. In some ways it is more like Austria than Germany. In its narrow, winding streets there are, even now, more leather shorts and jaunty Tyrolean hats than there are uniforms and swastikas. If you dine at an inn you listen to a zither or to a guitar, and afterward, over their lofty seidels, the company will probably join in the choruses. Those are the old songs that were sung here long, long ago, when good King Ludwig ruled Bavaria and the Prussians were a long way off.

South of the valley the pine slopes climb up until they disappear against the rugged crags and precipices of the Wetterstein. High above all is the great summit of the Zugspitze, rising sheer from the glaciers and snow fields that surround it.

It was on those pine slopes that they built the new Olympic bob-run two years ago. It was designed by Stanislaus Zentzytzki, the Polish engineer who constructed the Lake Placid run, and it's for experts only. The curves are built close together and are so craftily placed in series that the driver must know to the inch where he must take his sled up the bank and where to put it down again.

The Hairpin at a Mile a Minute

After the labyrinth of turns the course straightens out and the sled leaps ahead to sixty miles an hour or more. Then comes the climax—the Great Bavaria Curve. It's probably the sharpest hairpin that has ever been taken on runners. One moment the sled is hurtling down east to west, the next second—if it's still in the run—it's around the curve and going west to east. The bank is a great horseshoe wall of solid ice built of solid blocks cut from the frozen surface of the Riesensee.

Inside the curve is the biggest grandstand. Over it hang the loud-speakers that are connected with the high observation towers along the course:

"Sled Number One, U. S. A.—they're off—around the Looping—past the Waxenstein—in the straight—here they come —*Achtung!*"

Something leaps out from the right, low and dark and close to the ground. In a moment it's high upon the bank—you're looking straight ahead at the tops of the four helmets. Then it's gone down the run.

I walked around to look behind the bank. The ground there is strewn with big boulders and a sled would cut down those pine trunks.

As I have said, the Germans are set to win that Olympic bob race. Their present form of government would seem to give them a certain advantage over our old-fashioned democracy. Over there apparently they don't leave sports to the whims of the sportsmen. There's a Leader, a *Reichssportsfuehrer*, who tells

(Continued on page 33)

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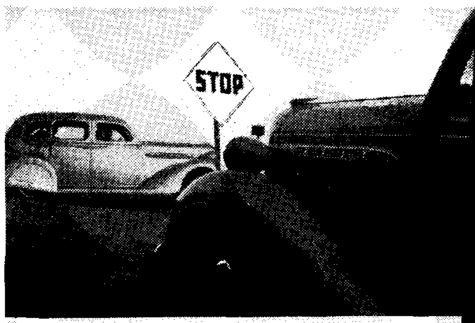

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Record Passage

Continued from page 21

flurry of snow clouded the wailing shapes walking the brace ropes down. It passed. The wind came harder now, bitter cold. The master knew the signs. An easterly gale was making. The seas had a new delirious note of fright in their rush. The spray was like hail. The mate's lips were blue. But John Yates called it luck. That, too, was part of the price of swift passage home.

By daybreak the wind was half a gale, still hauling eastward. The Red Bonnet came roaring out of St. George's Channel with three topgallants and a main royal for good measure still sheeted home. The north Atlantic was a gray desolation of windy sky and foam-sheeted sea. Presently they met the first of the channel fleet, London bound; picked them up one by one and dropped them astern in a boiling wake, their heads tucked under their wings, held up at the chops by that frozen-eyed tyrant howling out of the east. Through sudden lifts in sleety squalls they could be seen, hove to under close reefs, green water and white foam draining from canted decks. By the dozen they lay there, wallowing, waiting for a slant while a narrow-waisted Yankee called Red Bonnet went driving westward with weather stays taut as fiddle strings and a huge black ball on the steel-tight belly of her foresail.

CAPTAIN YATES' eyes were ringed red as he picked them out through the sunless white freeze. Huge, well-sided Indiamen bound for London town, their gunports drooling foam; deep-waisted lumber droghers from the Provinces buried in seas; a sprinkling of low-hulled brigs and schooners, yesterday's privateersmen of America; and two Philadelphia packets with their three broad moldings along the sheer.

The second, coming on deck after coffee time, bent down to shout in the master's ear as he flung his arm to windward. "You can pick them Yanks leagues off, sir!" he screamed and sprang up to hook himself in the mizzen shrouds, eye on the wind and the ship's trembling deck, with now and again an anxious, darting look aloft.

The master's lips quirked. He looked at his officer, only a few years younger than himself. He would do, that fellow: he had the instinct of a driver. You could tell it by the half grin on his face as he hung flattened against the rigging above the deck in the deafening roar of weather. The grin would pass once he charged a ship of his own, but the spirit was there, and without it a wind ship is dead as a balk of oak. But he was right about the Yankee ships. You could spot them leagues off. No mistake of that.

The nation was young. It still had memories of humiliations on all the oceans of the world. Only yesterday there were the Tripoli pirates, and the "Acts of Search and Seizure," bluntly warning the upstart nation's merchants off the seas. Yet its life then depended on ships and the outer trade. The Red Bonnet herself still carried two carriage guns, double reinforced sixes, and one long nine. But the Yankees found early that speed was better than guns, both for the merchantman and the privateer.

It was that beginning that made the clumsy coasting shallop into the famous Baltimore packets, into the Red Bonnet, and later still into the clippers which captured every trade and every ocean. Speed! Men who remembered vividly the China piracies and British guns learned how ships could be driven till lofty spars bent like whips in the gales. Ironbound necessity it was that built ships of fabulous beauty, because beauty and symmetry of line alone brought speed. And when profit had no further use for them they were forgotten, except by a few old men who could not forget an old skill and an old daring, and how ships were once sailed for some inner pride that had nothing to do with starvation rations of pound and pint.

So Captain John Yates smiled faintly at what his second said. Because his heritage was from some dead galley mariner, and he was in that direct line which later bred the greatest masters of the craft: old Nat Palmer of clipper fame, and Fighting Bob Waterman with the lantern jaw of the Challenge, whose lower studding sails spread one hundred and sixty feet from leech to leech.

And the Red Bonnet, a freezing easterly gale in her wings, shattered white water acre-wide. The master's chair was cleated to the deck, and he remained there, ears tuned keenly to the incessant high roar of wind against rope and sail that is like no other sound on earth, deep with menace, loud and shrill with power. John Yates could be seen there dozing for odd moments or upright at the weather bulwarks, lean and stark and spattered by spume, sleepless, alert, driving his body as relentlessly as he drove the ship. A gray shape with a sextant in hand in weird daylight, peering for a momentary sight of the sun; a black shadow at night, restless and hollow-eyed. Speedy passage comes out of a man's soul more than out of the spars of a ship.

In ten days she was off the Grand Banks, with the forecastle crowd sodden, half frozen. On the twelfth morning faint tendrils of smoke started seeping from the main hatch. Mr. Hawley awoke coughing, with smarting eyes. Tom Graham, the second, screwed up his face, put his pipe away, and told the master the Arequipa's coal was afire underdeck. Captain Yates went along to have a look. He came back gasping.

"Hadn't we better put a hose down there, sir," Mr. Hawley wanted to know, "and man a pump?"

"Do you no good," John Yates replied dryly, "unless you hit the spot. And then she may blow the deck heaven high. Hold's full of gas. Got to be cleared first."

"The men are getting ugly, sir," the second growled.

"They were ugly when they joined. The hatch covers will have to be opened and coal shifted to uncover the burning surface. Then water may do some good. Mr. Graham, take the bosun and Chips. Mr. Hawley, square the yards. Get her before it and keep her dry as we can."

ON THE main deck, after the first heavy belch of liberation, the smoke thinned to a thin, almost colorless gas. There was a deep-throated hum from the forecastle crowd ranged along the weather bulwark. It grew, loud with menace and rebellion. A dozen pairs of eyes flew across the sea. But the ocean was empty and barren. There was no help for them there. Nothing but a wilderness of water, and the wind hurrying the combers along.

"Come on, you Johnny-cakes!" the second cried. "You can't shift coal up here!"

"You can shift your own damned coal!"

"What's that?"

The second spun on the man. The rest of the crowd gathered in a tight knot, half-frozen, ill-fed men driven to the hilt of endurance, paws raw and bloody from handling gale-stiff icy canvas. Mr. Graham was suddenly taut and erect. He faced a burly seaman with a thick stubble of beard. And he noticed at once the fid the fellow held in his fist.

"What's that?" he demanded again.

"I said you can manhandle your own damned coal!"

The second stepped up, fists clenched. There was only one way to handle that sort of thing. Hesitation meant disaster. There was a deeper murmur from the men at the sailor's back.

"Mr. Graham!" the master's voice roared down from aft.

The second stopped without turning. He was wise enough for that, in spite of his nineteen years. John Yates came striding along the deck. The chief, leaping from the poop, was directly behind him. But the master of the Red Bonnet waved his officers aside with a slight, imperative movement of his hand. His face was like granite.

"Well?" Yates asked.

"We've had enough of it!" the sailor snarled. "Who's fool enough to go down there an' get blown to hell when she lets go? She—"

"Is that all?"

"No; it ain't all! The ship's good as done! Anyone'd know it, shippin' a dead craft's freight. She'll never make a port! We ought to take the quarter boats an' let her blow her guts out when she wants. A lot you give a damn what happens to us down there on that stinkin' coal heap! It's nothin' to you up here."

The man stopped, breathing hard. There was an instant of silence. John knew nothing short of an explosion could clear the air now. His voice was quiet and cold.

"It's fight you want, Tony? Then drop that pin!" Tony looked at him, jaws screwed in a tight smirk. Yates knew what was in his mind. "I give you my word it will not be logged, no matter what."

THE sailor's face loosened in a quick smile. The fid dropped from his hand, rolling noisily into the water course. The men waited with wide eyes. Tony dropped into a half crouch. The chief mate stepped up quickly.

"Captain Yates!" he cried, dismayed.

The master gestured with his hand again, but his hard stare was still on the sailor. "Not here though, Tony," he murmured quietly. "In the hatch. On the coal. You and me. . . . Mr. Hawley, you and the second keep the deck. Watch that man's steering there!"

Tony fell away at that, taken all aback. The faces of the men went blank; then suddenly one of them grinned and jabbed his neighbor's ribs. The skipper'd taken the wind out of him with that, all right! Young Tom Graham's lips twitched. Who in the world would have thought of such a thing? Trust that haggard-faced fellow who knew how to drive a ship! He knew what he was about.

"Got you that time, Tony!" a hoarse voice growled appreciatively.

Something unintelligible sounded in the sailor's throat. But he went into the hatch because he had to or be damned a yellow fool. And the rest of them followed because they'd sooner be blown to heaven than miss a thing like that. Tom Graham looked at the chief officer on the emptied deck. Mr. Hawley said nothing, but there was an odd light in his eyes, and his gray brows were drawn in a pucker at the sounds coming from below.

"Courage, Mister!" the second said.

Mr. Hawley stared aloft. "I'm going down," he muttered to the swinging mizzen truck.

But he didn't. For as he turned, John Yates came crawling up, swaying as he found the deck. His face was streaked with grime, still set with that hard fixity of a single purpose, and his fist was swollen where the knuckles showed red.

(Continued on page 30)

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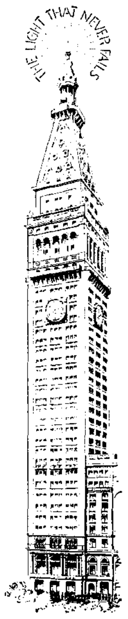
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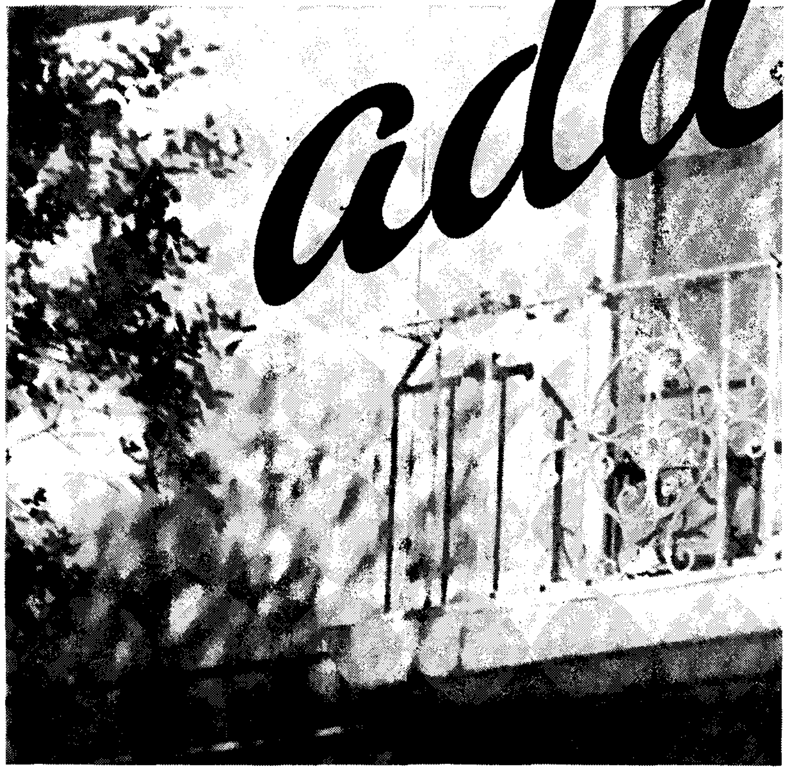

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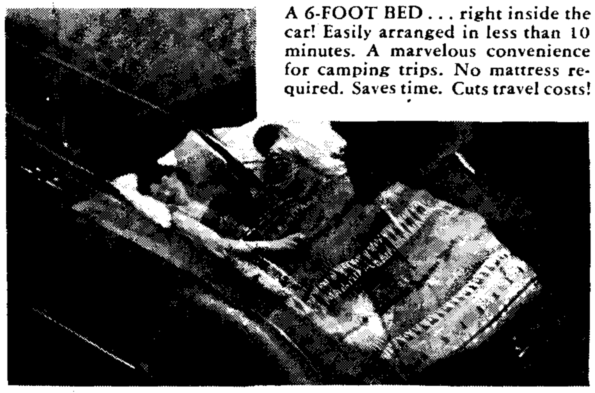

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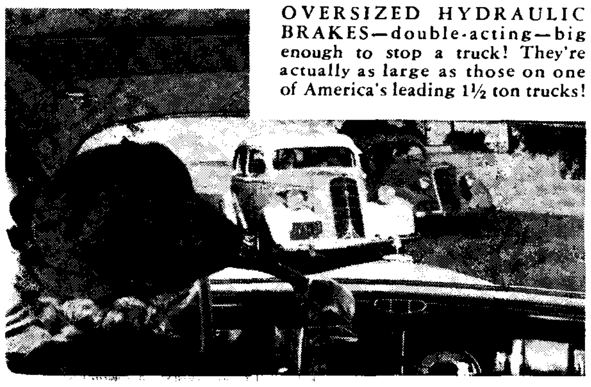

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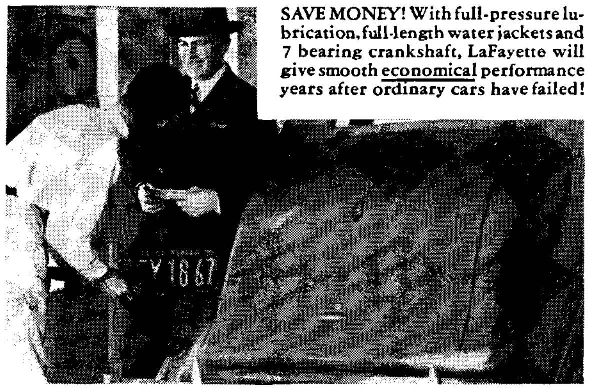

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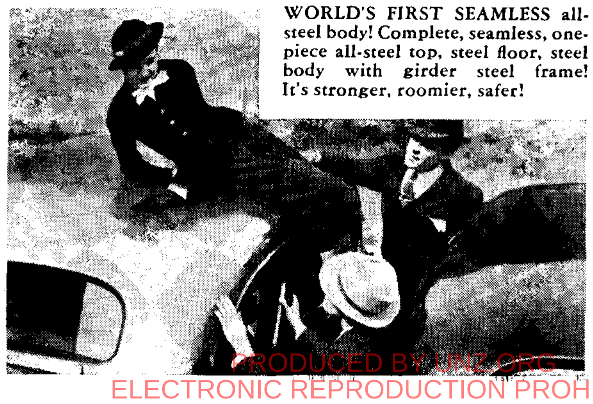

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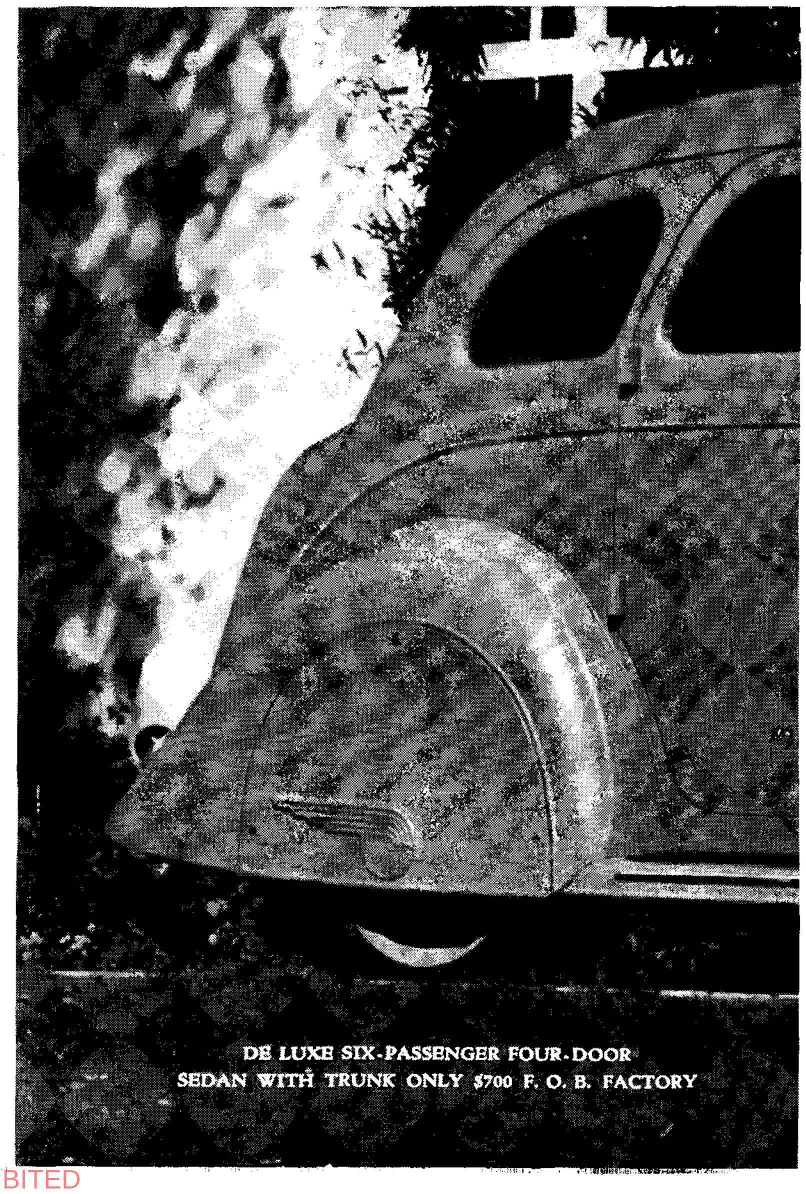

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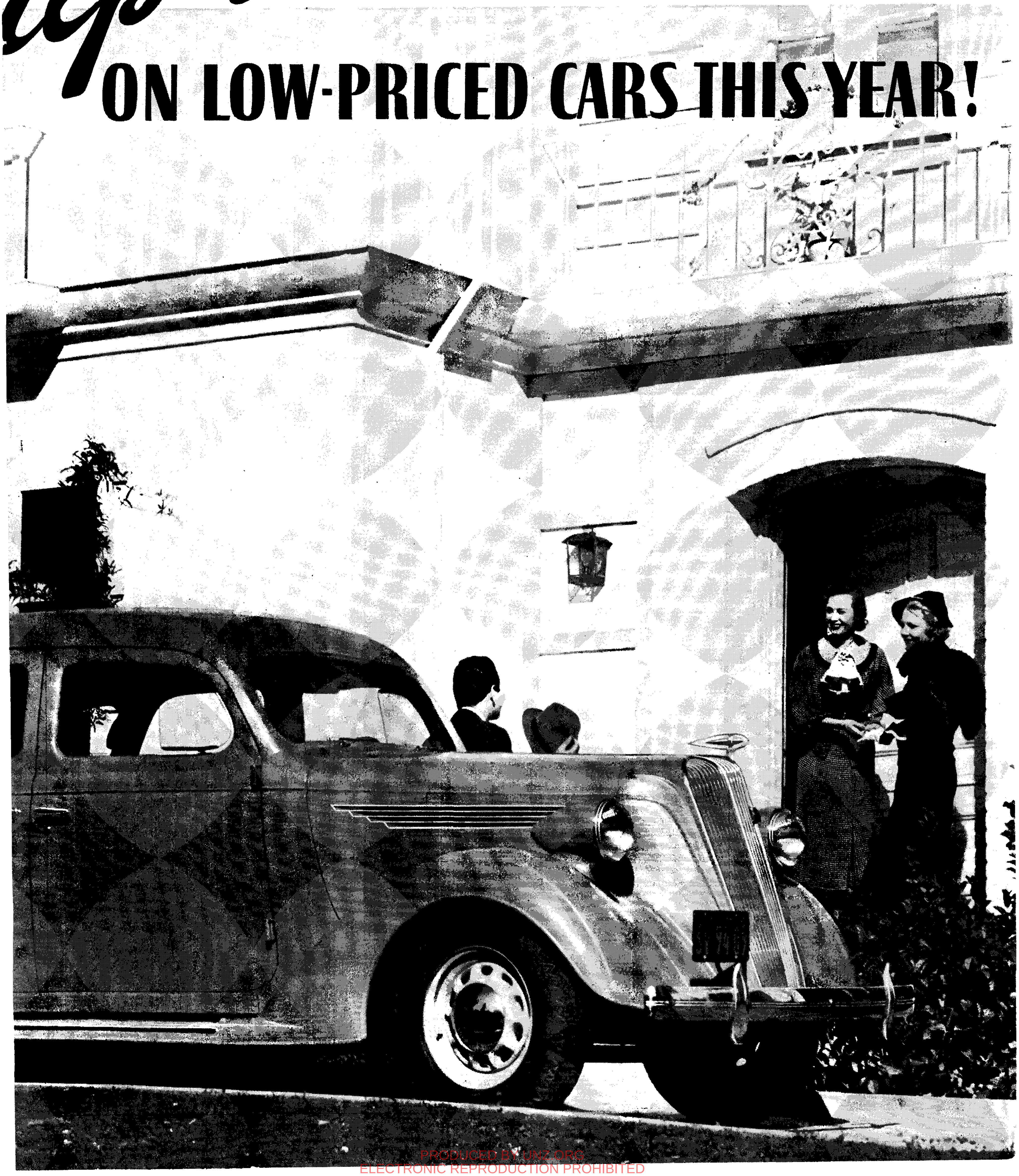

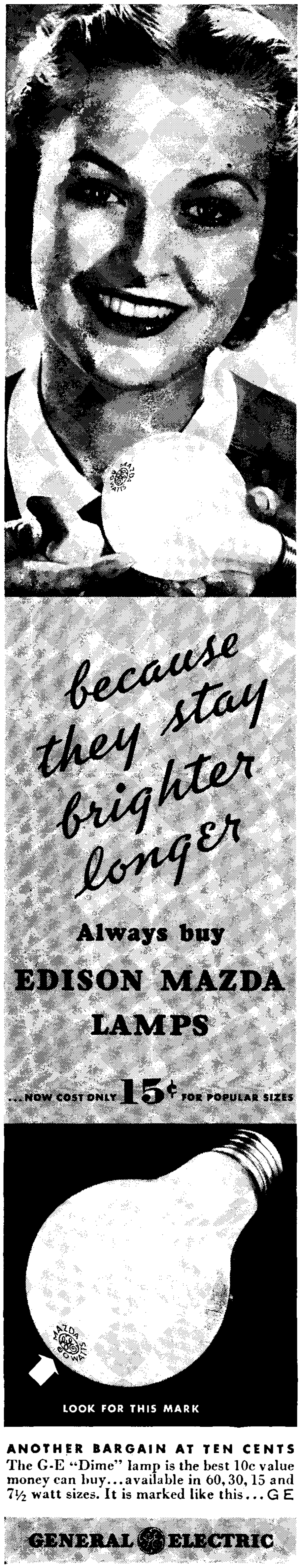

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Record Passage

Continued from page 26

He came up with his officers, silently walking aft.

"All right, Mr. Graham," he said at the poop ladder. "They're helping him for'ard. Tell him I'll look into the forecastle in the middle watch and dress him up a bit. When you uncover the burn in that heap of coal put water on it, not before."

Four days later the Red Bonnet came roaring in toward Sandy Hook with stuns'ls set alow and aloft, canvas wetted to catch the last ounce of wind, and *four hundred tons of coal still smoldering* underdeck. The sun was struggling clear of a driving rack of scud. The two pilot boats, racing for the prize from off the Jersey coast with foam at their eyes, looked like something fabulously unreal out of another world, sharp and bright beneath the lower clouds. The Red Bonnet stepped on to meet them, signal flags flying. Head on she seemed nothing but a mass of cloud herself, a mass of white cloud fallen unexpectedly low from heaven somehow, and rushing headlong toward the land. But the slim black line of her hull beneath, hurrying a wall of white before it, gave her away; that and the great black ball flinging out on the drum-tight belly of her fore. Presently black specks could be seen far aft. There were men aboard; she was a living thing!

Long bars of sunlight caught her now, touching her upper spars. High aloft her royals collapsed like snowy, pricked balloons. She rounded to, canvas thundering, till she backed her main yard and, treading the water with a light and unbelievable grace, she waited for the winning pilot.

He came aboard spryly, one of the Sandy Hook foul-weather men, full brown beard, dancing eyes, black bag and all.

"Red Bonnet? Lord o' heaven!" he boomed. "Where'd you come from, Cap'n?"

"Liverpool."

"Liverpool?" He speculated on this for an instant. "Lord love us, Jack Yates, your arrival *there* from the Brazils ain't been reported in here as yet."

Captain Yates put his hand on the taffrail to steady himself. A faint smile passed his tight lips. "Well, then," he said, "I have the honor of reporting in New York my own arrival in Liverpool. I am sixteen days and four hours, westward passage from the Bootle."

"SIXTEEN days four hours," the pilot repeated slowly, and looked fixedly at the drawn, sleepless-eyed face of the master of sail. "Record passage, so far's I know," he growled, understanding no doubt what it meant. "You'll be getting near a pound a ton premium freight now, I expect, Jack Yates."

"Aye; I expect," the master agreed with a quiet pride. He gestured forward where a keen-eyed man might detect, if he looked carefully, faint tendrils of haze drifting out of the jury-rigged vents of the main hatch. "Coal," he said. "Better get her along a dock before she lets the oakum out of her seams."

The pilot, startled, looked forward. Then he nodded, and asked his briskly traditional, "Shall I take her, Cap'n?"

"Aye; she's yours."

The ship worked easily through the Narrows, opening the reach of the lower bay. There was snow on Governor's Island, glittering hard and bright in winter sunlight as she slipped along in smooth blue water at last. The air was brittle and stinging sharp after a hard-dying nor'easterly gale. And Captain John Yates was tearing up a slushy street behind a steaming cab horse long before the Red Bonnet's men started singing, "It's Time to Leave Her, Johnny."

Toward early evening, with shadows crawling across the earth, a young doctor in a corridor of a nursing home overlooking the river's flood caught a striding, weary-faced giant by the elbow.

"Here, man!" he said angrily. "Who let you in here? You can't go in that room. Mrs. Yates is ill."

"Ill? How is she? How is she, I say?"

The doctor, arrested by the harshly eager voice and the hungry look of those hollow eyes, let fall his restraining hand. "She's all right," *he conceded.* "But—"

"I'm her husband."

"You're crazy. Her husband's a sea captain on his way to Liverpool from Brazil. She told—"

"Numbskull! *I* am Captain Yates!" the lean man roared.

"You?" The doctor could not repress a gasp. "Why, you—you're only a boy yourself."

BUT John Yates hadn't heard. He was inside the room, blinking hard at a girl who was sitting up in bed because she had heard that booming voice outside her door. Her delicate lips were trembling a little, and her eyes alight with tenderness in the pale, bright oval of her face.

"John!" she whispered. "Oh, John, you—you've worn yourself out again."

He stepped forward. His hand reached out hesitantly, and his cold fingers touched the warmth of her bare shoulder lightly, as a man will who dares not trifle with his amazing good fortune.

"Emily," he said in a hoarse whisper, "Emily." There was a moment of silence, with only the whisper of her name in the dim-lit room. Then, "I promised before we were married, if it ever came to it I'd be with you. I made a record westward crossing, Emily."

She smiled up at him, intensely happy. "Two nights ago, John. He looks just like you. I'm glad you weren't here."

"Bad as that?"

She shook her head, almost gay. "Not that. No one helps you on your quarterdeck. Your job. No one can help me, either. My job. It's best to do your own time. I love you so very much, John."

He sat down, silent, and let his head fall deliciously within the comforting hol*low of her arm. She could see nothing but* the line of his haggard jaw, and one hand on the coverlet, tough and wind-raw.

"I sent you a message by Captain Trenchard, John," she murmured, "just in case you should meet in Liverpool."

The hand on the cover stirred. "I must have missed him, Emily."

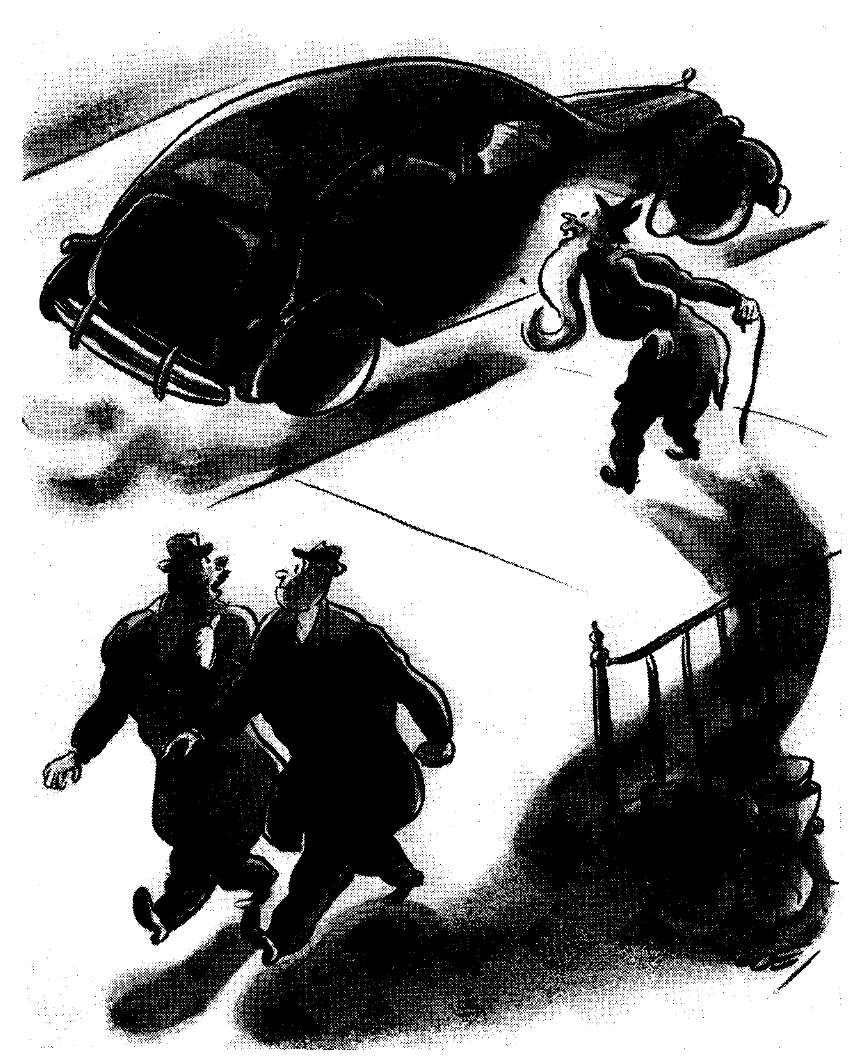
And that was the way the nurse found them when she came in to put flame to the candles. She stopped abruptly and tossed her head.

"Well, I declare!" she snorted. "Comin' to visit you, ma'am, an' then fallin' asleep like a clod by the bed. I'll rouse him out of here soon enough, never you fear."

But Emily put her finger to her lips. What could a nurse know of the price of record passage across the western ocean? John Yates hadn't told her in still and silent nights the things that Emily knew.

"You let him alone, nurse," she whispered, smiling oddly. "He's my boy. . . . My oldest."

The nurse went out without a word, shrugging her capable shoulders and tossing a hand at her shoulder. There was no understanding such crazy folk. But, bless her, it wasn't any of her affair.



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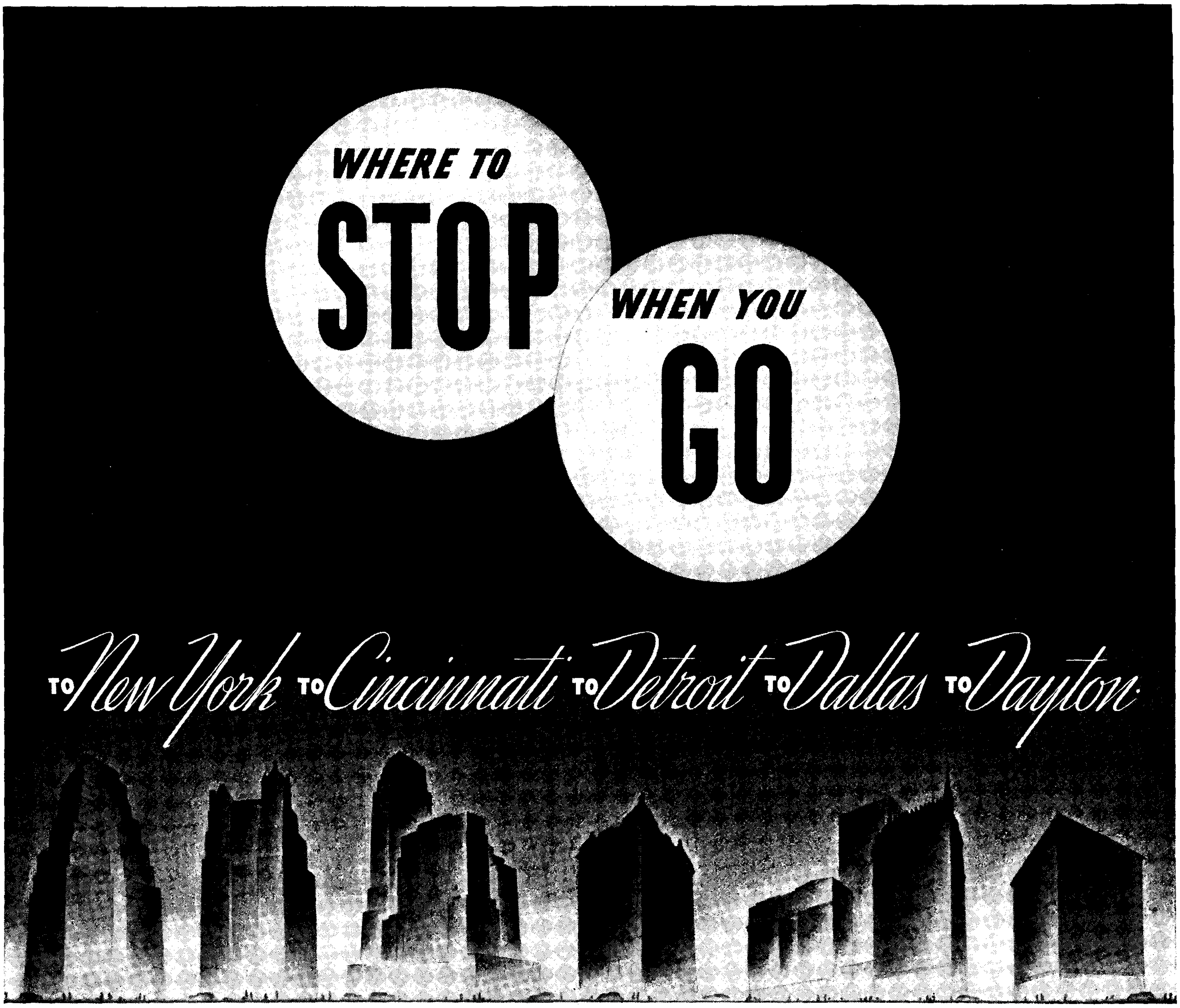
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WHEN YOU
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Coming Down the Mountain

Continued from page 24

them what to play. He decreed last year, among other things, that all important bobsled competition in Germany should be held on the Olympic Run, so that every competitor might know the course from start to finish. Kilian knows every ripple of the ice that coats it.

Another man the crowds will be watching for at the Great Bavaria is little Reto Capadrutt of Switzerland. Many experts call him the best steersman in the world. But some say that in competition he takes such chances that it's hard for him to find three men willing to ride with him.

Our Number One sleigh will be steered by Donna Fox, who won the tryouts at Lake Placid, incidentally setting a course record of 1:40. He comes from the Bronx but he must derive somewhere from New England Yankee stock—one of those fellows who's always tinkering to find a way to do a thing better. He invented a knee-action sled runner before the automobile people ever thought of knees. He has spent hours and days experimenting with the technic of driving—figuring new ways of starting the sleigh and nursing it along that save a second or two here and there.

Fox and the rest of the American entries have trained hard for the Olympics. A four-man bob isn't just a steersman and three passengers, it's a team that has to learn to work together. Among other things they must know how to bob—the swaying together—one, two, bob—one, two, bob—a coördinated motion that's almost exactly like the reverse of a rowing stroke. The American team will be trained to swing together like a Cornell eight.

Farther along the pine slopes, in the direction of Partenkirchen, you crane your neck back to look up at a platform perched on stilts a hundred and forty feet high. From it a runway leads down at about the angle of the east face of the mountain. That is the start and take-off of the Great Olympic Ski Jump.

Streamlined Jumping

In this eagle-winged sport of ski-jumping the predictions of the experts are continually being exceeded by improving technic. Once upon a time a hundred feet was considered a pretty fair jump. But they crept up and up past that mark until, in the last Olympics, the great Birger Ruud of Norway leaped 226 feet. Later 235 was recorded.

That, the experts thought, was about the top. Of course, theoretically, you could build a runway so long and so steep that it would throw a man a mile. But you not only have to jump, you have to land, and land in control. And human beings, not being endowed with a bird's gift of balance, couldn't do that at much above 235 feet.

Then the Olympic Jump at Garmisch was opened (with misgivings) two years ago. On it the old record has many times been exceeded by Ruud and others. They're up above 270 now and, as yet, nobody has broken his neck. Some predict that, under the spur of Olympic competition, 300 feet will be beaten.

Just try to visualize that. A football field is 300 feet long. Your ski-jumper, taking off at 70 miles an hour, soars the whole length of it from goal post to goal post. While he's in the air he drops as far as from the top of the stadium to the field. When he lands he's traveling at a speed greater than the landing speed of most planes. He has covered the distance in something under two seconds, although to you it seemed that he hung there in the air like a parachute.

They jump differently now from the way they did a few years ago. A good jumper no longer stands erect while he's in the air, instead he leans so far forward that his body, from the ankles up, is almost parallel with his skis. He's streamlining himself against the air resistance.

In these tremendous jumps of today the wind is a serious factor, especially if the jumper is a lightweight. That's the trouble with the Japanese. They have extraordinary nerve, but they lack weight. The only serious accident in the Olympic Jumps at Placid was when a strong gale threw one of the Japanese off balance so that he crashed down in a tangle of skis, arms and legs. Japan is sending seventeen skiers to Garmisch and the Olympic Committee is praying for calm weather.

But jumping isn't the whole of skiing—not by a long way. More and more people prefer racing, downhill or cross-country. You may agree if you have ever stood on a snowy slope and watched a runner snap into view over the brow of the hill and come charging down, the dry snow powder exploding away on either side of his skis. And there's nothing prettier to watch than his turn—the broad, sweeping Christiania or the crouching swing of the Telemark.

"Ssssh—Papa was all in last night from ski-jumping and flopped right into bed!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

Until this year's Olympics the only racing events were the two cross-country runs, the 18-kilometer and the 50-kilometer. Those are grinding contests of endurance. According to the European custom the contestants pause occasionally along the course to snatch a mouthful of hot food from their helpers who are waiting for them.

This year two new events are being held for the first time in the Olympics, the Downhill race and the Slalom. The Downhill is a race against time, each contestant starting in turn down a course that drops three thousand feet or more through woods and open meadows. The Slalom is a shorter race down a steep slope on which the racers weave in and out through pairs of flags so placed as to test to the limit the ability to make fast turns.

It may happen at Garmisch that these new events will break the ski monopoly of the northern Europeans. Apparently you can't beat the Norwegians at jumping—not until some other nation begins to train its jumpers right from the cradle. And in cross-country the Finns are just as far ahead. They are iron men, not trained for one race or one season but as hard as granite for a lifetime. I don't know what they ever die of.

But the shorter, downhill races are won by form and fighting spirit of another kind. The Europeans think they'll be won by form—the form they teach in the ski schools of the Alps. Over there they take their winter sports very seriously, not to say solemnly. From end to end of the Alps there are scores of ski schools. On the slopes above St. Anton in the Arlberg you see so many hundreds of pupils performing evolutions for their instructors that it looks like army maneuvers. They practice the same thing day after day, week after week. Making *Bogen*, it's called. Climb up the slope—slide down—make a turn—climb up again. No one can quarrel with learning to do a thing right, but one wonders when the Europeans get around to having fun out of their skiing.

A Test of Nerves

In America, too, skiing begins to be a big-time sport. More than 60,000 are at it in California and there are thousands every Sunday on the snow trains that run from Boston and New York. But, for the most part, we have to teach ourselves. There's hardly a handful of qualified instructors from Maine to California.

We don't do so badly at it. Ski racing takes nerve as well as form and in that the Americans aren't behind.

There's an annual downhill race up in New England that I don't believe would get many entries even from the best amateurs in the Arlberg. It's called the American Inferno and the course is from the summit to the base of Mount Washington. The part to watch is the headwall of Tuckerman's Ravine. When you walk toward it down the easy upper slopes of the mountain the snow surface begins to fall away at your feet, at first gently, then more steeply, until it plunges over the edge. The next thing your eye rests on is the floor of the ravine, a thousand feet below. Half of the wall is at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The sensation of a racer going over the edge must be about that of standing in a canoe shooting over the brink of Niagara. No man could run it straight and keep under control, so the skiers loop down in great sweeping curves.

Two years ago one of the entries, R. Livermore, found himself on the steepest part of the wall, trapped between two slides of tumbled snow and ice that prevented his turning. He could have thrown himself flat and perhaps slid to a safe landing. Instead he pointed both skis downhill and shot for the bottom. It couldn't be done—he struck a patch of bad snow and whirled end over end for forty feet. Somehow his neck remained whole and his skis stayed on his feet. He scrambled up and went on down the mountain to win second place.

Our Hockey Hopes

Our team won't find any slopes as bad as that on the course above Garmisch. If we should happen to win the Downhill race it will probably be because, at a critical point, some wild Indian forgets about Telemarks and Christianias, turns his skis downhill and lets it rip.

Down the hill a way from the Olympic bob-run is the quiet little lake of the Riesensee. Although it is a long climb above Garmisch it is hemmed in by hills on every side. I have stood by it in summer when a strong wind was blowing on the peaks above and through the valley below. Its surface was so calm that I could pick out the details of cliff and glacier of the Zugspitze reflected on its waters. It freezes very early and the ice doesn't go out until late in the spring, which is why the skating races will be held there.

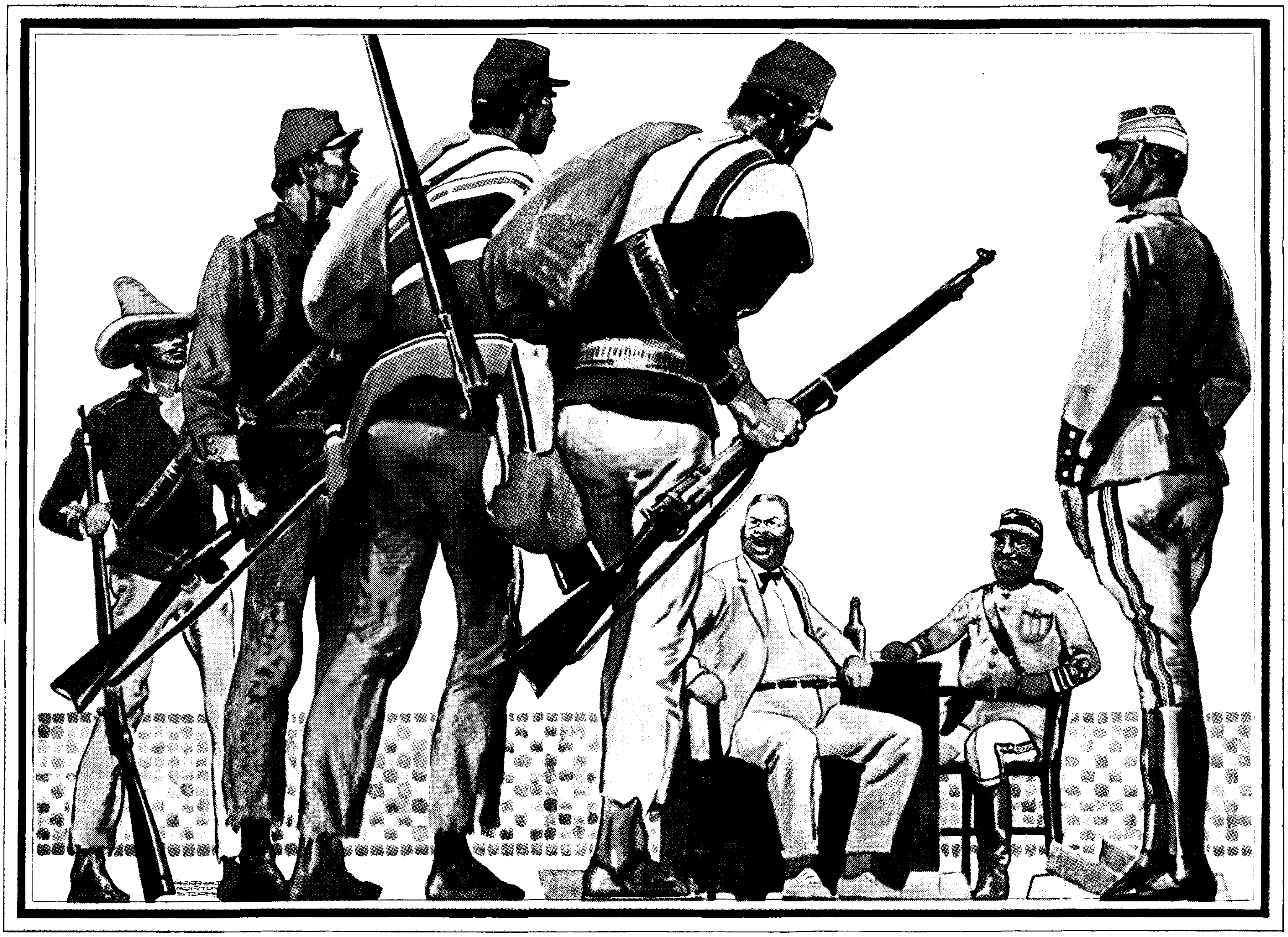
We ran away with those races at Placid but this time the betting on us is not so good. Jack Shea and Irving Jaffee have gone professional. Also the rules have been changed—we'll have to unlearn our way and learn the European. The American idea of a race is to have everybody on the ice together and the first man across the line wins. Not so in Europe. They'd rather race against time over there—two men in a heat and the winner decided when they compare watches and add up the times.

We are going after the figure-skating events, too. Some may think that a very ladylike sport. So it is, but it takes as fine a balance as ski-jumping and it's a pleasant thing to watch. The girls from Austria seem to have the edge in it—probably being brought up on Viennese waltzes gives you the right start for figure skating. And an Austrian woman could look graceful jumping from in front of a trolley car with an armful of bundles.

Lastly we have the hockey. That's a sport where we have a first-rate chance. If it weren't for our friends up on the other side of the St. Lawrence we would have a walk-away.

This is a good year to have the Olympics. The world could use a little extra fund of good will just now, and perhaps the nations could accumulate it more easily by playing games with each other than by trading insults through their foreign offices.

In the days of the ancient Olympics they used to stop any war that happened to be going on when the games came due. It might not be a bad thing today to revive the Pax Olympica.



The self-satisfaction was fading from Meyer's face. He stared at the gunny sacks, his mouth half open

Orphan Gold

Another notable victory for our favorite general, in which there is a free exchange of lead but no fatalities. Convincing proof that it takes a smart man to run a revolution

By Gregorio Somers

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

GENERAL BLAS ESPINA walked across the living-room of the Villa Ybarra. He stood by a tall window and looked out across the valley of the Rio Santa Cruz.

"Your house has a wonderful view, Mr. Meyer," he said in excellent English.

Mr. Karl Meyer was a naturalized American citizen of German birth—a bulky, red-faced person with little blue pig-eyes. He sat deep in a leather armchair. He glowered and said nothing.

The general looked out the window again, extremely pleased with the view. In the valley below lay the small, red-roofed town of Santa Cruz, its narrow streets swarming with the soldiers of the general's revolutionary army. Most of the citizens were gathered in the central plaza, where the general's military band was giving a concert. The general always gave a concert as soon as he entered a captured town.

"Do you like music?" asked the general, turning around and smiling sardonically at Meyer.

"No," growled Meyer. "I hate music."

The general shrugged his shoulders and looked out the window again. His eyes strayed up the valley, which twisted steeply toward the High Sierra. Near the town were little tilted fields and clumps of orange trees. The steeper slopes were dark and glossy green with coffee bushes. A pleasant, rural, eighteenth-century scene it was, which reminded the general of another near-by valley where he was born.

But half a mile above the town the eighteenth century vanished, and the industrial age began. Great piles of broken rock choked the valley. Ugly buildings of corrugated iron clung to a hillside. Three tall chimneys spouted greasy smoke. Steam rose in white billows from below the chimneys, and a dull, persistent roar flooded down to mingle with the gay sounds of the band concert. This was the famous Ybarra gold mine, which the Spaniards had worked for two hundred years and the Americans for twenty-five. Mr. Karl Meyer was the superintendent.

General Blas Espina smiled fondly at the mine for a minute or two. Then he turned back and bowed to Meyer.

"How pleasant it is, my friend," he said lightly, "to have captured a gold mine."

Meyer sprang to his feet and charged across the room with a bull-like bellow. He shook a large, blond, hairy fist in the general's face.

"You haven't captured a damn' thing, you bandit!" he shouted. "This mine belongs to the North American Smelting Company. You don't dare touch it."

The general examined the fist with great composure. He continued to smile, and presently the fist was taken away.

"You are right, my friend," he said calmly. "Soon I shall be President, and I shall want to remain on friendly terms with your company."

Meyer hesitated.

"What are you going to do, then?" he asked doubtfully.

"I want to know how much gold you have in the vaults."

"I won't tell you," snapped Meyer. "You aren't President yet. You have no right to know."

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he said. "I shall ask someone else. Please remain in this room. I shall want to consult you again."

The general bowed politely and walked out into the central patio. Lounging in the shade of a flowering vine were six soldiers and a young lieutenant.

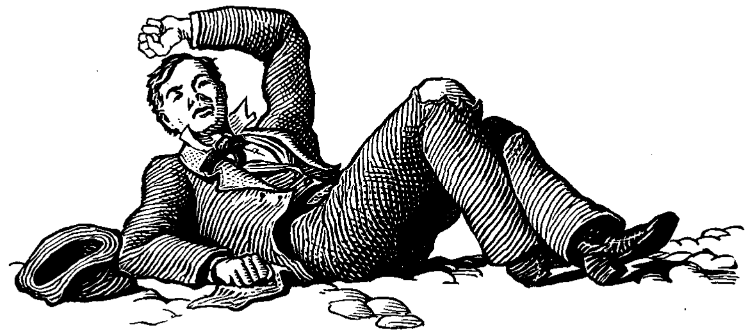
"Has the American, Señor Lewis, arrived?" he asked in Spanish.

"Yes, my General," answered the officer. "He is waiting there." He pointed to a room across the patio.

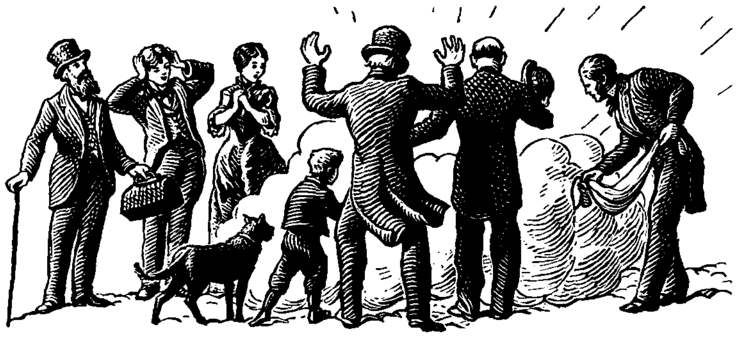
(Continued on page 48)

The Merchant's Lament

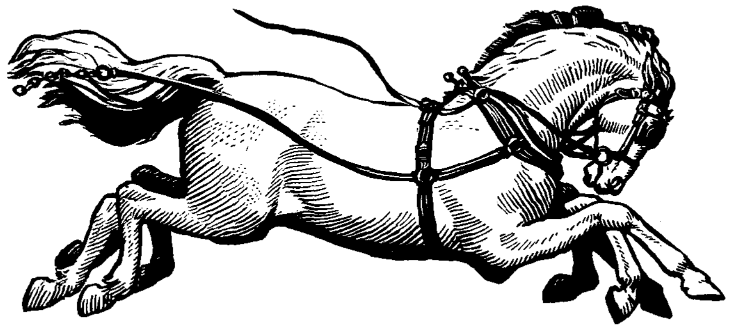
[Rochester, N. Y., June, 1865.]



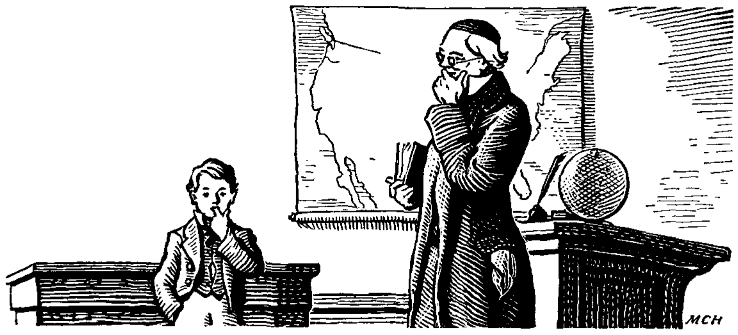
Flat on his back on the stones he lay,
Cursing his luck, and cursing the day,
Cursing his helpers who left in a miff,
Cursing his leg which was broken and stiff;
But still he kept swearing and making a roar,
Until from exhaustion he could do so no more.



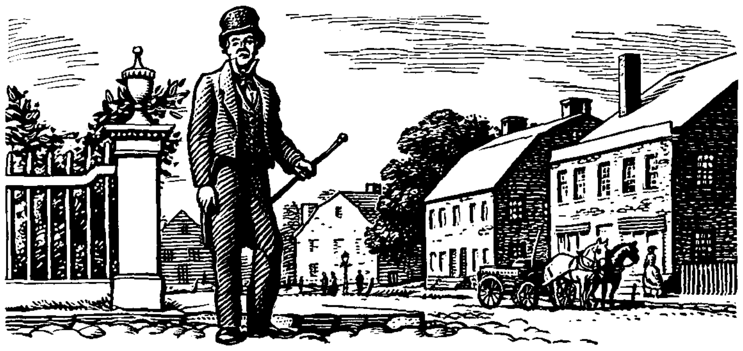
And why, you will ask, was this terrible row?
By whom was he hurt, and where, and how?
And now it has happened, why ain't he content?
Does he not know such things are by Providence sent?
Just stop for a minute, my talkative friend,
And hear how this merchant came near to his end.



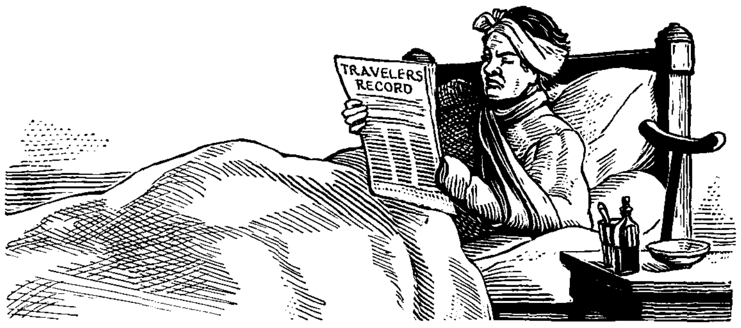
Mr. Timothy Snooks—for such was his name—
Just starting down town, was met near the lane
By a couple of horses running away,
And quicker than *scat* on the pavement he lay,
With one of his legs curled up in a bow,
Which will keep him in bed for six months or so.



Now list to his ravings, and then you will see
What made this rash fellow use language so free:
"Just my tarnation luck, I believe I'm a fool,
'Old Birch' always said so when I went to school;
The old rascal, I know, was more than half right,
I am sure I was one last Saturday night.



" 'Twas suggested to me that I'd better insure
Against accidents, for five thousand or more!
Oh! nonsense, said I, what do I want of that,
All I travel just now is up town and back;
You'll not get my money in such a concern—
Do you think that I get hurt at every turn?



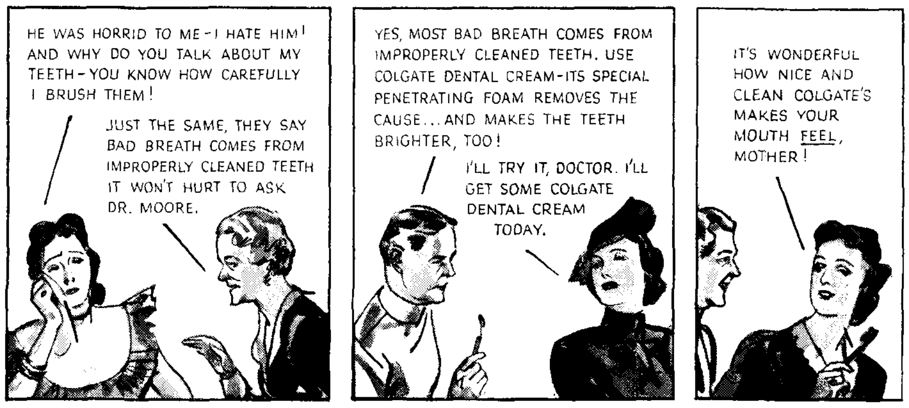
"Now I find out, to my chagrin and sorrow,
That scoffing to-day may bring pain on the morrow;
If I only had heeded my excellent friend,
I'd have money to save and money to spend;
I am mad when I think how nice I am beat—
Blast it! I've lost twenty-five dollars a week."

MORAL—"Accidents will happen" when least expected; therefore every prudent man, *whether traveling or not,* will insure in The TRAVELERS without delay.

P. S. These verses were written for The Travelers in 1865. Seventy years have changed the story, but the moral remains the same: Insure in The Travelers.

The Travelers Insurance Company,
The Travelers Indemnity Company,
The Travelers Fire Insurance Company,
Hartford, Connecticut

NOW—NO BAD BREATH
behind her Sparkling Smile!
AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!
WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!
POOR PEGGY-ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED


HE WAS HORRID TO ME-I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH-YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!
JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM-ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!
I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL, MOTHER!

..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW
COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!
GO 'WAY...THIS IS MINE!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged in between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner, brighter—assures you a sweeter, purer breath. Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, New Jersey. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

Conquering Hero

Continued from page 19

Sandy sent out for more coffee.

An hour went by and then the Eastbound came in. Ferris climbed down.

"*Piew!* That's salt on Papa's tail," Ferris said, "it won't be long now. This family took a spot of hide-and-seek near Glassborough. Muck."

It was still fair enough for golf. But overhead the haze was mobilizing, masking the sun. Ships were coming in like homing pigeons. Fog. Fog. Borderline. Two hundred. One-fifty. Zero. Florida chirped in from time to time, confident, secure. Visibility unlimited.

Twelve-thirty.

The waiting was a nail in Sandy's coffin, candy on an aching tooth. . . . If it had been tomorrow, Sandy thought, or yesterday. But, no, it had to go and pick today. Three hundred and sixty-five to one. And will Castagna be sore? Will he gnash his gold crowns if we cancel? That damned waiver clause—he could void the contract. I wouldn't put it past him . . .

Scott came by. "Looks like the count is ten," Scott said. "Take it or leave it. Five gets you two inside an hour you won't see the roof of City Hall."

"Dandy," Sandy said, "just dandy."

He was drawing aimless patterns on a scratch-pad. . . . There's still a ceiling. Reiner's a good pilot. Alphabet soup to him, blind flying. He's good. Hell, and he's had some practice on the new stuff, homing compass, blind landing beacons. . . . That's what they're for, aren't they? Suppose I take a chance? Borderline conditions. You could call it that. Suppose—

The pattern broke off; the pencil feathered through the paper like a nail.

"Get me Macklin in Bayou Airport," Sandy said. "If he's out I'll talk to Reiner."

He got Reiner.

"Sour break," Reiner said. "I've just been looking at the map. You say the word though and I'll ride up on the beam."

"Nix," Sandy said, "you're five bucks in the red to me and I'm not taking chances. The trip is off. It's scotched. Same program switches to tomorrow. Mayor and weather permitting. Tell Castagna, will you?"

"Listen," Reiner said, "I'm just a pilot—not a lion-tamer. Suppose you tell him?"

CASTAGNA took the wire and Sandy saw that lion-tamer was a sickly understatement. The avocado czar was not just angry. His emotion was already leagues beyond that. He was Vesuvius in eruption. He was smoke and fire and brimstone. He was in a sizzling ecstasy of rage.

"Latin fervor," Sandy thought, "he gets the pie."

He heard him out.

"All right," Sandy said, finally, "all right, I heard you. I'm a liar. I'm a double-crosser. I'm a sissy. And it's fine in Florida. Now you get this, Mr. Castagna, and get it right, because it's final. Your—avocados—do—not—fly—today."

"*Santa Maria!*" Castagna shouted. "You are-a-not flying today, you are-a-not flying at all. I cancel. I am cancelling contract."

"Your privilege," Sandy said, and hung up. The ceiling was a little lower, six hundred, clamping down, tightening.

It was nearly one o'clock and calling off the big performance would take time. Depression had its arms around Sandy. If I get any lower, he thought, they'll have to reach me with a sounding line. I'd better eat first. Or maybe—

He called Angela.

"A tragedy in six acts," Sandy said, "and a planked steak and onions. All rare. Any takers?"

"I might scare up one," said Angela. "What name did you say?"

"Third door on the left and ask for Mr. Higginbotham. Half an hour?"

She was there in less. She came in like an April morning, spotless, lovely, elating. "What's the trouble this time?" she asked. "Fog or avocados? If I can help—"

"You do," Sandy said, "all of you helps. Particularly the hat. I suppose it *is* a hat? Let's eat."

The air outside was like a cold, wet rag. They got down to the car.

"Telephone!" someone came running. "Long-distance. Bayou Airport calling Mr. Costello."

"For two pins," Sandy said, "for one." They walked back to his office.

REINER was excited. Reiner the calm, the imperturbable, was bellowing.

"Stop it! Stop that hornet buzzing!" Sandy said. "I can't get one darned word. *Who's* crazy?"

"Buck is crazy. The Colonel. Your old man. He's gone clean off his nut. He's off. He's gone. He's pinched my shipment."

"He's *what?*" Sandy was bellowing now, "Say that again!"

"I say he's gone off with my avocados. I was out getting a bite. Castagna got him, called him at a luncheon somewhere. Said he could name his price. Buck said he would; he'd let him know. Macklin tried to stop him. He showed him all the weather. Lousy. Buck just grinned. Macklin said he looked like he'd just swallowed a canary."

"Fool," Sandy said, "the bloody fool!"

"He wouldn't fill up; said it cramped his style. He had five hours of gas. And our new Mercury . . . they overhauled her yesterday. Took off at one-thirty-five."

"Chute?" Sandy said.

"No chute."

"Don't look like that!" said Angela, "it frightens me. Sandy, what *is* it?"

Sandy told her. "I'm sorry, baby, but this flying racket isn't all pink eyewash—you eat alone. I can't leave now."

"I couldn't. I'd rather stay. Sandy, you *can* stop him, can't you?" She shivered. The formless gray was all at once Menace, an avid Moloch clamoring for prey.

"We can try," Sandy said grimly. "Boy—two liverwurst on rye and double Javas . . . in the Radio Room . . two hundred cruising," Sandy mumbled. "One thirty-five—that'd be somewhere over Georgia, maybe. He'll go for height, if I know Buck. Chin out of the soup—if he can. Five hours' fuel. He must think he's proving something. I'll raise him I'll raise him if I have to send a rocket after him. If he gets out of *this*—"

They sat together in the Radio Room. Alert and patient, Scott was hammering at the sealed doors of the sky.

"Colonel Costello, Colonel Costello, calling Colonel Costello in GX531. . . ."

It went on and on. It was like lifeboat drill on a crack ship.

Angela sat unnoticed in a corner. She felt a drone, a babe, in face of this grim mobilization. She had been there scores of times before, poking around with a light show of interest. Machines maps, radios, blackboards, ship positions, markers, landing fields, ready lists. They were the same; yet they were thrillingly, superbly different. Here, suddenly was Drama. Here, from this solid base of stereotype and rule and routine came Power. It's like a battle, Angela thought, it's like an army buckling on its armor.

"Calling Glassborough, calling Brimpton, calling Parkervale. . . . Stand by, please . . . we have zero zero . . . Colonel Costello flying from Florida. . . . Please try Colonel Costello. . . ."

"Calling Colonel Costello, calling Colonel Costello. . . . Answer please. . . ."

Calling, calling . . . Nashville, Louisville, Atlanta . . . two hundred feet . . . we want two hundred feet. Colonel Costello with five hours of fuel. With three hours. . . . Two . . . Calling, calling. . . .

"Here's something," Scott said, "here's a ceiling!"

A small municipal airport was reporting visibility. Ceiling four hundred. Rising slightly. Pilton—two hundred miles west of the system.

"Stand by, Pilton, we may need you. Stand by, please. . . ."

Answer . . . answer. . . . Buck, old fellow, put your earphones on. Listen, listen! . . .

"If he'd just come in," Sandy said, "we could still take him down in Pilton. Two hours' gas. Buck, for Pete's sake put those earphones on!"

Angela looked away. She moved over to the window and stared into the beleaguering, lifeless gray. The bright lights from the building made hardly any dent. Ice touched her spine. Buck was there, somewhere. Behind it, over it, inside it—ultimately there wasn't any difference. She tried to picture what it would be like up there, all by oneself, blindfold, blind as a bat, but always streaking on. On and on and on, swift as a bullet. You couldn't stop. It wasn't like a car—jam on the brakes, slow down, take your time, look around. Buck couldn't stop. He couldn't ease that frantic speed. Not much, not enough to count. Two hundred miles an hour cruising; ninety was the limit. If he dropped below ninety everything dropped, the whole plane dropped down, like a bird with an arrow in its breast.

Why, in the name of heaven *wouldn't* Buck come in? Why didn't he think? Why couldn't he imagine? Could anyone alive, thought Angela, be so insensitive to all these lifting ears, these straining eyes, the pounding of these hearts? Lone hand? She had a picture of Buck's careless smile and all her jumping nerves expostulated. She knew then that there were some hands no one, not even Buck Costello, might dare to play alone.

"Poetry!" Angela thought, "that's what I call it. . . . *Poetry!*"

FOUR-THIRTY. It was no use keeping Pilton now. Even if they reached the Colonel, his gas supply would never let him make it.

It had got around. The offices were crowded. Reporters, cameramen, outsiders. The girl at the switchboard called for reinforcements. Cigarette smoke hung around.

The telephone on Sandy's desk buzzed.

"Leesen, *leesen!*" Castagna was excited, "ees-a mistake! Ees-a beeg mistake! Colonel Costello, he ees making a mix-up—"

"Shut up!" Sandy said. His voice had an edge along it like a scalpel. "It's a mistake all right. Shut *up!* Get off this line, before I kill you!"

No one spoke much for a while. Sandy got up finally.

"Blind landing beacons," Sandy said to Ferris. "It's that or nothing. We can try."

Blind landing beacons. Angela tried to think what landing beacons were. Something new. Someone had just invented them and won a prize, wasn't that it? A sentence Sandy had used stuck: "Like leading a blind guy by a string across the traffic," Sandy had said. "It works—if the guy trusts you."

"Take someone with you and take it slow. Low gear in this soup," Sandy was saying. "You, too, Joe. You're *here!* Right at the pike intersection. Test your sets first. When we flash you turn those beacons on and keep them on. Get going!"

Angela watched them go. She was beginning to get the size of it. If any of these men, thought Angela, these humble, lesser cogs, if just so much as one of them gets careless on his job, Buck will be killed. Teamwork. That was the size of it.

Scott had his earphones on again. He worked his way through the outlying airports.

"Shut in," he said finally, "they're all shut in."

Sandy was bent over a black enameled dial. So that's it, Angela thought, that's the one. It looked quite ordinary, quite uninspired. How could it fling invisible lifelines to the dark channels of the sky? How could it?

The beacon cars checked in on their portables. In position. All ready. All ready, like a fireman's net spread in the dark. All set. The rest was up to Buck.

Ten minutes. Fifteen. Twenty. . . .

WHEN it came, a fugitive, an almost noiseless purr from the last rim of sound, it struck among them like a squall. Chairs flew back. Feet stamped. Windows crashed up. Doors banged. Bedlam.

"He's *here!*"

"Here he is. That's him!"

"*Quiet!* Quiet, will you. . . ."

It was louder now. Losing height, Angela guessed, hunting a hole. She knew there couldn't be a hole. Louder and still louder, until it filled her ears, wheeled in her head, tore at her bursting lungs. Then it slackened. The engine note flung up the scale like a hornet, baffled, outraged, settled back again into a purr.

"Now," Sandy said, "now we should get him!"

He got him. Buck came in on the wave length. His voice, hitched to the loud speaker, came in full and clear.

"Buckley Costello calling F. N. A. South City. Calling South City."

"South City is ready . . . hello, hello, Buck. . . ."

If the Colonel's voice was calm, Sandy's matched it. He might have spent the last few hours supine beside a brook.

"Nice fresh fruit here!" Buck said. "Sun-soaked avocados. Shall I drop 'em? Or will you come and get 'em? Is this fog down to the subway?"

"No ceiling, no visibility, no wind," Sandy said, "what's your gas?"

A slight pause. Then the Colonel said:

"That's nice. That's bright and cheerful. I've for forty minutes, gas. What's nearest?"

"Two hundred miles. Pilton. It's no good. Buck, we can get you down on the homing compass and the blind landing beacons. Your instruments were checked yesterday. Seems like the only out, Buck."

Sandy waited. There wasn't any sound.

"Hello, hello Buck. . . . Did you get that? . . . Hello."

"Yes, I got it," Buck came back. "I got it. It just takes getting used to. Dressing for avocados—what a swan song! And Everest so picturesque! Listen," Buck said. His voice was brisk again. "Have you got fifty feet down there?"

"No," Sandy said.

"Thirty?"

"No." The muscles above Sandy's jawbone prodded out. "You couldn't do it, Buck," he said. "A bat couldn't mush in. We're wasting gas arguing. . . . All ready for instruction? We'll take it over once."

(Continued on page 38)

"The fog's so thick I can hear the sirens whistle!"
THEN THAT NEXT-MORNING HEAD CLEARED UP!

THAT'S THE LAST CONVENTION I'LL GET ROPED IN ON. MY HEAD'S SPLITTING AND I FEEL SEASICK ALL OVER
PORTER, BROMO-SELTZER FOR THE GENTLEMAN. THAT'S THE WAY TO GET RELIEF FAST
•SOON•
BOY, BROMO-SELTZER HAS REVIVED MY FAITH IN LIVING — HEAD'S CLEAR AS A BELL ALREADY
WONDERFUL STUFF, FRED. STOPS HEADACHES FASTER, SOOTHES THE STOMACH AND CALMS THE NERVES TOO!

Tested by Doctors—found to give FASTER RELIEF

WHY let next-morning headaches spoil your day? Relief is so quick with Bromo-Seltzer.

This sparkling remedy works *faster* to stop your headache, doctors have found, than any other remedy they've tested!

Bromo-Seltzer does other things for you, too. Gives you more all-around relief than many remedies. After Bromo-Seltzer, headache vanishes. An upset stomach is quickly settled down. Shaky nerves stop jangling.

Reduces Excess Acid

Bromo-Seltzer brings you another important benefit.

Overeating or drinking forms excess lactic acid in your blood. Bromo-Seltzer reduces this harmful acid—helps restore the alkaline balance of your system.

So—whenever you wake up feeling miserable, remember Bromo-Seltzer's faster, more complete relief! At drugstores and soda fountains. And keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.

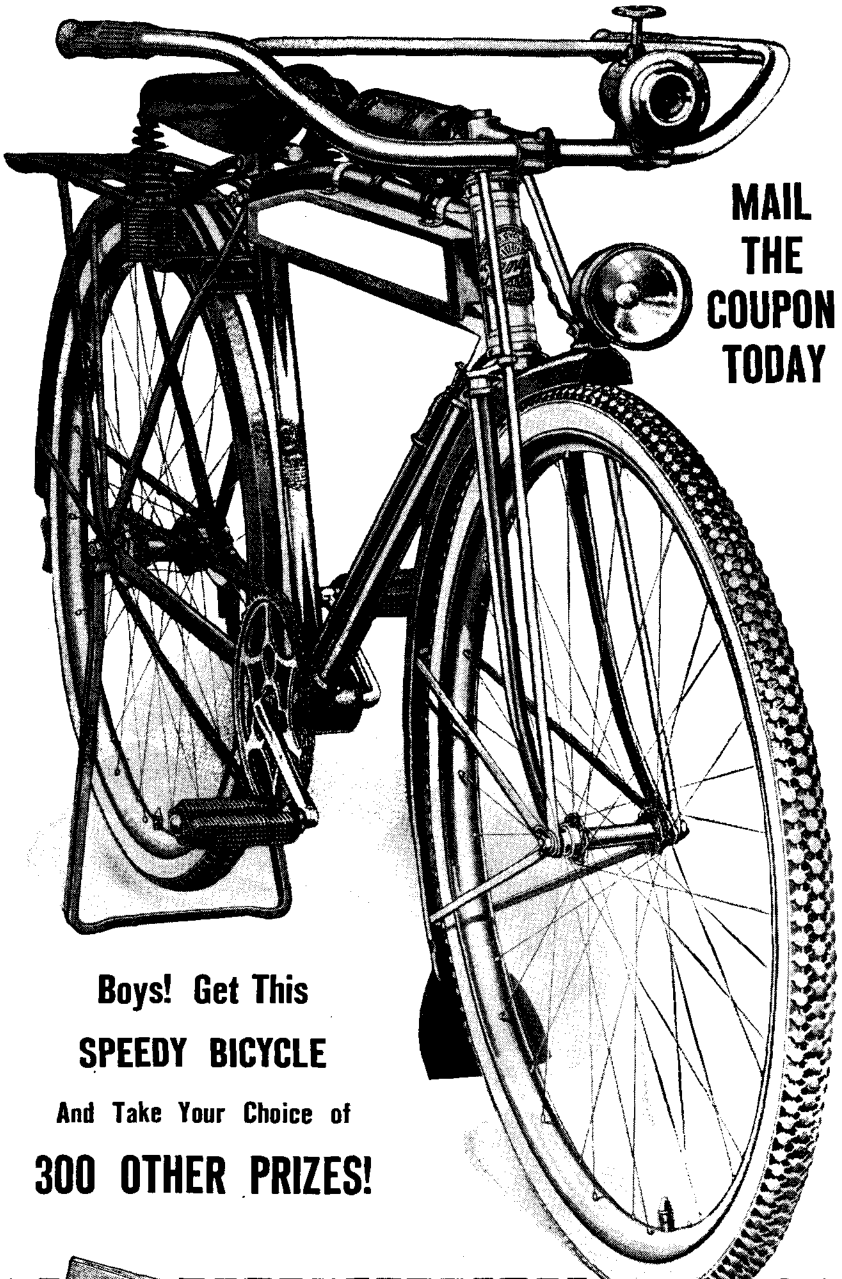
BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Boys

BOYS—12 to 16—here's a bike like you've dreamed of owning. Now it can be yours! Comes to you fully equipped with headlight, horn, tool case, coaster brake, parking stand, platform carrier, imported frame pump, motorbike style saddle, and other up-to-the-minute features. Balloon, cushioned tires if you want them. Chromium plated. Brown and cream baked-on enamel. The king of bicycles. Late deluxe motorbike model. Speedy as a comet. Built for long wear.

Get this bike, and earn your choice of 300 other prizes, including sporting goods, books, watches, a sled, movie machine, and printing press. Make MONEY, too. It's easy. Just deliver Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine to people in your neighborhood whom you secure as customers. This need not interfere with school or play. Gives you valuable training. Some boys earn a prize the first day. You can, too, if you hustle. Mail the coupon and we'll start you.



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Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-127
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Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to begin earning MONEY and PRIZES at once by delivering your magazines in my neighborhood. Start me and send me a big Prize Book.

Name.. Age..........
Address..
City.............................. State..............

(Continued from page 37)

Angela had no idea how long she held her breath. Seconds, eras—leagues along the corridors of Time. Inside her head was field day. Something kept screaming: "Give in, give in—you damned fool! Kick in your sword! Grow up. Act your age. Perseus, my foot—"

Buck's voice came. It was unexpected, that laugh around the edge of it.

"You win, son. Take over! Let's get going!"

After that it got a little vague. Angela lunged at words that dodged and ricocheted. Barometer pressure. Directional gyro. Frequencies. Silent zone. Radio receiver. Outer and inner beacons. . . .

". . . eight hundred feet over the first one. The wave will crack a light on your dashboard," Sandy was saying. "Glide down to one-fifty for the second. Speed one hundred. Distance between the beacons is seventy-two seconds. Seven two. You'll be lined smack at the runway. Once more, now. . . ."

They went over it once more. Overhead the engine broke out a cadenza.

"All right?" Sandy said. "All right?"

"Champagne on me," Buck said, "and dinner at the Glorioso. You can keep the avocados. Okay, let her go!"

"I'll be seeing you!" Sandy said.

"Good lad," Buck said, "Old Gunga Din!"

The engine roar faded. The hum died in the loud speaker. It was turned off like a tap. Silence clamored. It's unbearable, Angela thought, no one can bear it, it's too much. How can he stand it? How can he look so calm? A piece of her mind glanced off, flew at a tangent from that agonizing concentration. It flopped about, forlorn, unrelated. Angela swallowed a sob.

"That darned liverwurst," Angela thought. "I'm going to be sick!"

"Turning," she heard Ferris say; "he's turning!"

Sound flooded another tide. Nearer. Nearer. She saw Sandy's eyes, steel eyes stabbing at a wrist watch. Sweat was all over him. She could hear him counting.

"One hundred, ninety-five, eighty," Sandy said. "He's over the first beacon!"

She saw his lips move, but it was someone else's voice. Some unmet stranger's.

"Nine—second beacon—seven—six—five—" Life, Death, Life—. The floor reared up. The walls began to spin. The lights danced an idiotic little dance. *Speed one hundred.* The end, the end, this is the end—

"*Stop!*" Angela screamed. "*Stop!*"

"Two—one—*zero!*"

A blind eternity. Then a scream of air over wings, a thump, a creak, a mad shout ripped from a multitude of throats, and down went Angela. Down and down and down into the black reaches of infinity, into exhaustless silence, where problems sleep and anguish dies and even landing beacons aren't the slightest bit of use.

SANDY went back to the office after dinner. Now that the smoke had cleared the place felt like a morgue. Empty chairs. Cigarette butts. The cheated fog still lapping at the panes.

Scott was just going. He was putting on his coat.

"You should sleep good," Scott said. "The Colonel's put Castagna's pears on every front page. Orders raining in!"

"I suppose so," Sandy said.

"How's your girl?" Scott said. "I guess she's gone to bed."

"Yeah," Sandy said, "she'll be all right."

He wrote out his report. He was tired. It took him a long time. Ten o'clock. Sandy lit a final cigarette.

"Hell take Castagna," Sandy thought; "tomorrow he'll be swamped. Every shoestring artist with a laced-up jenny. They'll be there, offering cut rates. Cashing in on us. So it goes!"

The door flew open, impelled by a patent leather toe. Buck stood there, handsome as four aces in a stone-cold hand. Smiling. Unquenchable. Just tight enough.

"*Vamos!*" Buck said. "Nightcap! The fizz has raised my thirst. Or could it be the Aztec in those pears? Where are you now, you fickle jades!" Champagne hoisted Buck's fancy. "Far-flung across our sovereign state. Swamping the damask tables of the rich, rushing to the rescue of the poor! Fattening the lean, slimming the fat, healing the sick, slaying the well . . . in a word, Enslaving Nectar! Ah, that Angela's a smart girl!"

SANDY was silent for a minute. He had meant to hoard it. The temptation was too great.

"Buck," he said, "do you really want to know what's happened to your freight?"

"Do I want to know?" Buck said. "Suspense is poisoning me!"

"All right," Sandy said. "I'll tell you what's happened to your freight. It's at the station. It's labeled for Bayou. It's going back again on the midnight."

That was a bull's-eye.

"*Back!*" Buck shouted. "Back, did you say? Why is it going back? What's the matter with them? What's the matter with my pears?"

"Nothing," Sandy said; "nothing's the matter with the pears. Just that they aren't pears. They're incubator eggs, consigned to Florida. Reiner flew them down yesterday." Sandy shut his desk and turned the key. "Seems like you forgot to check your freight tags, Buck! You brought our own eggs back! Too bad!"

Buck's face was good. He took a cigarette. He lit it and threw it out.

"Well, well," Buck said, "the foot on the banana peel, the puncture in the tire . . . Any remarks?"

"Remarks?" Sandy said. "After the lift you gave us with the Press? Them bouquets? I should say not."

"What a guy!" Buck said. "No remarks. That's something! And here," Buck said, "here's something else. Things being what they are, you'd better lock it in that desk."

"What?" Sandy said. He took the envelope.

"Castagna's guarantee," Buck said, "it ratifies your contract. The reward of virtue. Keep it."

"Jumping snakes!" Sandy opened it. "How did you get this?"

"Payment," Buck said; "my freight terms. It doesn't specify *what* freight. I named the terms first and he signed it. It's legal." Buck was grinning again. "Reliability, security, service — hell, what would I be doing in the transport racket?"

"Gosh!" Sandy said. "Golly!"

"And here's something else," Buck said, "with love from Angela. She was scribbling it in bed. Listen—

"'*You lit the lamp of Truth within my*
heart,
You wrapt me in your spirit's sober
strength,
That greater courage that may find
no part
In chorded pæans—'"

Sandy made a dive. He snatched the paper from Buck's hand. His face was a dull cinnamon. Buck was laughing like a fool.

"You win," Sandy said. He got his coat. "Nightcaps."

"Nightcaps," Buck said.

Arm in arm, they went out into the fog.

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 9

Tenderly, Helen righted the lines of a blue-colored dress, then turned to the final effort with her red-gold curls. In the mirror her eyes were unaware, a melting blue that wrung Caroline with sudden tenderness. A pity she could not name clutched her heart. "Tommy draws the prettiest Gamma," she said.

"No." Helen judicially studied the mirror. "No, I just escape being cute. They might put me on a magazine cover but they'd never hang me in Fine Arts. Give me a bathing suit and I could be Miss Morrison, but you're what starts wars, Caroline."

The second floor began to scream, "Helen, your menace has arrived!" Helen desperately verified her hair and cheeks and shoulders and seams of her stockings, grabbed coat and bag, paused in the doorway for a smile of complete beatitude, and then was gone with a swirl of her skirt. . . . Caroline dressed slowly, oppressed by that affectionate concern. Helen was so artless and unheeding, so unbelievably young.

She was in a mood of amused detachment when she went down to Emery, and rather resenting the mood. "If you can't enrapture me, say something to make my eyes shine."

"Not in the glamor business," he said. "This is just a dance, Carol."

"That's the trouble. Once no dance was just a dance."

In tails, driving the senile roadster that had served him for three years, he was the dependable Emery, congenial, amusing, four-square and bedrock. But not a cause of breathlessness and wonder. They ate a leisurely dinner at the Webster Inn and harmonious concord flowed over them when, past eleven o'clock, they started for the dance.

The Webster Country Club was some ten miles out of town, where the prairies northeastward of Lake Maitland began to slope into hills. In the dressing-room Caroline breathed more quickly, hearing the familiar blend of music and laughter. She went out eagerly and they danced. Oh, this was better! She relaxed in Emery's arms, giving herself up to the music, feeling at last somewhat as she had wanted to feel.

"Porter's Privateers." Emery blinked at the drums. "Costly, being a Gamma."

"Investment. We want to beat last year's five engagements."

"Hold your dance in May and you can do it with a phonograph."

SHE saw Mary French looking agonized as Professor Bohm hopped her round the floor. Priscilla was already rapt; maybe she wouldn't need any tee at all.

Helen and Tommy came by within arm's length, Helen laughing as he bent over her upturned face. Caroline had by heart that dark glow, that smoldering intensity. They passed oblivious, light-footed rapture, and it was as if the crowd fell away before them.

"Emery, why did Tommy resign his Year Book job?"

"Giving it up for Lent, maybe."

It didn't make sense. He needed the prominence—and the commissions still more. The dash and fire of a spectacular young man implied a big overhead.

"Hey!" Emery said, "Carol, if you've been lying, if you still—"

She laughed. "What a heartbreaker he must be! No one will believe his women can forget him."

It proved to be not white wine cup but rum punch, and fairly good. They strolled, they watched the shifting colors, they danced again. The Pioneers were getting abandoned, orgiastic. David Bingham cut in. "Here's Skull and Bones," Emery said. "I withdraw, but don't get the idea you can creep back to me when the dude has cast you off."

David was a big man but carried himself with athletic grace. She liked his weathered, massive face. Years ago when Peter brought him home for a visit she had had, at fifteen, a schoolgirl crush on him.

"I've been badly out of touch," he said. "Half the dinner table was discussing your romance. I didn't know you'd had one."

"It lasted just a month. My Dorothy Dale period. Once in every co-ed's life."

"No scars?" She smiled and his eyes were humorous, then admiring. "Black velvet is very canny for you, Caroline." He was a little awkward. "You're a damned pretty girl," as he might say something nice to a roommate's little sister. Then, more slowly, "As a matter of fact, that's heroic understatement. You're beautiful."

THE word made her uncomfortable, then childishly glad, for the tall, grave man had meant it as simply as he had said it. She could think of nothing to say but providentially Tommy passed and she could nod in his direction. "That was my romance, David."

Recognition showed in his eyes. "Ah, yes, one of Paula's emancipated. Is he artistic or does he revolt?"

She smiled. "He just goes there for the drinks."

It became curiously desirable to make David understand that the engagement had had no importance. His gaze returned to her and, quite suddenly, they were dancing perfectly, the music was clear and sweet, her lost adventurousness had come back at last, and they had known each other for a long, long time. It was an absolute agreement of step and mood and nothing existed anywhere except the music and this shared experience. They gave themselves up to dancing that could not last too long, saying nothing. The music stopped. David Bingham looked down at her. "Thanks, Caroline," he said, very quietly.

That had been perfect! There weren't three such dances in a college course. Now the Gamma Formal was full-blown and delightful and she was altogether alive. She was aware of every minute, dancing with Emery, dancing with unnumbered, almost unrecognized others, being passed from hand to hand, growing more mirthful, more delighted, more exhausted. Till Tommy Pierce seized her and swept her away from everyone.

So, just as suddenly she was grave, drifting aloofly in his arms, feeling elderly again to realize with what tremulous joy she had danced with him only a few months ago.

"Let's sit somewhere, Caroline," he said.

He said it harshly, startling her, breaking in on her reverie. "I could use a rest," she acquiesced.

He started for the French windows but she said "Not outside," and turned him the other way. They went down a glassed-in porch where shadows were being generous to a number of couples, and Tommy swore when every bench in the hall proved to be occupied. They went up to the second floor, through billiard and card rooms till they found a little alcove with potted plants and wicker chairs. It was good to sit down—she had danced a lot and, away from the music, the air smelled late.

His hand shook lighting her cigarette. "Helen looks darling tonight," she said.

(Continued on page 40)

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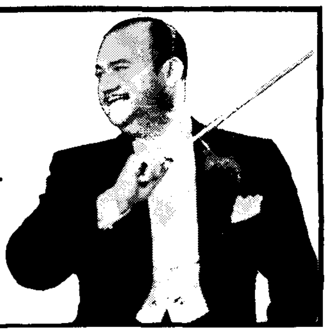

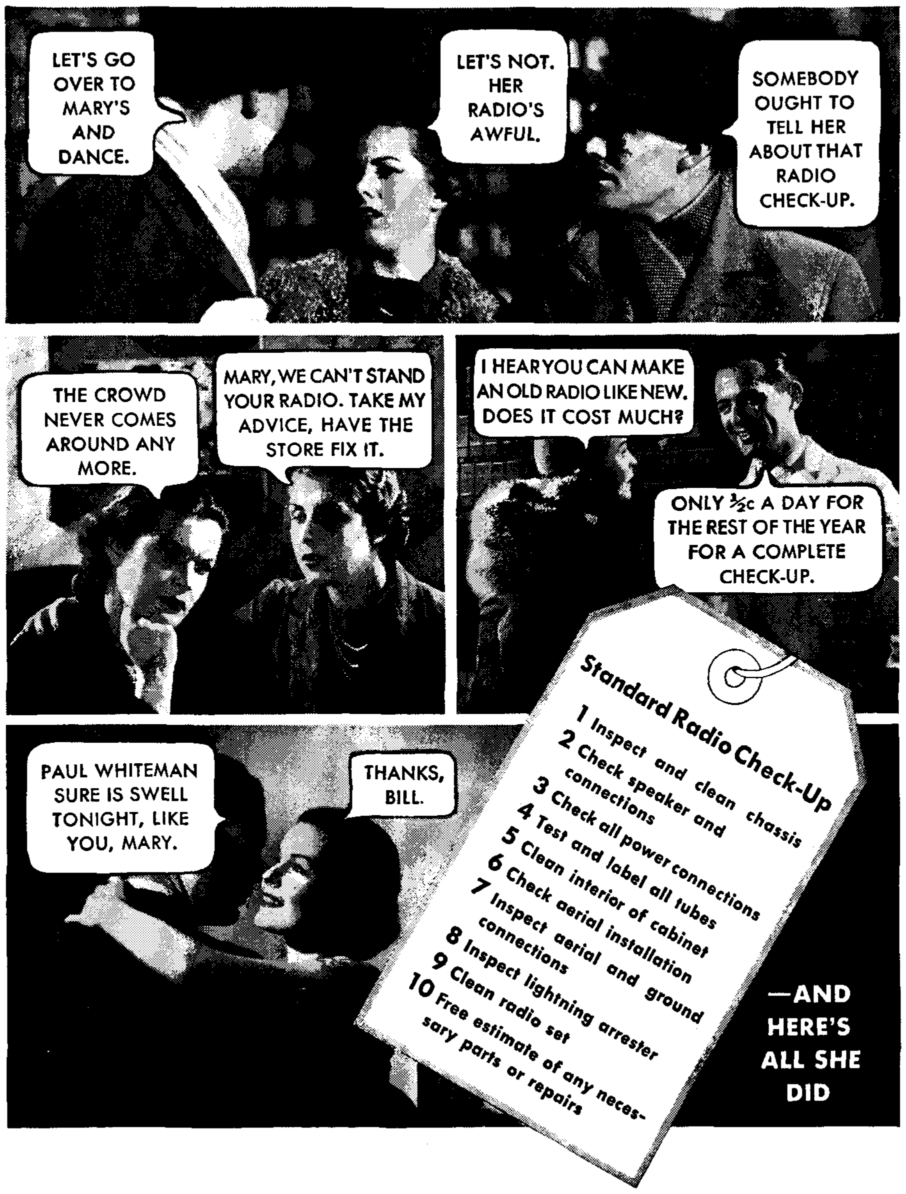

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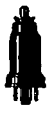

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(*Continued from page* 39)

"Yes."

"But you look — you look heavenly, Caroline."

"Thanks, Tommy."

He sat beside her and she had a premonition. But even as she moved away, he seized her and kissed her. She said, "Don't, Tommy," wearily, and thrust at him but he held her the more tightly and kissed her again. She said, "Stop!" with a rush of anger. It sufficed to break his grip, to get her away from him, but it also plunged him into speech.

"I can't stand it! You can't do this to me, Caroline. You can't break up a man's life. I'm going mad. I've been crazy ever since you—"

"Are you drunk, Tommy?"

"I'm not drunk—I'm in love with you—I always will be. I can't stand it any longer. I can't stand it, I tell you."

It was an incredible moment. For Tommy sprawled across her knees, burying his face in her lap, and talked as if he had indeed gone mad. He kept saying that he loved her, that life wasn't worth living, that she had cost him his future and his hope. Her momentary panic vanished in flaming wrath. She shoved him away and stood up.

"Tau Omicron should see this! Stand up, Tommy. Stand up and fix your tie and try to act grown-up. Do you think you seem heroic, sobbing like a bad movie?"

To wound Tommy in his vanity should have been the shortest way and, getting to his feet, he did look almost pouting. But for all her anger she saw that he was powerfully moved. "You're my one chance, Caroline. I've always been in love with you—you could make something of me. No one else can. Please try. Before it's too late."

"You're being a child, Tommy! Stop it—I won't listen to you. Go on downstairs, and leave me here."

"You don't give a damn for me," he said brokenly. "You don't care what happens."

ANOTHER revulsion flared in her. "When I think of Helen glowing with happiness at the thought of coming here with you—when I—" She took a deep breath, steadied herself, spoke calmly. "If I had been in love with you, Tommy, I would have kept your pin. You're being childish and absurd. And cruel to Helen. I don't want to see you for a long time. I don't want to see you at all unless I can like you as a nice boy I've always been friendly with. Now, pull yourself together and stop being dramatic and go find Helen. Now—" she finished with a gasp, dizziness attacking her, "this minute. Hurry!"

The moment he turned away she sank into a chair and trembled uncontrollably, shame and disgust breaking over her. The outburst had come like a thunderclap and was the uglier, the more humiliating, because it had followed so swiftly after the evening had reached its crest. Slowly she quieted, managing a wry smile. Tommy, the campus amorist, the Hamlet of Tau Omicron! But how could she possibly go back to the floor? She would look guilty and ashamed. Her pulses slowed and she could smoke a cigarette with some enjoyment. But she couldn't go down—not yet, not yet!

She became aware that for some minutes she had been half-hearing a muffled telephone conversation, down the hall. Someone had not quite closed the door. And, she guessed, someone else was having difficulty managing some man. The voice was angry and strained.

"No!" it was saying, "don't dream of coming here. Have you lost your mind? . . . I won't let you come. I won't see you . . . No!" The last prohibition was almost agonized. "You must not. It would be criminal folly . . . You're talking like a fool. I trust you aren't one . . . I won't listen."

Caroline heard the receiver bang. Involuntarily she stood up and looked through the hangings at the alcove's arch. Down the hall Paula Traggas came out of the telephone closet and for a moment shaded light fell on bare shoulders above amethyst chiffon and on her white, hard face.

Paula looked searchingly up and down the hall, then went quickly down the back stairs. A cold certainty, final and unalterable, swept over Caroline. They were true, the rumors about Mrs. Traggas over which fascinated girls giggled late at night in the Gamma house. From that moment, she knew about Paula.

A CLIMAX by the Privateers soared upstairs in a burst of drums and frantic brass. Caroline's nerves revolted. She hurried to the dressing-room, found her coat and went looking for Emery. He was methodically combing the club in search of her. She enforced calm on herself and hoped she didn't sound beseeching.

"I'm tired. My slippers are ruined. It would be nice to disappear with you for a while. If we disappeared in some fresh air."

He nodded and, asking no questions, took her out to the car and drove away. Cold air soothed her cheeks; she relaxed, huddling deep in fur, grateful for darkness and silence and the rushing road. Presently he turned off the highway, down a road that led toward "the Mountain." This was Morrison's single eminence, a ridge several hundred feet high and a couple of miles long, overlooking Lake Maitland and the experimental forest. The college observatory was on top and the slopes were thick with brush. Paths led through the tangled growth; a month from now the road would be lined with cars and Morrison's most inveterate lovers would be strolling on the paths. At three A. M. in March the whole area was deserted.

Emery parked the car under an oak, switched off the headlights, produced cigarettes. "Do we neck?" he asked cheerfully.

"We do not."

"Good! I can begin telling you how bitter my childhood was." He turned toward her. "Or," he said gently, "you can tell me what happened back there."

Good old Emery! He knew her by heart, he could see right through her. "Nothing much," she said gratefully. "I was just too mad to laugh it off. I got mauled a bit."

"Well," Emery sighed, "I'm too fat to last long, but I can climb him if you want him climbed. Who was the poltroon?"

"Forget it. I've been kissed before. Only, this time I wasn't liking it."

They sat silent, the glow of their cigarettes fluctuating. It was endlessly comfortable to be with Emery—an old friend, solid and honest, completely loyal. But her mind kept coming back to that wretched scene. How intense the idiot had been! Suddenly there was something else. Behind all his foolish dramatics something was wrong.

"Emery," she said, "is Tommy in trouble?"

"I thought it would be Tommy." He took her hand. "Carol, I'm not the dean of women, I don't probe. But, for the last time, are you in love with him?"

"No. No, I'm not, Emery. . . . I've seemed strange this year because I've been—I don't know what. But I'm not. I never was, really. . . . Is he in trouble?"

When men stalled for time they lit cigarettes. It took Emery a long while to find a fresh one, light it, toss the match away, inhale, breathe out. He was arguing with himself. He reached a decision. "Well, you can be told. I'm supposed to shut up—but I can't sit beside you in an automobile and hold out. Nobody could. Tommy didn't resign from the Year Book, Caroline—he was kicked out. Fourteen hundred dollars short."

"Emery!"

"There's graft and graft," he said. "The boy who runs the Year Book never should pay for the flowers and photographs his best girl gets. That's legitimate, so's a cigarette case or two — engravers can be grateful for contracts. But this was cash, Year Book income. Add it to the manager's commissions—Tommy must have lived high while it lasted."

"Emery, are you sure? What are they going to do?"

"Colleges are high-minded—we avoid scandals. He gets to pay it back. If."

Poor Tommy! All his lordly manner, his gestures of the lavish and graceful ne'er-do-well—so necessary that he had to have them at such a cost! Her mind moved on to Helen, turning pink when the doorbell rang, the red-gold curls nodding when she ran to the telephone, dressing for the dance tonight as she might have for her wedding.

Emery took her hand again. "Take some more, then. Falling for that cardboard sign in a haberdashery window—that handsome dummy with a hairdresser's manners—that hunk of collapsed strawberry meringue! You, Carol, you of all girls on earth!"

"He's sweet—" she began heatedly.

"So's any lollipop. You had me and Steve worried blind. You, premiere co-ed of Morrison U., the Daily's pride, and for all that a nice kid too—you succumbing to this celluloid Lothario, this ham Don Juan from a Number Five road company in the buffalo grass—"

"Don't," she said. "This is a pretty terrible thing to happen, Emery."

"Well, wouldn't I? He had to be magnificent for Paula Traggas' gang of two per cent Bohemians, didn't he? He had to be Morrison's entire *jeunesse dorée*, didn't he? Wasn't there this succession of beautiful dames he had to dazzle?"

She too! Taxis, flowers, dinners in Webster's and Brookfield—never considering that they were outrageously expensive. They had been just gratifying accessories to a young man of dash and splendor. She had supposed that Tommy's family must have lots of money. But, oh!—drifting into love with him, brief days of belief and exaltation, and all the time the very happiness she felt had been putting a fatal strain on Tommy's weakness. He was weak—she was to blame. . . . Her eyes filled. She couldn't help sobbing.

"CAROLINE!" Very awkwardly Emery put an arm round her shoulders. "Don't bawl about him, Carol. Tommy's just worthless—he's a collegiate mistake. Listen, long before you—never mind, let it go. Just don't bother—what happens to him doesn't count. Aw, Caroline, honey, don't bawl."

She sat up, composed. She squeezed Emery's hand, held it to her cheek, looking into darkness that was sad with old, futile regrets. "Remember when this dance was going to be a carefree evening simply brimming over with delight? They'll be pausing for the eggs and sausage any minute now. Let's go back. Let's seize youth's highest moment and squeeze it till it howls."

It was a sober drive. To think of the Gamma dance speeding to its end! Resolutely she turned her mind away from Tommy's ranting in that upstairs alcove, from Tommy's dishonor and disgrace. Think of the Daily, think of friends and inattentive good times, think of Steve and Emery—of the years when college had been adventurous, full of expectation, when there were no ambiguities, no ugliness to reach up and appall you. She had drifted, this last year, pretty far from such a college. Pretty far, even tonight.

They turned in the stone gates and up the winding drive to the clubhouse. "Emery," she said, "who knows about—about Tommy?"

"Only a half-dozen of us are supposed to, outside the authorities. But you know these college secrets, they're about as secret as—what the devil?"

In the lights ahead of them a man was staggering up the drive, shambling in a curious lopsided way, bent over, his arms hanging loose.

"But the Gammas are real nice girls—they don't know men who get drunk," Emery said. He blew the horn loudly. Then, "I don't like this!"

He stopped the car. At the same moment the lurching figure collapsed on the macadam.

EMERY leaped out. Frightened, Caroline followed him. He sprinted, knelt in the headlights' glare above the still figure, raised the head. She saw blotches, a battered bleeding face, a Van Dyke.

"It's Doc Fifield! Stay back, Caroline. He's hurt."

Dr. Fifield's head rolled. He mumbled. Caroline made out, "Automobile. On the road. Hit me."

A second later, Emery said, "Out cold. We've got to get a doctor. Go get someone to help me carry him to the curb."

Caroline turned away, her legs trembling. But at once someone was running over the grass and David Bingham came into the headlights. He crouched beside Emery, the huddle making grotesque, thin shadows on the road.

"I thought so," Mr. Bingham said. "Get him on the grass." He lifted the limp and pitifully small figure in his arms and carried it beyond some shrubbery. He stooped again for a moment, then stood up. "Oh, Caroline," he said, recognizing her. "I'm sorry you saw this." He paused. "What happened; do you know?"

"We were coming up the drive," Emery said. "All of a sudden, there he was in the lights. I thought he was stewed till he fell down. He said a car hit him, on the road."

"You didn't see it? You didn't see anyone?"

Emery said, "No," and Caroline said, "He was just there, in our headlights."

Enough light came from those headlights through the shrubbery to show David's face. It was stern, forbidding—not shocked, like Emery's, nor scared as hers undoubtedly was. David was glowering; he was thinly holding back some fierce emotion. He reached a decision.

"No point in raising an alarm at the dance. You're Smith of the Daily, aren't you? The two of us can handle this."

David paused, thinking out something at such length that Caroline gasped, "Oh, hurry!" unable to keep her eyes or her fear from that dark form in the grass. It was only by main strength that she could keep from crying or screaming; her lips as well as her knees were trembling now and she was terribly cold. Then, quite simply, David took charge.

"Caroline can drive Fifield and me to the hospital." He gave his keys to Emery. "My car is a green Morse coupé—you'll recognize it. Go back and find Mrs. Traggas. Tell her I've been called away and you'll take her home. If she wants to know what happened to call me away . . . well," he finished, "tell her."

He said, "Come on, Caroline," and picked up the unconscious Fifield. Trembling, Caroline followed him to Emery's car. She shuddered with the thought that they would be beside her, but he surprised her by opening the rumble seat, thrusting Dr. Fifield into it, then climbing in and taking him in his arms again. He said, "Drive like hell," and she did her best. She was riotous with shock, fear that she would faint, a loathing that wrinkled the skin at her wrists, but she drove. Once David said, "Good girl!" and once, "Had to take this car, Caroline—this was the one chance we could make it without being seen." He said no more; she set her teeth hard and took the car as fast as she could down roads that ached with emptiness.

She stopped it under the arch of the emergency entrance of the hospital back of Medical School. Two orderlies came tumbling out. David said curtly, "Wait for me," and followed the stretcher inside. She saw Dr. Fifield's hands move and gasped with relief at evidence that he was alive, but that very movement meant that he was in pain. She shuddered, becoming mere sensation, the power of thought gone from her.

There was no way of knowing how much time had passed when she saw David in the light again, his face, if possible, more stern than before. He said, "Move over," and got behind the wheel. Street lights were fading and she saw that the east was gray. She began to shake all over. David stopped the car.

"You poor child!" he said. He took her hands out of the fur sleeves and began to rub her wrists. His hands were strong but gentle. "You've been wonderful, Caroline." Suddenly tenseness and alarm went out of her. She was limp, more exhausted than ever in her life, but comfort was coming back and she was drowsy. "Do you want to cry? Go ahead. Best thing for you."

"I'm all right. I am, really." There in the dim light, dark blotches on the bosom of his shirt, wetness on his coat. "David! There's blood on you."

"There ought to be," he said grimly. "His face was cut to pieces." He gave up rubbing her wrists, but held her two hands tight in one of his. "No hysterics, no tears—you've been a good man tonight, Caroline." In her great lassitude it was pleasant to hear him say it, pleasant to feel the firm grip of his hand. "A good four ounces of brandy would be good for you. I've got some at my place. Shall I get it?"

"No. No, David. But—if you'd take me home."

"Right," he said. "Take a hot shower and go to bed. You'll sleep at once—that's how the body works after a shock."

HE DROVE through streets in which light was slowly growing, and drew up at the steps of the house. The east was bright now and beginning to turn faintly yellow; thin shadows from the vines showed on the stonework; curtains stirred in open windows. It was over, the great night, and she was the first one home from the Gamma Formal! She sat up but did not get out. Some impulse to stay there and savor this cold, silent dawn, to try to make the whole night a single thing, to look with amazement at the incredible world. A queer happiness overlay the night's strain. It was morning and she would be asleep. David was looking at her with a most intent scrutiny, his eyes not stern. Why, they had danced so well together, hours ago, and now this! The dawn was coming up, the world was fresh and unknown, and they were smiling at each other.

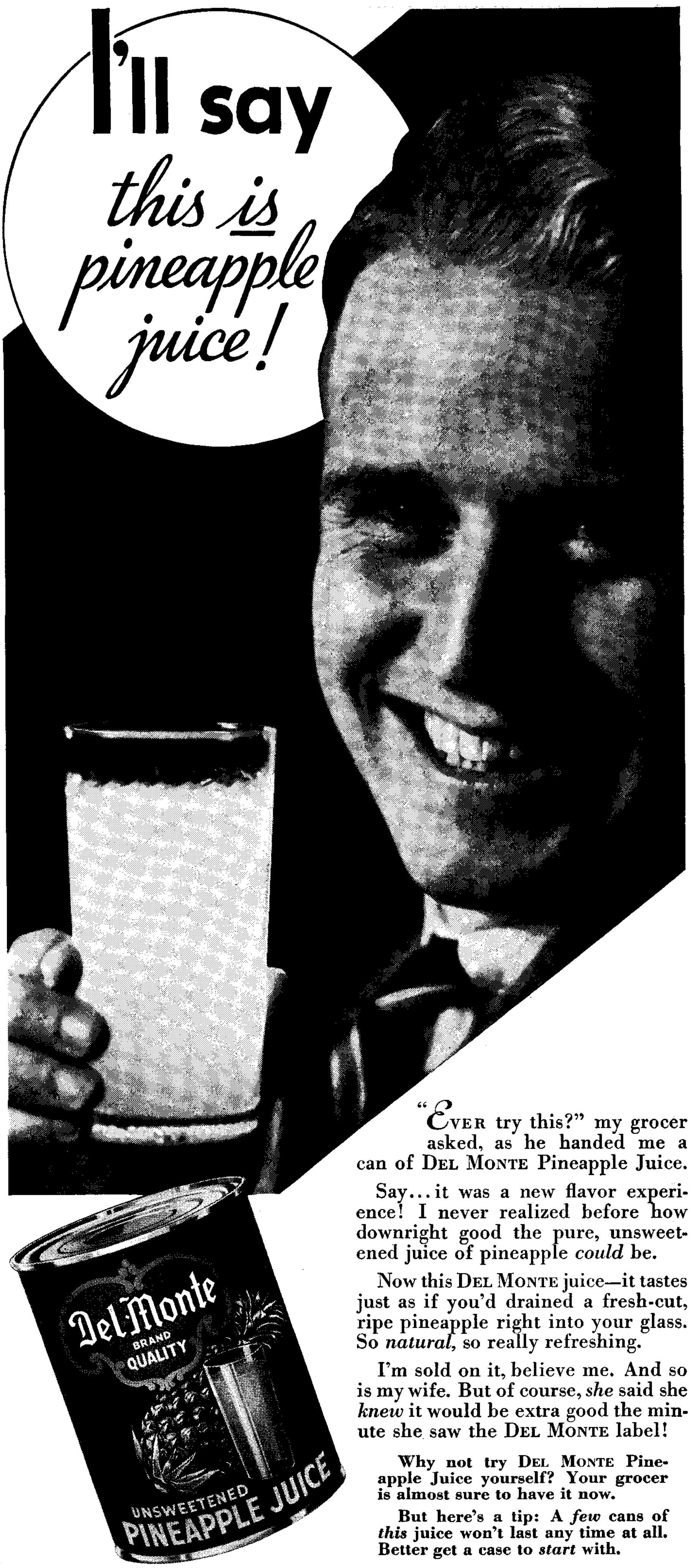
She got out of the car and gave him her hand. "Good night, David. Good morning, I mean, after what a night! . . . Heavens, I forgot to ask about Dr. Fifield."

"He'll be all right."

"I suppose there's no way of finding who drove the car that hit him?"

"The car?" Fierceness rose in his eyes, then ebbed, and David was grinning in the strangest way. "That's a point, Caroline—the car is Fifield's story. Please let it be the Daily's story, if you have one. . . . It wasn't a car that hit him, my dear. He was beaten half to death with fists."

(To be continued next week)



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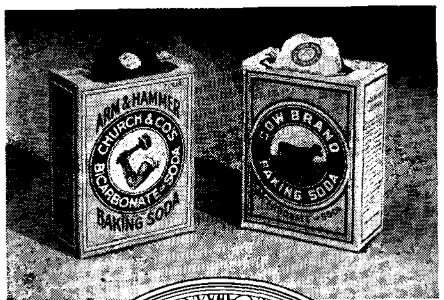

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Hot Stuff

Continued from page 22

national dish. Perhaps dishes would be more correct, because the ingredients of *mole*—and the flavor thereof—are as diverse as the scenery of the republic.

Green *mole*, red *mole*, *mole de pavo*—turkey in plain English—and *para mole, su gallo viejo*. Which means that when your fighting cock is too old to win his spurs, he had best be flung into the *mole*, in fact, into the stewpot! And then there is *mole Poblano*, which Sister Andrea de la Ascuncion made for the viceroy—or perhaps it was the bishop—when he paid an unexpected visit to the convent of Santa Rosa in Pueblo a couple of centuries ago.

The good sister, who was also an excellent cook, used everything the larder provided, which included cinnamon and spices, almonds and peanuts, four varieties of chile, not to mention garlic and onions, tomatoes and a fat young turkey. The result was so savory, and so unusual, that the fame of the dish spread until it reached India. There they tried to duplicate it but the best they could achieve, as any patriotic Mexican will tell you, was curry. If this tale has a moral, it would seem to be: don't attempt *mole* at home or abroad. Wait until you can go to Mexico to enjoy it—red, green or the tough old fighting cock! Obviously *mole*, at Tio Hupfer's, is not to be enjoyed until the sun is well on its way in the heavens. But for early of a Sunday, or any other morning, there is Sanborn's and their matutinal apéritif.

The Flag on a Platter

All the Americans hang out at Sanborn's, and any American in the colony will tell you that the best way to start out a day is with a small cup of very strong, very black coffee. Along with it a small dish of unhulled strawberries, and powdered sugar if you like. Try it on those overnight guests who refuse to crawl out of bed for Sunday breakfast, and you'll see them come loping down the stairs for their hot cakes and sausages. That's the effect it has, even though you never will be able to quite duplicate the flavor of those small sweet Mexican berries that open up American eyes at Sanborn's—the House of Tiles, built long before there was a Plymouth Rock.

Sunday is a day of *fiesta* and there is one dish that entirely matches the spirit of the occasion. That is *huachinango Veracruzano*, at Prendes. On Sunday nights the Americans and the British, full of good health and good golf, gather at Prendes Restaurant, along with a few assorted diplomats and out-of-town mining engineers. A good many of them order *huachinango*. It comes to the table looking like the whole Mexican flag captured on a platter.

But it isn't. It's red snapper baked whole, with a sauce after the manner of Vera Cruz. Which is a manner to be recommended if you remember olives and butter, and forget any notions you have about needing to simmer tomatoes and onions in water. Not a drop of water goes into this sauce—at any time!

Cut into rings three large bell peppers and two Spanish onions. Put them in a saucepan which has an air-tight cover—or at this point you'll regret your conversion to the no-water theory!—along with three tablespoons of melted butter Let them steam until they are tender, about six minutes. Meantime no stirring, please, or you will break the pepper and onion rings. Instead, rearrange them gently, so that they will cook with correct evenness. Then add a large can of tomatoes, one bay leaf if you have it in the pantry—it isn't essential—salt, pepper and ground red pepper, otherwise known as cayenne.

Simmer this until it is thick enough to serve, and then for your finishing touch. A small bottle of stuffed olives—whole—along with a teaspoonful or two of their juice, to give an additional tang. There you have a sauce that will dish up any baked, boiled or broiled white fish, whether it be *huachinango* from the Gulf, or haddock from home. And sometime when you're in a hurry, and want a savory Spanish omelet that is a little different, try this Veracruzano sauce for its filling. It doesn't take long; that's one of its advantages.

There is plenty of food in Mexico that is hot enough to put a permanent crimp in your hair—unless you've acquired the veteran prospector's taste for such—and not too well cooked in the bargain. But these chile specialties that are chile, and no mistake about them, usually come from some joint on the side streets or from the Hotel Grand Imperial in a small town. Neither the out-of-the-way joints nor the Grand Imperial hotels look like joints. It's an old Mexican custom to conceal the fact with local color, just as it's a good old American custom to hide tough-skinned hot dogs behind "Ye Gingham Cat."

So wandering orchestras and sunlit patios with bougainvillea do not mean, necessarily, that the cook knows her business. A pleasant exception is *frijoles refritos*—a safe dish to order anywhere in Mexico City or out of it. My first acquaintance with *frijoles refritos* was in a drafty old inn in Zacatecas. On cold nights we used to shiver against the great bricked chimney in the kitchen and watch the landlady, herself, prepare them. She was fat and had gold hoops in her ears, and she was not the world's best cook. But there is no trick to it once you have seen it done. They are beans, certainly, twice fried—but not beans in any lowly guise!

Drain the juice off well-cooked beans—either from the tin or your own bean pot. Run them through a sieve to remove the skins, and then mold them into an attractive-looking loaf pointed at the ends. Have your frying pan sizzling with a tablespoon or so of cooking fat. Brown the loaf in this on both sides—that's where the twice fried comes in. Garnish the top crust with grated cheese, a thick, fluffy layer of it. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or shredded lettuce. Serve on a piping-hot platter with chile or catsup, just as piping hot—not in seasoning, but in temperature. Heating, by the way, improves the flavor of catsup enormously—and you will taste *frijoles* risen to dramatic heights!

Maria's Peppers

While we are on the subject of drama there are *chiles Poblanos*, Maria Conesa's favorite dish. And there is a gal! She was the Lupe Velez of her day—and the Mata Hari. She began her career in the heyday of the Diaz regime—at least thirty-five years ago She danced through a dozen revolutions, and the rumor is that she did a great deal more than dance. At any rate she's been a political prisoner, and she's been banished—but she always manages to come back to Mexico. And back to the theater! How does she do it? They will tell you in Mexico—and what's more they believe it—that she, and she alone, has succeeded where Ponce de Leon failed.

At Sylvain's, where celebrities of the stage and politics have forgathered for a good deal longer than a generation, Maria always demands those stuffed peppers of perfection, *chiles Poblanos*. The recipe comes from Puebla, hence the Poblano. A satisfactory version of it is a handful of shredded almonds, blanched and toasted in butter; twice as much shredded white meat of chicken; a few small seeded or seedless raisins, if you like. Salt well. But not a suspicion of pepper, black or red, should go into the seasoning. Mix with the beaten yolk of an egg and enough chicken stock to moisten.

For the *chiles* choose large, firm bell peppers. Toast them evenly in the oven or on an electric plate. Toasting peppers is another Mexican custom, and it's a worthwhile one. After they've been wrapped in a tea towel to steam, the indigestible outside skin will come off exactly as if it were a glove. Stuff these denuded peppers, and dip them in eggs beaten to a sponge-cake stiffness. Drop them one at a time, and gently or the egg batter will fizz off, into sizzling, deep fat. When they are brown, serve with a tomato sauce that is thin and strained, and slightly sweet, and you will wonder why you have never heard of Maria Conesa—or the culinary accomplishments of Puebla before!

Have a Torta with Beer

A cousin to Maria's peppers are the *chile rellenos con queso*, all of which means stuffed with cheese! When you are stuffing them, if you will mix the grated cheese with an equal amount of toasted, salted bread crumbs, and proceed as above, you will have something to make any self-respecting rarebit pale in shame.

Another Mexican conceit is squash with cheese. Cut Italian squash, or the lean, lanky yellow summer variety, into disks about an eighth of an inch thick. Salt each piece, and toothpick thin disks of cheese on either side; then dip in eggs and fry in deep fat as if you were making stuffed peppers. Serve smoking hot. Serve it with cocktails, and watch your guests abandon the cocktail shaker for the hors d'oeuvre platter!

The most popular hors d'oeuvre of the American Colony in Mexico City is *guacamole*. An emerald-green circle or square, with a crisp toasted base. You can't duplicate the base, which is a miniature tortilla, so your next best bet will be toasted cocktail crackers. Spread them with alligator pear, mashed and highly seasoned with salt, pepper—red and black—chopped green peppers, a dash of lemon juice, and more than a dash of olive oil. If you aren't averse to onions, add the juice of a small one for each alligator pear.

And if *aguacates*, as alligator pears are called below the Rio Grande, are one of your favorite fruits, try another variation of them, *tortas compuestas*—sandwiches à la Mexicana. Halve French rolls, crusty ones. Butter each half. Spread with shredded white meat of chicken and shredded lettuce. Use alligator pear generously, and generously seasoned, in place of mayonnaise. Then sprinkle lightly with any grated cheese that has a tang. Those are *tortas compuestas*.

At the Mexico City Country Club, Dolores del Rio's old stamping ground, where smart Mexico City golfs and dances, they serve them with pale, cold native beer. Enjoy a *torta* there, and watch old Popocatapetl in the distance beyond the ninth green. Or serve them at home and rejoice in the over-the-Rio rush of recipes!

The Farmer's Enemy

Continued from page 13

their problems in the open field of competition. The result was the companies won out and the people got better cars at lower prices. Under a monopolistic regime, under a price-fixing agreement, under a price-fixing combine the companies might have pulled through, but the public would have been riding around in the same old singing "lizzie" at perhaps a higher price. It is in the field of competition that industry and genius win and the people get the benefit of the victory.

Justice Brandeis (before he became a member of the Supreme Court) declared that: "Experience has taught us that competition is never suppressed by the greater efficiency of one concern. It is suppressed by agreement to form a monopoly or by those excesses of competition which are designed to crush a rival. . . . No business has been so superior to its competitors in the process of manufacture or of distribution as to enable it to control the market solely by reason of its superiority. There are no natural monopolies in the industrial world."

Questions of Ethics

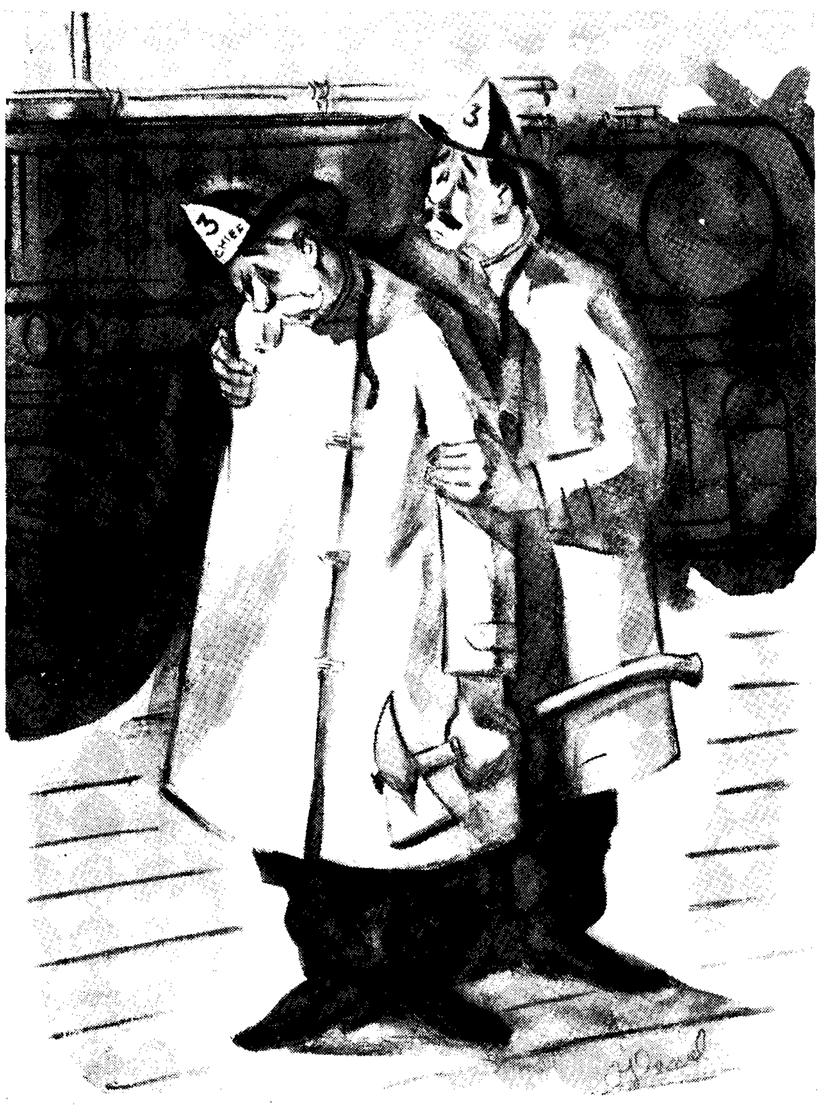
Is it turning back the clock to say that in the business world there shall be no squeezing out of a beginner, no discrimination against retailers who buy from a rival, no holding back of raw material, no secret agreements or arrangements against a rival, no threats against concerns who sell supplies to a rival, no agreement to impose prices upon the people regardless of the value of the goods sold? Is it turning back the clock to say that thuggery is as intolerable on the highways of commerce as it is on the highways of travel? Have we reached the point where it can be said that overreaching or illegal practices under a corporate charter are less amenable to law and the public interest than overreaching or illegal practices at the country store?

Toward Permanent Recovery

If capitalism is going to insist upon a code of conduct free from all principles of fair and honest dealing, if it is going to insist that the creed of the underworld, where cunning and deceit and ruthlessness and finally extermination are recognized as the law of life, shall be and must be the rule of capitalism, we must be prepared to meet the question of state Socialism or even Communism. I venture to prophesy that the people will not indefinitely permit private interests to fix prices either directly or indirectly. If they are to be fixed they will be fixed by public authority. If capitalism has nothing to say in the way of a more equitable distribution of the earnings of capitalism, if it is going to insist that widespread poverty in the midst of incalculable wealth, that denial of the comforts and conveniences of the modern world for the majority of the people are natural and inevitable, then capitalism must be prepared to fight for its very existence.

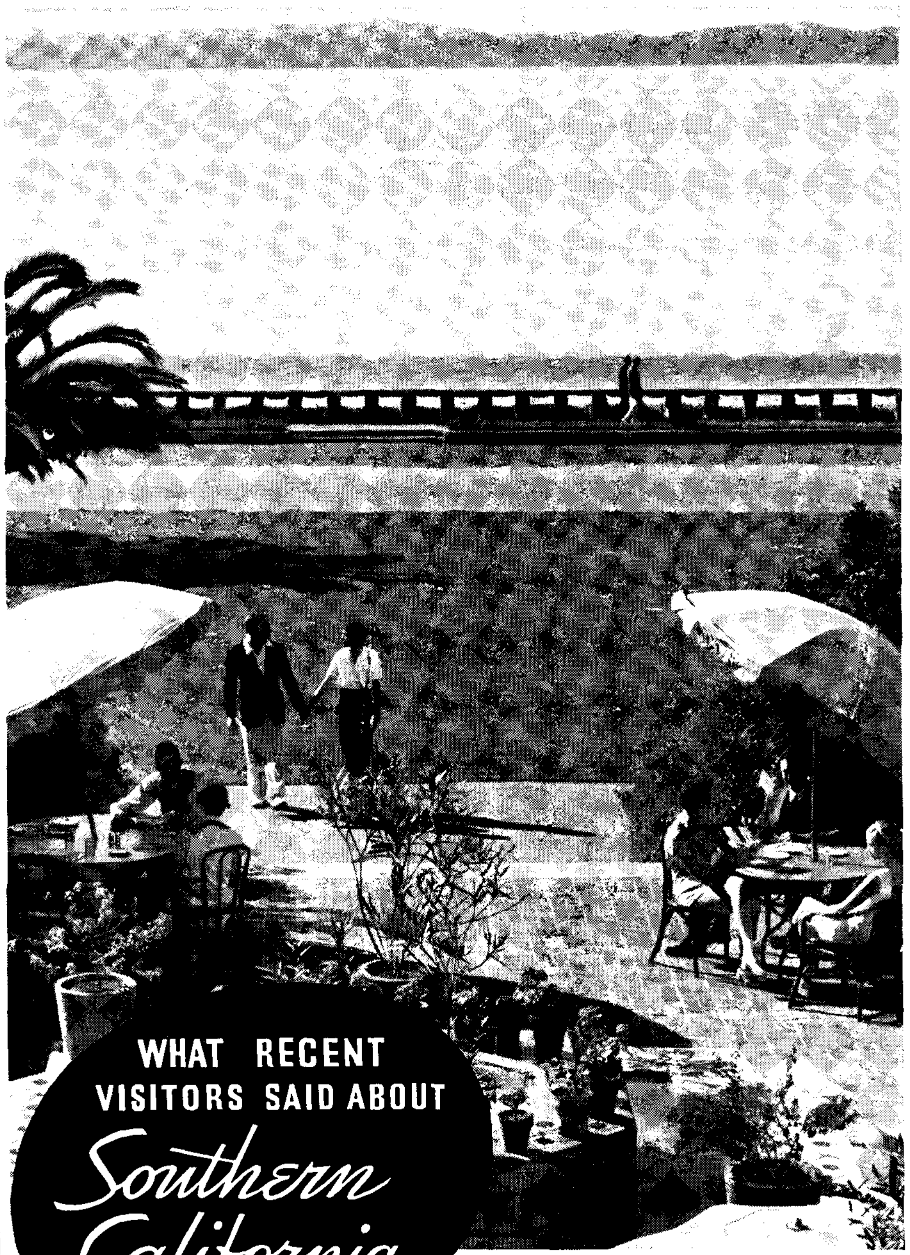
But is all this true? Are these things a result of natural and normal development? It does not seem to me to be so.

(Continued on page 44)



"The windows were all broken when I got there"

CLARK O'DANIEL



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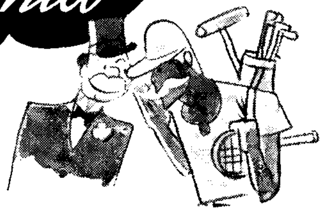

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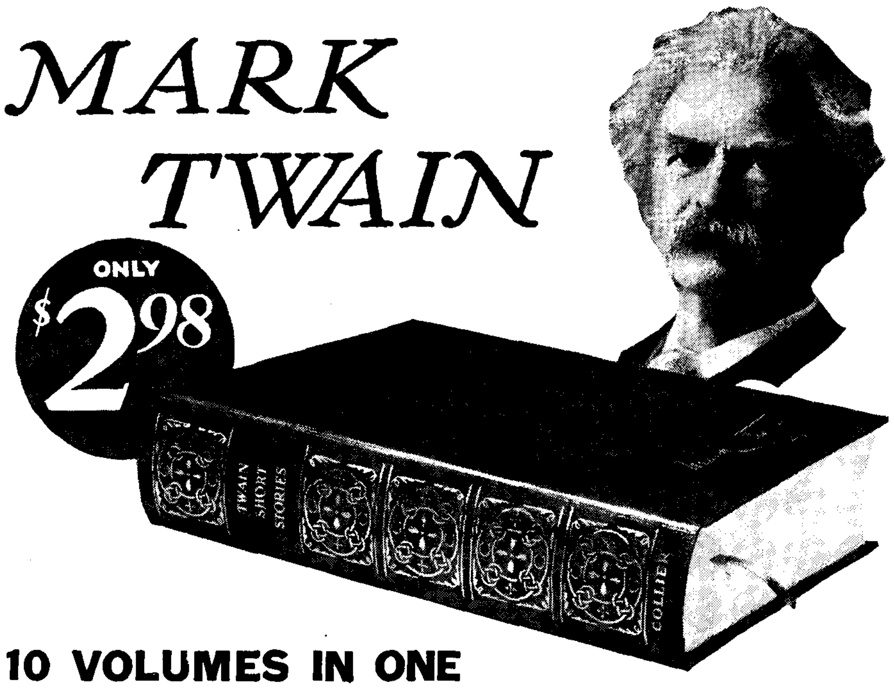

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(Continued from page 43)

Monopoly does not exist as a result of natural growth. It is a result of practices which between man and man no one would defend, practices definable in the law and punishable by law and enforced at little cost when compared to the cost and exertion put forth in an effort to counteract the effect of monopoly. It is much easier to define or specify those practices by which vast aggregations of economic power have been built up than it is to define or specify the practices by which the professional racketeer preys upon the public. Woodrow Wilson once declared: "I take my stand absolutely on a proposition that private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. Any decently equipped lawyer can suggest to you statutes by which the whole business can be stopped."

We come back to the point from which we started and that is the first primary step toward permanent farm recovery—the restoration and maintenance of farm prices for farm products. To do that, a market must be found. Louis J. Taber, Master of the National Grange, speaking at Sacramento, California, November last, declared: "There can be no permanent recovery and no return to prosperity until we increase mass purchasing power, until we raise our standard of living, and until there is a better and broader distribution of the wealth we all create. Real Americans have no desire to take away the property that honestly belongs to others. But red-blooded Americans demand for every man that is willing to work the right to acquire the comforts of life."

An Exclusive Market

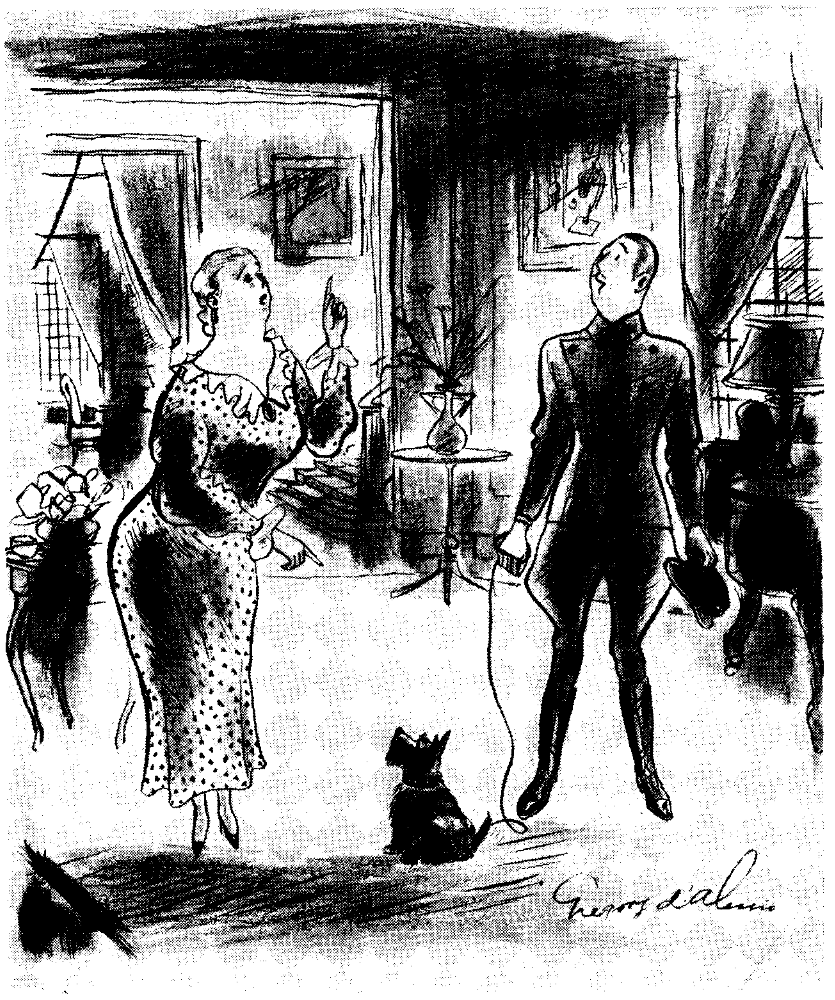
The market which we must have is not in Europe nor anywhere else in the old world. Those markets are ours only upon a very limited scale. It is here in the United States, in the homes of millions of common people, that our markets must be found. And they can never be found until we restore purchasing power to these people. You can never restore purchasing power while private interests through combinations and agreements fix prices. The farm purchasing problem, therefore, has its roots in the most profound problem in our whole social structure.

I conclude by saying that it would seem beyond debate that this home market belongs exclusively to the American farmer to the full extent of his ability to supply it. There can be no sound argument, it would seem, to support the contention that this market is to be divided with foreign producers so long as the American farmer is anxious and able to supply our demand.

The Most Urgent Demand

If it be said that we must let in foreign farm products in order that we may find a market for our manufactured goods, the answer seems to me to be that the finest market in the world for the American manufacturer is prosperous American agriculture. The farmer is the best of buyers when he has the means with which to buy. His fences, his barns, his granaries, his home and the clothing and schooling of his children, so long in need of what the American manufacturer has to sell, constitute the most urgent demand anywhere to be found.

Thomas B. Reed once said: "If we propose to abandon any industries, we had better not let it be the agricultural industries. Our system of protection is not for manufacturers alone. It is for farmers also. Whoever deprives our farmers of all the American market they can occupy is false to his principles and must meet with defeat, or the system must be surrendered which proclaims that American markets are first of all for American citizens, who are engaged in developing the country we already have."



"Be careful not to let him bite people of questionable cleanliness"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 15

"You had the luck of a human fly tonight, Bill," he said. "You might have been killed. How did you get out of the mess?"

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"You still say Rapport is not a friend of yours?"

"I still don't like him."

"He sprung you out of that jam, didn't he?"

Cantavo gasped inwardly. So it was Rapport to whom Bitz phoned and who told Bitz to release him, Cantavo.

"Who? What jam?" he asked blandly.

Henderson rose to leave. "When you get in court before the judge, you'll find that you remember more and better," Henderson prophesied.

"Make it night court. My memory is something terrible in the morning."

"You still, at the moment, can't remember where you were taken in that kidnap car?" Henderson asked.

So Cantavo told him about it. "I was standing on the walk," he said, "when a car providentially came along the curb with the door open and I stepped into it, out of the way of the bullets."

"And then?"

"And then the strangers inside the car very kindly brought me down to Eighth Avenue and 44th Street, where I got out and took a taxi to the Monroe."

"What did they look like?"

"Redheaded and cross-eyed, both of them."

"There was a third boy scout in the car, I believe."

"Yeah, a driver. He was redheaded too."

"And that's all you know?"

"I should run around playing stool pigeon for you and get mixed up in a gang war."

Downstairs Henderson called up police headquarters.

"Chief, I'm going to tail Bill Cantavo. And I've told Crosby and Blaire to tail me. Since those Callingham mobsters have their eye on me, I think I'll play safe."

"That's right."

When Henderson hung up the phone, he gave some thought to Cantavo. He'd do better with Cantavo, he concluded, by being friendly.

"KNOCKING off work at this hour! You must be sick or crazy," Graham told Cantavo in the taxi going home. "I'm going home with you and put you to bed."

"For why? Without an evening's tipple?"

"You're much too tired—or something else is wrong. You must need sleep. You were late tonight. What were you doing, playing marbles?"

"No, I was just late. Just didn't get here in time. Does being late once in a lifetime prove fatigue, according to your logic?" Cantavo felt sorry for himself. "I want some beer," he said.

"I'm going to put you to bed. I know you're sick."

"You're all right, Graham, but you haven't much sense of fun."

When the car stopped at the hotel, Cantavo said, "Good night, Graham." Getting out of the car was an effort. He did feel badly. . . .

Over at Schmidt's garage, Rapport was hearing the alibis. "What happened?" he asked with asperity.

"Callingham's mob tried to hijack us."

"What for?"

"How do I know?" Bitz's nerves were raw.

"How many guns did they have?" Rapport asked Tony. Tony was chewing gum.

"There were six of them and only three of us," Bitz replied.

"You did a lousy job all the way around. You snatched the only man in America that I definitely want to be out and circulating around. I've been tailing him for two days."

"What for?"

"What's it to you? Where is Henderson? Why didn't you get him?"

"We couldn't help it if he wasn't there," Bitz repeated.

"If Dinsmore said he was going to be there, he was there."

"If a bull was there, why didn't he show himself?"

"With a dozen torpedoes to shoot at him?"

"Callingham's punks don't count," Heinie piped up. "They use a Tommy gun like a knitting needle."

OVER on East Ninety-sixth Street, Braggiotti was talking to Sandy, who was lying in bed, well wrapped up in bandages, pain and frustration.

"Wasn't much of a scrap. What did everybody quit shooting for?" Sandy inquired, between pains.

"Heinie made the wrong snatch."

"Was we hijacking the wrong man? That's funny! Wasn't that fat guy Henderson?"

"No."

"And I was being particular not to wing him!"

The big shot in the apartment below where Sandy lay was very angry. "Can't you do a job when I plan it all for you? What the hell is the matter with you? That was Bill Cantavo you snatched, one of my friends. You might have killed him, shooting at him with a machine gun."

"Not Creepy," McGurk protested. "He's not a good enough chopper. He shot two loads and only broke one window."

"I didn't know who he was. I thought he was Henderson." Creepy defended his bad judgment, rather than his bad marksmanship.

"I want you to go out and get Henderson *now.* And I mean *get him.* Don't kidnap him. *Kill* him." The big shot jammed his hat on his head and walked out, slamming the door in emphasis.

"I don't like it," McGurk said when he was sure the big shot was well out of earshot.

"I love it," Braggiotti replied, "but I'm not going to kill Henderson; I'm going to kidnap him . . . I've never kidnapped a flatfoot and I've sort of had my heart set on it. Also, we can do a little business while we're at it, and let headquarters pay ransom for him."

McGurk gasped. "Snatch him and then give him back!"

"The police department of New York City has plenty of dough, hasn't it?"

McGurk was of a conventional disposition. Braggiotti's audacity appalled him. "Shake down the coppers! You must be crazy!"

CANTAVO couldn't sleep. He was worried about Amy. After all, a young girl in trouble had appealed to him for help. And obviously, she seriously needed help. It's true he had gone to see her and that had not worked out any too pleasantly. Anyway, he had made an effort.

But he couldn't sleep. He finally decided that he'd sleep more easily if he got Amy off his mind. The best thing to do was to go once more to Sixty-seventh Street and see what she wanted. He climbed wearily out of bed. He looked at the clock. Only two and a half hours

(Continued on page 46)

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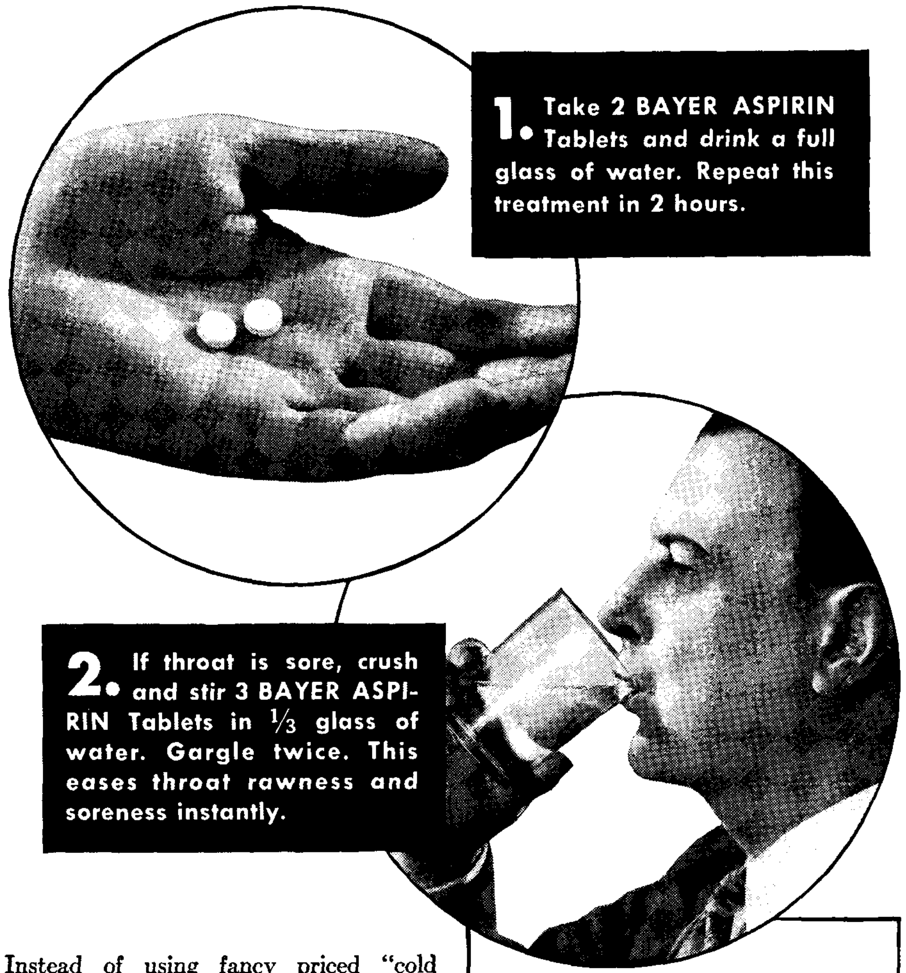

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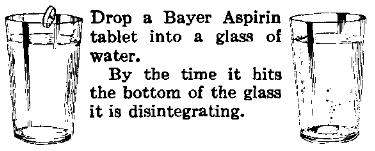

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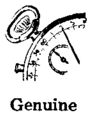

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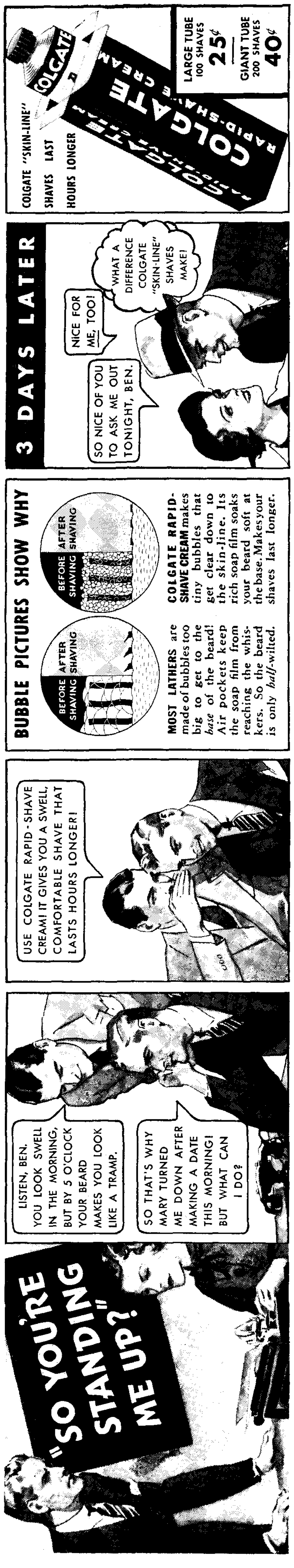
"SO YOU'RE STANDING ME UP?"
LISTEN, BEN. YOU LOOK SWELL IN THE MORNING, BUT BY 5 O'CLOCK YOUR BEARD MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A TRAMP.
SO THAT'S WHY MARY TURNED ME DOWN AFTER MAKING A DATE THIS MORNING! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
USE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM! IT GIVES YOU A SWELL, COMFORTABLE SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.
3 DAYS LATER
SO NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME OUT TONIGHT, BEN.
NICE FOR ME, TOO!
WHAT A DIFFERENCE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES MAKE!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

(Continued from page 45)

since he had been kidnapped at Sixty-seventh Street! It must have been three years. The most annoying thing about a clock is that it is inexorably mechanical. It doesn't allow for the fact that some hours pass more quickly than others.

He climbed back into bed and talked to himself again about the whole matter. I'm jumpy and I'm not sleepy, he reasoned with himself. Why make an issue with myself about it? I'm going to get dressed, and I'm going up to Sixty-seventh Street to see Amy.

He climbed wearily out of bed again and began pulling on his socks. Good heavens! What a blizzard! I'm probably a fool to go up to Sixty-seventh Street again.

He put on his underwear. Big sissy! Going to hide behind my shadow the rest of my life because I got kidnapped once. What have I got to be nervous about? I was very courteously kidnapped, wasn't I? But I don't like bullets yapping at my heels.

He put on his shirt. The wind sure is howling. It ought to get hep to itself; it's a bit off pitch. He put on his trousers and shoes.

He tied his cravat. There, I look O. K. Sam never made me look more sartorial. It took Sam ten minutes to take my clothes off me. . . . It took me five minutes to put them on again. Sam is a dullard.

As Cantavo picked up his hat, the doorbell rang. He opened the door to find Henderson standing there with a sheepish grin.

"Are you gumshoeing around, Hawkshaw, or making a friendly visit?" Cantavo asked him.

"A little of both. I am obsessed with the idea that Amy may turn up here sooner or later. I can't resist dropping in."

Henderson threw his overcoat on the chair. "Have you run out of liquor, as well as hospitality?" he inquired.

"No, we've plenty of both. What'll you have?"

"Scotch," Henderson said.

Cantavo wanted to continue the subject of Amy. "Amy never phoned me, Henderson, but that one time the night when I went to the Santiago to meet her. She wasn't there. Your detectives saw her the same night and talked to her. They ought to know more than I do about it. You still insist that she has nothing to do with the Callingham case?"

"As far as I know."

"Why do you want her so badly?"

HENDERSON didn't reply. He poured himself a drink. "I need a shot to melt the icicles off me. It's as cold as hell tonight. I thought I might find you in bed."

"At 12:15? I haven't been in bed before four o'clock in twenty years."

"You had your overcoat on when I came in. Were you going out?"

"I was thinking about taking a walk around the block for a breath of air. I've had too much night-club air in my lungs all these years. I can't take it any more. I'm all right on the days when I can get in some golf, but this kind of weather gets me down."

"I've had too much outdoors in my life. Breathing fresh air and standing on his feet is all a cop does."

"For ten years I never owned any clothes but pajamas and a dinner jacket. You ought to see my wardrobe now. Golf shirts, golf jackets, golf bags, golf shoes and slickers and windbreakers and sweaters. I can go shopping every day. That's why I love golf."

Henderson's reply was irrelevant. "My oldest son plays a saxophone," he said.

"Your best qualities as a conversationalist are that you never listen to what's being said and never answer a question."

"I'm not a golf enthusiast," Henderson said in apology. "I've got my own worries. Will you listen to my son sometime and see if he gives you as much of a pain in the neck as he does me?"

"Sure. Send him around tomorrow. If he's any good, I'll give him a job in my band. How are your other two boys? They're in college now, as I remember it."

"Yeah. They're both saddle-sore. Looks as if they'll both flunk out. Have you seen Marsten today?" Henderson asked.

"Sure. I called there earlier tonight."

"Does he look okay? Not going to pieces or anything?"

"None too good. He's in bad shape," Cantavo told him.

"You ought to see a lot of him and keep him cheered up. He worries me," Henderson suggested.

"Have you been around to see him?" Cantavo asked him chidingly.

"What the hell? He doesn't want to see me. He associates me with bad luck."

"PENFOLD tells me you've given up working on Callingham's murder. Is that right?" Cantavo asked.

"It seems sort of washed up. There's not much to work on."

"You feel convinced that Mary Marsten murdered Callingham."

"No. He was shot with a .45. That doesn't sound like a woman's weapon."

"What's the detective doing at Tim's?"

"I'm not sure of what Marsten did the morning of the murder."

"Wasn't he home in bed?"

"He was out of his house for one hour before his wedding. He says he walked over to East Seventy-second Street to see his aunt. He passed Callingham's house on the way."

"I don't think Tim knew Callingham."

"But he may have known that his wife knew Callingham."

"Rot. You're not telling me everything. You never have confidence in anyone at all, do you?"

"Wouldn't I be a sucker to? Where is Dinsmore? I'd like to get in touch with him," Henderson said.

"You asked me that a half hour ago. You're getting repetitious." Cantavo mixed himself another highball. "You said that Rapport sprung me out of that kidnapping difficulty, earlier this evening—"

Henderson interrupted. "According to your cogent account you were not kidnapped earlier this evening."

"Sure I was. What's it all about? Where does Rapport come into the picture?"

"It was this way. Rapport planned to kidnap me. And Callingham's gang planned to hijack me off Rapport and to snatch Rapport at the same time."

"If you knew all that why didn't you arrest them instead of leaving them around to shoot at me?"

"How did I know you'd be running around loose to get shot at? You gummed up the sweetest setup I ever had. I had everything set to get myself kidnapped and you blew it all by being places you had no business to be. What were you doing at Sixty-seventh Street?"

"Maybe I know a dame up there."

"Bunk. That wasn't it."

"You sure? Well, why did Callingham and Rapport want to kidnap you?"

"I don't know. That's why I wanted to be kidnapped. I wanted to find out what they wanted. Also, I'd like a kidnapping pinned on them. With a life sentence hanging over them I can bargain for information about Callingham's murder."

"Why didn't you pin my kidnapping on them," Cantavo wanted to know, "instead of just leaving me to wrangle out of it the best I could?"

"Because I want Callingham's gorillas, and Callingham's crowd didn't kidnap you."

"It all sounds crazy," Cantavo said. "What could they possibly want to kidnap you for?"

"That's what I wanted to find out, I keep telling you." Henderson began to feel exasperated. "Why do you suppose I put myself on the spot to be kidnapped? Just for the fun of it?"

Henderson was unusually loquacious tonight. Cantavo followed the subject tenaciously. "I thought Rapport was a small-time crook."

"He's getting ambitious."

"But Callingham sort of fancied himself as a confidence man and a polite blackmailer."

"He's had a gang for two years doing sundry sorts of mischief." Henderson rose. "I'm sleepy. I'm going home to bed."

"At this hour of the night?" Cantavo spoke in consternation. "It's only twelve-thirty. Let's go to a picture show. We'll walk down. It's only three blocks. We can see a newsreel."

"I don't think there's any picture house open this time of the night," Henderson said.

"Yes, there's one picture house that is open until two o'clock," replied Cantavo.

"It's too late. I'm sleepy."

"You shouldn't feel logy at this time of night," Cantavo chided him as they put on their overcoats and stepped into the hall. "You need exercise."

"You must be crazy. I figured it out yesterday. Do you know how many miles I've walked in my life? I'm overtrained. That's my trouble. If I were a rich guy like you I'd never have walked these three blocks to see a picture. I'd either have taken a taxi or have stayed home."

They sat down in the back row of the theater near the door. "A cop is like a doctor. He never gets to stay anywhere in peace," Henderson complained. He sat for five minutes shifting around nervously in his seat and then he turned to Cantavo and whispered, "I see a pickpocket down the aisle a way. I'll go out and tell the house cop and then I'll be back." Henderson rose heavily and reluctantly from his seat.

Cantavo idly watched the newsreel. He observed a few minutes later that the house detective walked down the aisle and beckoned to the man who followed him up the aisle and out the door.

Cantavo watched the whole show through. Louis in the Garden; skiing in Canada; Palm Beach scenes; a travelogue about mountain climbing. A cartoon musical comedy sketch; a good orchestra imitating his own, with a clever caricature of Cantavo and a particularly good one of Dinsmore playing a hot saxophone.

AS THE picture drew to an end, Henderson came in and started to sit down.

"The show's over, Henderson."

"So *now* I'm going home," Henderson replied.

Cantavo remonstrated. "At this hour?" He lighted a cigarette.

In the lobby outside, Cantavo buttoned his overcoat and prepared to outwit the wind in its attempt to snatch his breath away from him.

"There's nothing unexpected in seeing familiar faces on the street but if I see them in the newsreels I'm always surprised."

"What familiar faces did you see in the newsreel?" Henderson inquired idly.

"In the picture of the crowd at the Madison Square Garden boxing match I saw a dancer I know, a fight commissioner, a fighter and a guy that I saw riding down Sixth Avenue yesterday in a taxi with Penfold."

"Come back inside," Henderson said.

"What for?"

"I'll tell you later."

They walked back into the theater and backstage. Henderson spoke to the pro-

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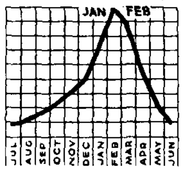

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jection operator. "As soon as the theater is empty, would you be good enough to run the newsreel over for me again? I want to see the scene at Madison Square Garden. Will you run it very slowly, please?"

They sat about halfway back in the theater.

"Just where did you see Penfold and the man in the motion picture?"

"On Sixth Avenue in a taxi around seven P. M. yesterday."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Strangely enough, I did see him before. In the gun fighting that took place tonight at Sixty-seventh Street."

"Don't tell important facts too quickly. Hold them back for dramatic effect."

"I'm trying your method of devious conversation. Imitation is the sincerest flattery."

"Was this bird in the newsreel one of Rapport's boys?"

"No. He was playing the opposition."

"Callingham's bunch? I don't understand that. He's not one of Callingham's thugs. He's a stranger to me anyway. I'm going to have them run that reel for just you and me. I want to be sure I see the right man."

"OKAY. But there's a bargain attached to it. I know a guy named Heinie. He helped me out of a tough spot last night. I don't want anything to happen to him through any loose conversation of mine."

"Heinie Schmidt? Sure. I know him. I promise that he'll be protected. Neither you nor your kidnapping will be brought into this at all. I just want to know who this interesting stranger is that you saw in this reel." He started to light a cigarette.

"Put out that cigarette," a voice called out with insolent peremptoriness; "you know you can't smoke in here."

"How does it feel to have the voice of authority pulled on you?" Cantavo asked.

Henderson expressed his feeling with what Cantavo considered a competent precision.

"Okay," shouted the operator, "we're ready."

He ran the film quickly, until he reached the Madison Square Garden scene.

"Hold it there," Henderson called to him.

Cantavo pointed out to him a man with blond hair, probably around forty-five years of age, not unattractive-looking.

"Thank you very much, indeed," Henderson called to the operator.

In the taxi going home, Henderson said to Cantavo: "I'm going to have a close-up of this guy's face flashed on every screen in every picture theater in New York tomorrow night. Something may come of it."

"What do you expect? Someone in the audience to pop up and say, 'Here he is'? No one would do it. They'd be afraid of it."

"Why?"

"Afraid they'd make a mistake and pick the wrong man. Afraid they'd be conspicuous. Afraid they'd have to testify in court. Afraid of publicity; and afraid they'd get slugged for their testimony."

"Don't be silly. Someone in every theater in town will pop up with a candidate for the honor. Headquarters will be swamped with protests from honest citizens who have blond hair and who will be unreasonably suspected and accused of looking like the culprit."

"I'll bet you a hundred bucks you don't get him that way."

"And we want one man out of all the millions in the city! What's the odds?"

"The bet's off."

"We'll have plain-clothes men outside the exit of each theater. One of them might recognize him."

"Suppose he doesn't happen to go to a picture show tomorrow night. Then where'll you be?"

"We'll be where we are now. Just nowhere," Henderson replied.

"It will take a lot of cops to cover the door of each picture house in the city."

"I won't bother with the downtown theaters. Only the Broadway houses and the neighborhood ones up around East Ninety-sixth Street where Callingham's bunch hang out."

"I take it since you want this blond stranger so badly and since you want him because I saw him with Penfold, that you must suspect Penfold."

"As a matter of principle, I suspect everybody."

"For crying out loud! You're in a lousy profession!"

Henderson lighted himself a cigarette and held the match for Cantavo.

"I suspect Penfold of trying to double-cross me. Penfold is one of those smart-aleck lawyers that wants to gather some acclaim and publicity for himself. If he can clear up the Callingham mystery by himself it shows the police department up, doesn't it? He's a lawyer with political ambition and being retained in this case as a detective has gone to his head. He's trying to outsmart everybody. He found this mysterious stranger before we did. He has questioned him already and is holding out on us. That smart, tricky, shyster lawyer is not going to outsmart me. Why do you always ride in taxis when you have the loudest and most expensive car in town?"

"My chauffeur sleeps at night and I sleep in the day, so our hours rarely coincide."

"Why don't you get one that will work at night?"

"I prefer taxis."

Henderson referred again to Penfold. "I'll tell you why I have the detective at Tim's house. I want to know who phones Penfold and who he's seeing. For I'm going to see the same guys. Do you know that our bodies resist an air pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch? I think that's why I'm always so tired. I'm going home to bed. Do you mind dropping me off at the subway?"

"Just what do you suspect *me* of, Henderson? I've been interested," Cantavo asked.

"I suspect that you know something—maybe about Tim—that you're not telling."

"You're nerts."

"And maybe I'm not. I've had a hunch all along that you are going to be useful in clearing up Callingham's murder. Maybe you have been. Maybe the mysterious man in the newsreel is the one that's been worrying us. We've sweated Callingham's other boys and have gotten just nothing. Maybe this one will talk. We found the fingerprints of two people in Callingham's room the morning he was murdered. We know to whom one of the fingerprints belongs but we can't locate the other."

"WHOSE have you found?" Cantavo inquired.

"I should tell you the secrets of the New York police?"

"Okay," Cantavo agreed. "Are the prints of the second person not on record?"

"No. But that doesn't matter. If we knew anyone to suspect we could get theirs."

"Can a person refuse to be fingerprinted if he wants to? Suppose a person is justly indignant and doesn't want to be?"

Henderson opened the door and stepped out of the taxi. "It's simpler to take them when they don't know it," he explained to Cantavo. "For instance, I took yours downtown yesterday. You'll be surprised to know that you're innocent of the murder."

(To be continued next week)

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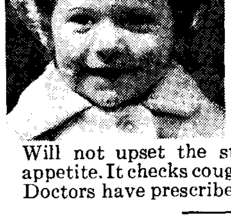

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Continued from page 34

"Excellent," said the general. "Please detain Señor Meyer until I return."

Standing by the window of the second room was a young American who looked like a trained engineer. He seemed nervous.

"Good afternoon," said the general pleasantly, holding out his hand. "Are you Mr. John Lewis, the metallurgist?"

Lewis nodded and took the general's hand. His nervousness melted away. He smiled shyly.

"I didn't think you'd be like this, General," he said. "In the States we think you boys are pretty tough."

"I *am* tough," said the general with a laugh, "but not all the time. I used to be a schoolteacher in New Orleans. I taught Spanish to numerous charming young ladies. I never murdered a single one."

John Lewis laughed in turn. "What do you want to see me about?"

"I want to know," said the general, "how much gold your refinery has produced since the last shipment three months ago."

THE general's voice was still soft, but he was no longer joking. John Lewis stiffened. The smile left his face.

"I won't tell you, General," he said shortly.

"I can make things extremely unpleasant for you, my friend," said the general, raising his eyebrows.

John Lewis pressed his lips together. "I won't tell you company secrets. What do you think I am?"

"I think you're a very loyal young man," said the general, smiling again. "I admire your attitude." He felt in an inside pocket of his uniform and drew out a long envelope covered with air-mail stamps. "But read this, my friend. It may interest you."

The envelope was already open. John Lewis took out the half-dozen sheets of paper which it contained.

"Where'd you get this?" he demanded. "It's Meyer's quarterly report."

"That's what it is," said the general with satisfaction. "I took it from the post office in San Jacinto. Read it, my friend."

With a rather guilty look John Lewis began to read. The general watched his face with great care. He saw a shadow of puzzled indignation flicker across it. He smiled his most charming smile.

"I think, my young friend," he said, "that you are reading the production figures. Mr. Meyer says the mine produced about five thousand ounces of gold in the last three months."

"I don't get this," cried Lewis, looking up. "What's the idea?"

"Very mysterious," agreed the general. "They tell me at the customs house that the mine never produces less than fifteen thousand ounces in three months."

Lewis looked as if he were about to say something. Then he decided not to speak. The general still watched him closely.

"Turn to the last sheet of paper," he suggested mildly. "It is not part of the main report, but it contains an explanation."

Lewis shuffled the sheets and began to read the last one. His face turned red, then white with indignation. His eyes flashed.

"The dirty, lying skunk!" he shouted.

"Yes," said the general calmly. "Mr. Meyer accuses you of theft. He says you have stolen about ten thousand ounces of gold."

"We refined seventeen thousand ounces," shouted Lewis. "I put it in the vault myself."

The general took the papers out of his hand. He folded them carefully and returned them to his pocket.

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis," he said with a courtly bow. "That's all I want to know. Now I shall go and talk with Mr. Meyer. Please remain here until I return."

Smiling happily to himself, the general crossed the patio to the living-room. Mr. Karl Meyer was looking out of a window. He turned around angrily.

"I see you've put guards around the mine," he snapped. "That won't get you anywhere. You'll be sorry if you steal any company gold."

"You are right," agreed the general. "I shall not take any gold that belongs to the company. Your report says the mine produced five thousand ounces since the last shipment three months ago."

Meyer's heavy jaw dropped. He stared stupidly.

"But I understand," continued the general, "that you have in your vaults about twelve thousand ounces which the report does not mention."

"Who told you that?"

"Mr. Lewis told me the truth," said the general. "And since the excess gold does not belong to the company, I shall take it in the name of the revolution."

"You'll have to smash the vault. You don't dare."

The general shrugged his shoulders and issued an order in Spanish. The soldiers hurried into the room.

"Take this gentleman to the mine office," ordered the general. "Make him comfortable, but do not give him anything to eat."

Glowering darkly, Meyer was hustled toward the door.

"Tell Lewis he's fired," he growled.

"Rather foolish, I think," said the general. "I am told that you cannot run the refinery by yourself."

"Mind your own business," snapped Meyer. "I've got a Cuban that knows more than Lewis."

"Very well," said the general tolerantly. "You and your Cuban may operate the mine as usual. But you can't have anything to eat until you open the vault."

The soldiers led Meyer away, and the general walked across the patio.

"Mr. Meyer has discharged you," he said to Lewis with a smile.

Without further explanations he departed for the town below.

THE leader of a promising revolution is apt to have a great deal to do. General Blas Espina worked late into the night. He talked for hours over the field telephone. He consulted with the pilot of his only airplane. He posted half of his soldiers as guards to keep the other half from looting the town of Santa Cruz. And at last he went to bed. It had been a long, hard day.

About three o'clock the next afternoon the general got into his staff car and drove up the valley. The guards were still patrolling faithfully around the mine, with more on the hills above, and more on all the roads. The general was quite sure that no gold had passed out during the night. He found Mr. Karl Meyer in the main office, attended by two soldiers and looking very hungry and ill-tempered.

"About time you showed up," growled Meyer.

"About time you opened the vault," retorted the general.

"I tell you there's only five thousand ounces in there. Never mind what Lewis told you. He's a liar."

"Let me see for myself," said the general.

"All right," snapped Meyer, going over to the door of the vault.

"Why didn't you open it yesterday?" asked the general suspiciously.

"I wanted to make you force me."

"Very well. I *have* forced you."

The German said nothing. Carefully concealing his motions from the general, he twirled the knobs of the combination. The door swung open.

"Take a look, General," he cried triumphantly. "Go on in and take a look."

The general stepped into the vault and examined three small, square wooden boxes which lay on the floor. Meyer followed him in.

"They weigh about a hundred pounds each," he said sweetly. "That makes five thousand ounces. Just what I said. Weigh them if you want to. Or take the ingots out."

THE general lifted one of the boxes with both hands. It certainly did not weigh much more than a hundred pounds. He frowned in perplexity.

"I told you so," crowed Meyer.

The general said nothing for a moment. He was thinking hard, reconstructing the events of the day before.

"I think I understand," he said at last, looking at Meyer with a quick smile. "I see where I made my mistake. While I was talking with Lewis, you became suspicious. You managed to send word to a confederate in this office. He took the rest of the gold out of the vault and hid it—in the mine probably."

"Search the mine if you want to, General," said Meyer with a confident shrug of his bulky shoulders. "You'll find about seventy-five miles of tunnels and shafts in there, most of them fallen in or full of water. I wish you luck."

"No," said the general, after a moment's thought. "I shall not search the mine. I have a better idea. I shall keep my guards around the property. You won't be able to get your gold out, my friend. And I shall cable at once to the company. I shall explain the situation. They will send a man who knows how to search the mine. And they will pay me well for catching a thief."

While he was speaking, the general watched Meyer very closely. He prided himself on his ability to read a human face at a moment of tension, and this time he gathered two important bits of information. In the first place, the German did not seem alarmed at the prospect of being closely guarded in the mine until the company search party arrived.

"He *should* be alarmed," reasoned the general. "The gold is there. Meyer stole it, and he can't replace it because he thinks the company has his report already. He *should* be alarmed. But he is not. So he must have a plan to get it out."

Then the general's heart gave a leap when he saw the German's eye stray nervously over to a map on the wall. It was a large and very elaborate map, showing the tangled network of tunnels beneath the mountain. Meyer's eye touched the map for only a moment, but that was enough for the general. He smiled and said: "My men have brought you an excellent dinner. They will serve it in the next room."

The general motioned toward the door. Meyer hesitated a moment. Then he went out, followed by the two guards.

As soon as he was gone, the general stepped over to the map and studied it closely. At once a peculiar feature caught his eye. Most of the tunnels con-

(Continued on page 50)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In 1890 the British Navy adopted the hand salute and, to be different from the Army, decreed the use of the left instead of the right hand, a tactical error that was quickly discovered on British ships in colonial waters. The left-handed salute is a form of insult throughout Asia and Africa.

The sacrificing of animals to gods and goddesses still is prevalent in many temples of India. At the shrine of Kalighat in Calcutta, goats are killed for the goddess Kali at the rate of one every seven minutes throughout each day and night.

War guilt, or what persons and what political situations were responsible for the World War, has been the subject of more literature than any other single topic in history. Since 1918 more than 2,000,000 books and articles have been written about it.—*By John K. Ryan, Washington, D. C.*

Because of the danger that it may be wrecked by an avalanche of snow, the steel railroad bridge that crosses the Urseren Valley in Switzerland is taken down each autumn and put up again each spring. The railroad too takes a vacation.—*By Thomas Garvey, Holyoke, Massachusetts.*

Czechoslovakia now has pushcarts that provide warm water, soap and towels for those who wish to wash their hands; Switzerland has air mail stamps for gliders; and Connecticut has a large state hunting preserve for ladies.—*By Joseph Rhoads, Jr., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

During the 1850's in San Francisco, the Wells-Fargo office shipped east as much as $1,000,000 worth of gold a day, despite the fact that their overland stage coaches had to carry it through almost 2,000 miles of wild country frequented by hostile Indians and highwaymen.

Today, as in the past, the mortality rate from murder, accident and disease among the African natives who carry ivory from the depths of the jungle to the nearest shipping point is so high that it has been said that every billiard ball has cost a human life.—*By Allen Fiske, Chicago, Ill.*

The most complex clock ever built is installed today in the Zimmer Tower in Lierre, Belgium. Constructed in 1930 by Alfred Zimmer, the clockmaker to the Royal Court of Belgium, it has 73 different dials which record the time, the day of the week, date, month, year, phases of the moon, position of the sun and other data.

The equator has fewer hours of daylight than the poles, and nearly double the number of hours of darkness. During the year the equator has 4,407 hours of daylight, 864 of twilight and 3,495 of darkness while the poles have 4,450 hours of daylight, 2,403 of twilight and 1,913 of darkness.—*By R. A. Bardwell, Gainesville, Florida.*

Although the toxin produced by tetanus bacilli, which causes lockjaw, is one of the deadliest poisons known to mankind, lethal amounts vary widely with different animals. As one example, the amount necessary to kill a chicken will fatally poison at least 500 horses.—*By William Hoffman, New York City.*

The parliament of France, from the time of Louis XI to the end of the monarchy, followed a curious procedure when the king was in attendance. While he reclined on a couch and the princes sat in chairs, the great officials were obliged to stand and the lesser officials had to kneel throughout the entire session.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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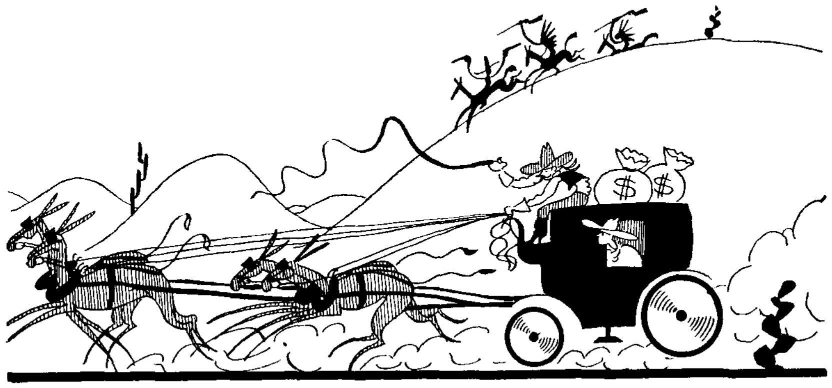

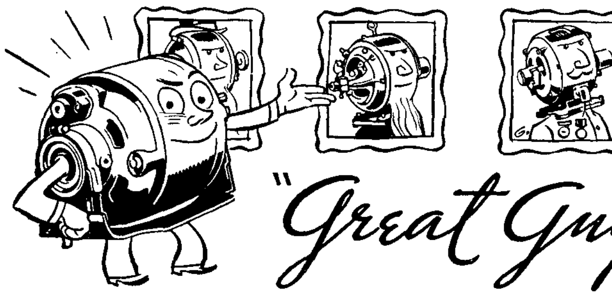
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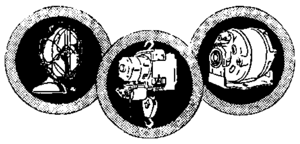
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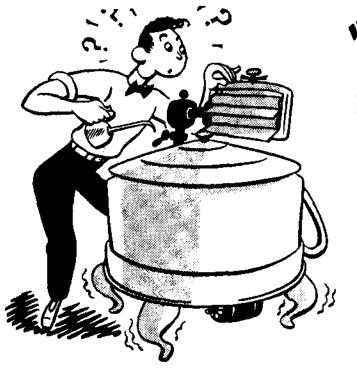
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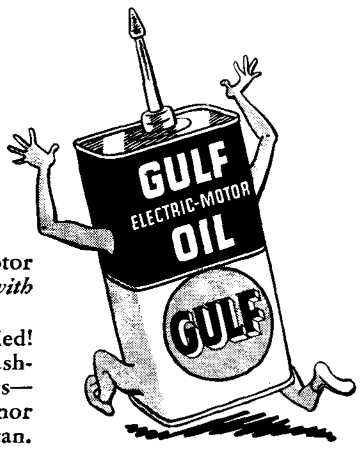

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Orphan Gold

Continued from page 48

verged upon the main entrance, but a few of them wandered off and came together at a secondary focus some hundreds of yards away. It seemed to be an old entrance, probably used by the early Spaniards.

"That's the place," thought the general. He shut his eyes and tried to visualize the lay of the land. "I know about where it is. I've got some guards there. The gold didn't go out last night. He'll try to get it out tonight. But he'll find more guards than he expects."

So the general smiled very happily to himself as he drove back to Santa Cruz.

"The trouble with the Germans," he announced to his confidential secretary, "is their fatal moderation. When they are clever, they are never quite clever enough."

THE general sat up very late that night. A few soldiers threw dice in the next room. A few more were sleeping in a corridor. The general appeared to be waiting for something. He wore a happy smile of expectation.

About three o'clock in the morning he heard a small commotion outside, the tramp of numerous feet. He jumped up. Through the door paraded a file of soldiers led by a young officer. Each man carried on his shoulder a block of shining yellow metal!

"They came through the old entrance," reported the officer.

"Well done!" cried the general. "Put them down."

The soldiers dumped the ingots in a corner. They fell with heavy thuds.

"Magnificent!" cried the general. "Go to the mine and tell the guards they may go to bed. We needn't bother Mr. Meyer any more."

The soldiers filed out. The officer remained behind.

"Do you know," asked the general, looking down at the ingots fondly, "how much these things are worth?"

"A great deal," said the officer.

"Sixty thousand American dollars each. Enough to buy new rifles for my entire army. And there are seven in all."

"The revolution is victorious," cried the officer.

"That is sure," agreed the general.

He bent down to examine the ingots. Then he straightened up. A shadow of rapid thought was passing across his face. He barked a sudden order in Spanish. The officer hesitated. Then he saluted smartly and ran out of the room. When he was gone, the general called another officer.

"Go to the mine in my car," he ordered, "and bring Mr. Meyer here at once. Let him speak to no one on the way."

Then the general went to a cupboard. He took out a bottle of brandy and two glasses. He sat down behind the desk, smiling calmly to himself.

In about half an hour Mr. Karl Meyer arrived. He stalked heavily into the office.

"Sorry to get you out of bed," said the general with an apologetic smile. He pointed to the pile of ingots on the floor. Meyer followed his motion. His face fell.

"You dirty crook!" he growled. "You got it."

"Yes," said the general lightly. "I got it. And I want you to help me celebrate."

He reached for the bottle of brandy and filled two glasses, one of which he handed to Meyer.

"I should like to explain a few things to you, my friend," he continued. "You were clever in a rough way, but not nearly clever enough. Why didn't you take that map down?"

"I was afraid your men would get suspicious," said Meyer glumly.

"Then you shouldn't have looked at it while I was watching. I knew about the old entrance, but I had only two guards there. After I saw you look at the map, I sent ten more."

The conversation died. Meyer took up his glass of brandy and sipped it very slowly. The minutes passed.

"You seem to be waiting for something," said the general at last.

"This is good brandy," remarked Meyer somewhat more cheerfully. "May I have another glass?"

The general filled the glass. Meyer sipped it deliberately. He took out his watch and laid it on the desk. Another ten minutes passed. Gradually a smile spread across the German's heavy face.

"Well, General," he said complacently, "you have my gold. I can't claim it. The company doesn't know it exists. They *won't* claim it. They have my report by this time. I said the mine produced only five thousand ounces. You win. I admit it. Let's be friends."

"A sensible attitude," said the general.

"So maybe you'll do me a favor," continued Meyer. "I want about seven hundred pounds of lead. I need it for repair work up at the plant."

"Lead! I haven't got any lead."

"You've got plenty of lead."

Meyer gave a loud guffaw and got to his feet, grinning widely. He opened a pocket knife and walked over to the pile of ingots in the corner. He drew the point of the blade across the shining yellow face of the nearest one. Then he picked the ingot up in both hands and slammed it down with a loud crash on the general's desk.

"Sure, you've got lead," he crowed. "Take a look at this!"

He pointed with the knife. Beneath the scratch the metal was gray. The gold was only a thin skin on the surface.

"You've taken a gold brick, General," he laughed uproariously. "The real gold's safe by this time. My men have an hour's start."

The general examined the scratched ingot. Then he looked up with a pleasant smile and extended his hand.

"My humble apologies, Meyer," he said. "I underestimated your intelligence. Now you must explain how you fooled me. I told you how I thought I'd fooled you."

"Shall I start at the beginning?" asked Meyer with another laugh.

"If you please," said the general. "I don't want to miss anything."

MEYER sat down by the brandy and poured himself a very full glass.

"Well, General," he began, "while you were talking to Lewis, I smelled a rat. I figured I better get that unreported gold out of sight. So I called up the mine on the private telephone I have in the living-room."

"Aha!" cried the general with appreciation. "So *that* was it."

"Yes," continued Meyer. "I told my confidential assistant to take the extra gold out of the vault and hide it in an old gallery in the mine. I also told him to have the Cuban plate those lead pigs with gold. We've got all sorts of electrolytic equipment in the refinery."

"Go on," said the general. "This is very interesting."

"I didn't know what you were going to do, but I thought if you captured those fake ingots, you'd take your guards away from the mine. So I told my man to sneak the fakes out by the old entrance as soon as he got them plated. I told him to let them be captured. Then I had another man on watch. As soon as he saw your guards going home, he gave the word and the real gold was taken out too. It's gone now, General. Over the mountains. No use chasing after it."

"Very clever," admitted the general. "Very, very clever. Now you must excuse me a moment."

He went to the office door and spoke to the sentry outside. "Has Lieutenant Garcia returned yet?" he asked.

"Yes, my General," said the sentry with a broad smile. "Several minutes ago. He is waiting."

"Tell him to come in."

The general returned to his chair behind the desk. He eyed Meyer with an enigmatic smile. Presently a young officer paraded smartly into the room, followed by some privates with heavy gunny sacks over their shoulders.

"Excellent work, Garcia," said the general to the officer. He turned to Meyer. "I think you'd better have another glass of brandy, my friend."

THE self-satisfaction was fading from Meyer's face. He stared at the gunny sacks, his mouth half open. With a rather compassionate smile the general lifted one of the sacks and poured out a number of small golden blocks two inches square.

"Not quite as impressive as the others," he said critically, "but rather more valuable, I think."

Meyer gulped. "You thief!" he bellowed. "You dirty thief!"

The general lifted a reproving finger.

"No, friend Meyer," he said gently. "This gold does not belong to you. It does not belong to the company. In your report—which I have just returned to the mails—you said the mine did not produce more than five thousand ounces. This gold is orphan gold. It has no father or mother. I shall adopt it."

He waited politely for Meyer to reply, but the German was speechless.

"And I advise you not to accuse Mr. Lewis of the theft," he continued. "He is my friend. I did not mail that part of your report. You will have to think of some other excuse. For a man of your intelligence it should be easy."

Meyer remained silent, great blue veins standing out on his temples.

The general walked across the room and picked up a pig of plated lead. He put it on the desk and smiled at Meyer.

"Your reasoning was excellent, my friend," he said, "in every detail. I did recall my guards when I captured the lead ingots."

The general paused a moment to gain his full dramatic effect. Meyer glared, but said nothing.

"However," continued the general smoothly, "I saw best to modify my order recalling the guards. I told them to withdraw out of sight and wait for the real gold to follow."

Meyer grunted unpleasantly. "Who told you?" he demanded.

"No one told me," said the general. "But you should not have discharged Mr. Lewis. Your Cuban chemist is not as clever as you are, my friend. He takes his orders too literally. And I don't think he reads English."

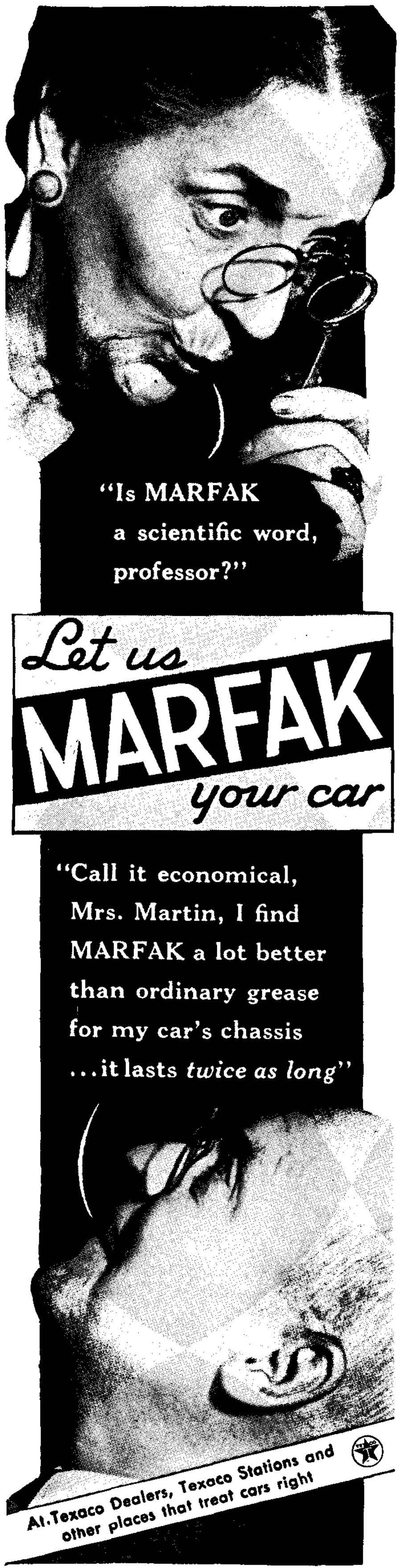
The general halted a moment for a final compassionate smile.

"Did you look at those lead bricks," he asked, "before they went out?"

"Of course not," snapped Meyer. "How could I? Your guards were watching me every minute."

"You should have tried to," said the general, shaking his head sadly. He picked up the block of lead, turned it over, and showed it to Meyer. On the bottom was a short line of small, raised letters, all neatly plated with gold.

"Missouri Lead Company," it read. "St. Louis, U. S. A."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The Viking's Bride

Continued from page 11

"You see, Bill," Jay said, "you've come to the wrong place. This is a meeting of the salamanders. We devote ourselves to sitting in the sun. We loathe cold showers. We hate athletes. We abhor Amazons. We are a new organization and we number two."

"You number three," said Bill Bolton, and sat down.

Mary Lou felt herself sinking into deep water very near shore. How nice it is that a girl can forswear the Amazonian precept and still admire the big and the brawny in man. Bill Bolton was everything she was not. Everything she had tried to be and failed. And he liked her. It was too, too wonderful. . . .

Mary Lou heard Jay's voice as if from a distance.

"A salamander is a mythological lizard that burns itself up every now and then in its own fire," said Jay, "and then has to rise out of its own ashes, or was that a phenix?"

Poor little Mary Lou! It was just so much static.

And now it was Jay's turn. So it is, thought Jay, that a man finds a girl of his own ilk only to lose her to the first Iron Man who comes along.

It was a sad thought, and it made Jay feel very melancholy. Somebody else was feeling badly too. Phoebe Tweed had turned at the counter and was watching little Mary Lou land big Bill Bolton with an expression of acute suffering.

Pretty soon Mary Lou reached the "You-say-that-to-all-the-girls" stage. It got so bad Jay couldn't stand it. Phoebe couldn't stand it either. She stood up so quickly she upset a tube of straws, and strode out of the Cave.

Jay stood up too. "Excuse me," he said.

"Why, of course, Jay," said Mary Lou with that awful sweetness a woman uses when she's glad to unload a man.

Bill Bolton grabbed the check. That's how hard he was hit.

"Run right along, Jay," he said. "Mary Lou and I have to make up lost hours."

JAY ran along. When he reached the Cave door he could see Phoebe's big back disappearing down a path. He ran after her.

"Where are you going?" he called.

"I'm walking to the village," said Phoebe.

"Well, that's fine. So am I. How far is it, Phoebe?"

"It's two miles," said Phoebe. "Come on, if you're coming."

"It looks as if the campus was going to have a new romance," said Jay, as they started. "Did you notice how Bill fell for little Mary Lou?"

"I noticed," said Phoebe.

"It's surprising," reflected Jay. "Now you, Phoebe, are the type I would have expected him to prefer."

"Don't talk," Phoebe advised him, "save your wind."

They did the two miles.

"There," announced Phoebe, "that makes me feel a little better but not much. Shall we start back?"

"Shall we what-t-t-t?" asked Jay.

"Shall we start back?"

"Phoebe, you're wonderful. You're marvelous. Listen to me. I like Mary Lou."

"And I like Bill, and he likes her," said Phoebe. "That makes everything just fine, doesn't it? And I suppose you want me to teach you how to play golf so well in ten days you can lick him with one eye shut?"

"Oh no-no-no," Jay protested. "Nobody could teach me how to play anything well enough to approach him. No, Phoebe, I am counting on brains, not brawn."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"That's the nice part. Nothing, Phoebe. I want you to be your own natural self."

"There's too much of me to be anything else," said Phoebe.

"Exactly. Phoebe, you don't know it yet, but you are going to be an Iron Man's bride."

"Jay," Phoebe said, "there isn't very much of you, but you're all right."

"Phoebe," Jay said, "there's an awful lot of you, but you're all right too."

MARY LOU didn't even see Jay after that for days. She was too busy going around with the world's best discus thrower.

Yes—it was very pleasant, and the nicest part of the whole thing was the happy fact that Bill liked her just the way she was.

"Mary Lou," he told her repeatedly, "I am a man who likes my women fragile."

And one night at their table between dances, his handsome eyes began to twinkle, and he said, "Well, well, here comes Jay Hunt, and look at the gunboat he has in tow."

The gunboat was Phoebe Tweed. If Mary Lou was a little surprised, she didn't show it. She forgot that once she had been mad enough and envious enough of Phoebe Tweed to poke her in the eye. She felt very magnanimous. After all, the poor girl couldn't help her skeleton. She insisted that Bill dance with Phoebe, so that she and Jay could have a little chat. And how was he, anyway?

Jay said that he was well, thank you. He lit a cigarette.

"The family's opened up our mountain cabin," he told her casually. "Phoebe and I are going up next week end. You and Bill better come along. There won't be much to do, but the scenery's nice."

Mary Lou leaned forward. She was smiling.

"Jay, are you asking us up there because you hope Bill and Phoebe Tweed will like each other?" she asked.

"Well, Mary Lou, maybe I am."

"You think that I'm going to lose Bill to the first great big Amazon that comes along. Is that it?"

"Well, Mary Lou, maybe it is. You can't blame me for trying."

"I don't, Jay. I *think* it's downright smart of you. We'll come."

"Thank you," Jay said humbly, "thank you."

Poor Jay! He was so obvious. His intentions were so apparent. They would drive up in one car. Jay would maneuver Bill and Phoebe into the front seat. The whole week end he would wear himself out, trying to make Bill take to the big thing.

She was a little surprised on Friday when Jay insisted that they drive up in two cars, he and Phoebe in one, Bill and Mary Lou in the other.

"And don't try to keep up with us," Jay told Bill as they were ready to start. "Phoebe drives rather fast. It's a good six-hour drive, but she does it in four hours and twenty minutes, don't you, Phoebe?"

Phoebe said no, she didn't. She did it in four hours flat.

After that Mary Lou didn't see Jay and Phoebe again. She didn't see them, because Bill never let them get near enough.

Bill wasn't even good company. The road kept him occupied, and after the second hour, he kept saying, "What time is it, Mary Lou?"

(Continued on page 52)

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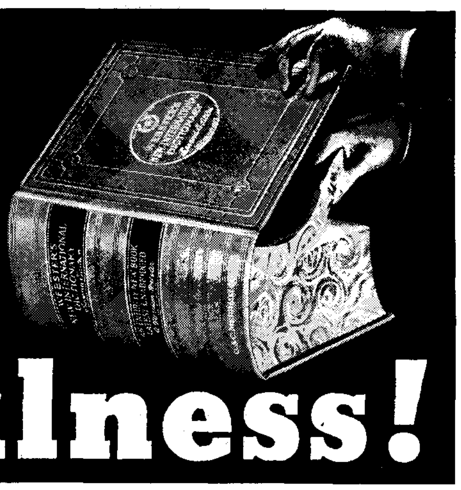

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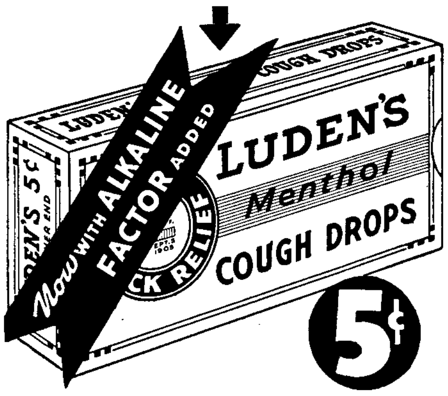

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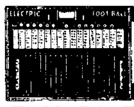

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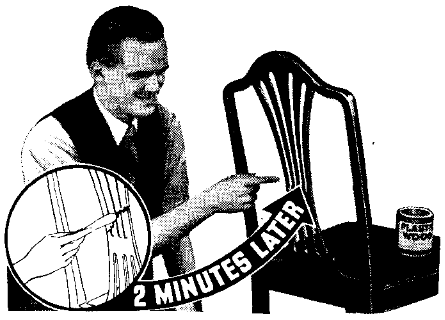

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PLASTIC WOOD

(Continued from page 51)

They arrived at the cabin in three hours and fifty-five minutes. Before they even got out of the car, Bill had removed an old envelope from his pocket, and was scribbling their time on it.

"Here," he said, as he passed it to Mary Lou, "you're to witness this."

Mary Lou would have liked to write, "I am so tired, I'd sign anything," but she refrained. She had signed her name, when Jay's mother came out to meet them.

They were all sitting on the porch when Jay and Phoebe drove up exactly one hour after Phoebe's record time. Jay was all smiles, but Phoebe looked a little out of sorts.

THAT night they played bridge. They drew for partners. Bill and Phoebe played together, and Jay and Mary Lou.

For two rubbers Phoebe and Bill fought politely. The third rubber they just fought. Every time Phoebe said, "For goodness' sakes, why didn't you jump me?" and Bill answered, "I'm not a mind reader. Why didn't you indicate?" Mary Lou smiled sweetly at Jay as much as to say, "You see how your plan is working?"

Mary Lou would have liked to sleep late the next morning, but she occupied the same room with Phoebe, who was up at seven doing exercises. Phoebe shook the whole room, and finally Mary Lou had to rise and dress in self-defense.

They had a nice breakfast on the porch, and after breakfast Phoebe walked up and down the porch like a panther ready for a kill, and said, "I don't know what you people are doing today, but I'm going to rent myself a horse and take to the trails."

Jay said he would if the others would, and what did Bill think? Bill said he wasn't particular, and what did Mary Lou think. Mary Lou thought she didn't like horses, and said so. But Jay said that these weren't the kind of horses you had to ride. These were the kind you merely sat on.

They had a pleasant ride up ten miles of steep trail, and a picnic lunch, spoiled only by the fact that Phoebe and Bill fought steadily from the sandwiches to the pickles as to who was going to win some track meet Mary Lou had never heard of.

Phoebe rode the lead horse, and coming down, it didn't go fast enough to suit her, so she broke a switch and prodded it into a better record. At last it moved faster and faster, and Bill's horse kept going faster and faster, and Bill kept calling, "Are you coming, Mary Lou?"

FINALLY Bill was so far ahead she couldn't hear him any more.

Mary Lou pulled up her horse and sat there, and Jay did too.

"Well, Mary Lou," Jay announced, "it does look as if Phoebe and Bill were going to race each other down, doesn't it?"

"It looks that way," replied Mary Lou.

"But he doesn't like her," said Jay. "It isn't that, Mary Lou. It's only because he's so used to doing everything a little bit better than anybody else, he can't bear to be beaten by a woman. Or anyone else."

Or anyone else. What a horrible thought.

Question: Then where would Mary Lou be?

Answer: Tagging along three miles to the rear.

"I was wrong," Jay said, "I admit it. You have nothing to fear from Phoebe. It looks as if you are going to be the Viking's bride."

"Yes," said Mary Lou, "it certainly does."

They rode down very slowly and quietly, arriving one hour and a quarter after Bill and Phoebe. And were those two big things reclining in porch chairs? No—they were playing tennis, fighting viciously over each point.

Yes—it was very nice, but somehow it made Mary Lou so tired. Tomorrow probably they would go fishing. Phoebe and Bill would outdo each other clambering farther and farther up the stream. And Mary Lou would park herself on a log with the mosquitoes, and wait, and wait, and wait. And where would Jay be? Lying in a hammock no doubt, fishing with one hand, and pouring himself large glasses of iced tea with the other.

It wasn't being the Viking's bride that bothered Mary Lou. It was the upkeep. She climbed off her horse, and walked very firmly into the cabin.

"The salamander is a mythological object," she murmured to herself.

After supper Bill and Mary Lou sat out on the porch and watched the moon come up. Bill kept telling Mary Lou how nice she was, and that he wouldn't change one little thing about her, and she didn't care if he raced Phoebe down the trail, did she, because he only did it to keep Phoebe from getting too smug around there.

Presently Phoebe and Jay joined them.

"How pale the mountain in the moonlight," said Mary Lou slowly, looking up at Pyramid Peak rising beyond and above them. "Did anybody ever climb it in the evening? In the moonlight?"

"Why, yes," Jay said, "a girl went up last summer in one hour and a half and came down in forty-six minutes."

"Hmmmm," said Phoebe, "that's not so good."

"Nonsense, Phoebe," Jay put in quickly, "that's very good indeed. I don't know any other girl who could do so well."

"I bet I could," said Phoebe.

"After a big day like this? Oh, Phoebe, don't be silly."

Phoebe, the big Amazon, marched into the cabin. Five minutes later, she came out again. She had on her breeches and boots.

"You can time me, Mary Lou," she said. "I'll wave my flashlight from the top."

They all sat and watched Phoebe strike up the trail.

"I wish she hadn't gone," announced Mary Lou. "Suppose she sprains an ankle."

"Or loses her way," Jay said.

"Or meets a bear."

"There aren't any bears," Jay said. "Just skunks and porcupines. Just the same I think it's very foolish of Phoebe."

He got up slowly.

"You're not going after her?"

"Somebody has to."

"Nonsense," Bill said. "You couldn't catch her in a week. Mary Lou, maybe I better go."

"But she'll have a head start," Mary Lou reminded him.

"Oh, that's all right." Bill went into the cabin and put on his boots.

"I'll bring her down," he told Mary Lou. "Now don't you worry about her."

THEN Mary Lou was alone on the porch with Jay. How quiet it was and how peaceful! She stretched out in the hammock and prepared to spend a heavenly evening, untroubled by physical exertion of any kind, shape or manner. She was just getting well started when Jay's voice broke like a cold wave upon her.

"What time is it?" asked Jay briskly.

"How do I know?"

"Didn't you hear Phoebe ask you to time her? Now I figure she left here precisely at seven-twenty-one, and Bill followed at seven-thirty-four and one half."

"Make it thirty-five," begged Mary Lou sleepily. "It's easier."

"Now look here, Mary Lou," Jay told her severely, "if you are going to marry an athlete, the very first thing you'll have to learn is the importance of the split second."

"I can think of a lot more interesting things to do than sit around splitting seconds," declared Mary Lou.

"That's not the point. If you're going to be the official timer, you might as well learn to do it right. What time have you by your wrist watch?"

"Seven-forty-two."

"You're slow of course. Set your watch ahead one minute and a quarter."

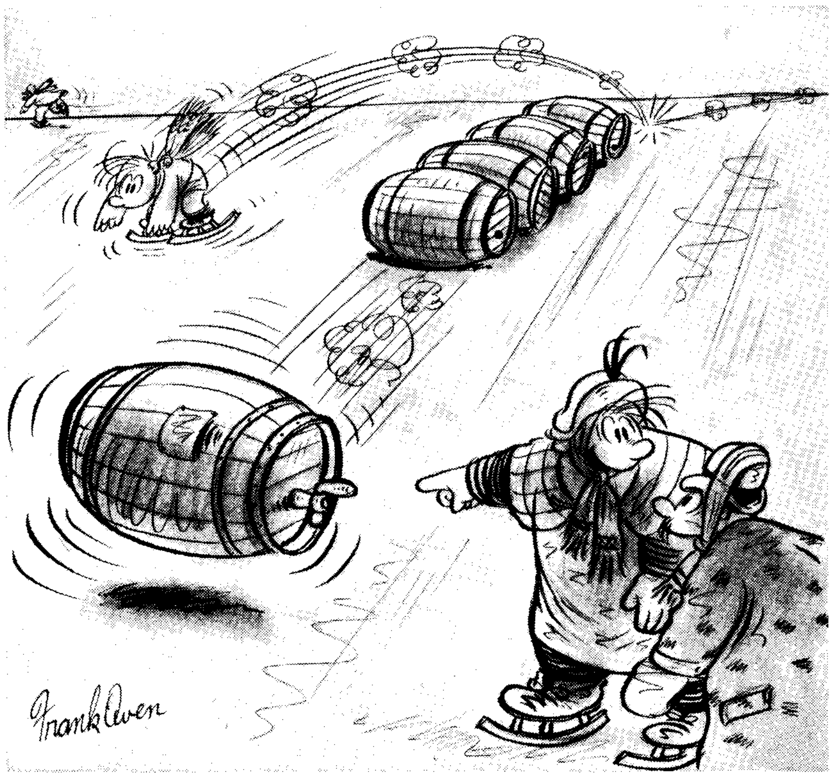
Mary Lou set it ahead.

"Now, Mary Lou, I think you better give me the hammock, and take this straight chair. It's uncomfortable as sin, but it'll keep you awake."

Philbert

By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"If that last barrel don't stop rolling, he's afraid he won't make it!"

"And why should I stay awake?"

"Because you are elected to spend the evening with your eyes glued on old Pyramid watching for flashlights."

"Jay," said Mary Lou, "please stop talking. I am too tired to answer." Almost at once she fell asleep.

She was awakened by Jay. He was shaking her.

"Quick. What time is it?"

Mary Lou sat up. On the top of Pyramid two little lights were blinking. She looked at her watch. She took it off. She shook it.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I forgot to wind it."

"Mary Lou, you'd drive any athlete to drink. Don't tell Bill about this. It's grounds for divorce."

"I'm not married to Bill yet."

Jay ignored this and looked at his own watch.

"Of course this isn't quite accurate," he said, "but I figure that Phoebe beat last summer's record by three minutes, and Bill by seven. I hope you're properly impressed, Mary Lou."

"I'm impressed all right," agreed Mary Lou, "but not properly."

She sat down on the cabin steps with Jay beside her.

Presently Jay said, "All right, Mary Lou, better start looking at your watch again. It's just about time for Phoebe and Bill to sprint down the trail neck to neck."

They waited, but nothing happened. Up the trail an owl hooted. That was all. Minutes went by, and quarters of an hour, and half hours. Jay began to look a little anxious, but Mary Lou just sat there, content and quiet.

Then Jay stood up and began to walk nervously back and forth in front of the cabin.

"They're long overdue," he said. "Something's happened. Maybe Phoebe fell and broke a leg."

"Maybe she did."

"But don't you understand what that would mean? Bill would have to leave her alone up there and come down for help. Suppose she was molested by a porcupine, or a skunk. . . ."

"That's her problem," replied Mary Lou calmly.

Jay was thoroughly alarmed.

"This is your responsibility," he told Mary Lou. "It was you who looked up at the mountain and asked if anybody had ever climbed it at night."

"Yes," agreed Mary Lou, "and it was you who replied that a girl went up last summer in one hour and a half. You knew what that would do to Phoebe."

"All right, blame it on me, but we're going after them."

"*You're* going after them."

"Alone with all those animals? Oh, no, Mary Lou, not this salamander. You're coming too."

JAY ran into the cabin, and came back with his boots and hers.

"Here," he said, "put 'em on."

Five minutes later, they too had started up the trail. It was very steep. Mary Lou began to puff almost too quickly. Also she managed to stumble over every small twig, and every time she spied a rock suitable for sitting, she sat.

They were sitting on a rock resting, when Phoebe and Bill came stumbling down the trail. Phoebe was leaning heavily on Bill's arm, and she was limping badly. For once in their lives both looked completely fagged.

It was an amazing sight. Mary Lou and Jay jumped from the rock, and Jay cried, "Why, Phoebe, what's the matter?"

"My boot rubbed," Phoebe said. "I have a bad heel. I tried to make Bill come on ahead, but he wouldn't do it."

"Of course not." Mary Lou was shocked.

Jay went around to Phoebe's other side. He looked very serious, even grim. "Here," he said, "let me help. Does it hurt much, Phoebe?"

Phoebe was still the big Amazon, but only for an instant.

"No," she said, "it isn't bad. It's nothing. Oh-h-h-h-h."

Her face grimaced suddenly with pain. She would have fallen if Bill and Jay hadn't caught her.

"Phoebe, you didn't tell me it was that bad," Bill said.

"I didn't know it," Phoebe said, "Oh-h-h-h."

"Now Phoebe, just lean on me. I'll take care of you. Over to this rock—steady now—easy—there."

"Oh, Bill, I hate to be such a softie."

"Softie? Why, you're the bravest girl I know. We'll take that boot off. Easy now."

The boot was off. As Bill set it down, he looked up and saw Jay and Mary Lou standing there helplessly.

"Do something," he roared. "Don't stand there like ninnies. Do something."

MARY LOU did something. She grabbed Jay by the arm.

"We'll go back to the cabin. We'll have to make a fire and heat water. We'll hurry."

Before Jay could say a word he felt himself dragged down the trail with Mary Lou.

Mary Lou seemed to be overcome with a fit of energy. She positively flew down the trail with Jay after her. She didn't even slow up until they were well out of hearing.

"Mary Lou," Jay kept saying, "stop. Listen to me. Didn't you see Phoebe? Didn't you see how grand she looked in the moonlight. Mary Lou, on a mountain you look a gnat on an elephant, but Phoebe is right in her natural setting. Mary Lou, if you run off and leave them back there now. . . ."

"Well?" said Mary Lou, slowing.

"Mary Lou, there's something I must tell you. You know when Phoebe and Bill staggered down the trail?"

"Yes."

"Well, I realized that if there was any chance of their liking each other, it was then when they were both all worn out. Only Phoebe wouldn't play up. Phoebe was still the big strong woman. And so, Mary Lou, when I went over to her and asked her if it hurt, and she said no. . . ."

"Yes, Jay."

"I kicked her, Mary Lou. I kicked her sore heel twice. It wasn't very gentlemanly, but I did it. I hoped that great big thing would get some sense into her head and weaken."

"She weakened," said Mary Lou.

"She weakened so much that if you want to be the Viking's bride . . . Oh, gee, Mary Lou, I love you, but if you want to marry that great big ape, we better hike back there just as fast as we can."

Mary Lou stopped.

"But I don't," she said. "Oh, Jay, don't you see what a brute he is? He's the kind of a man that would wake the baby at midnight to show the neighbors how it could chin itself."

"You mean . . ."

"I mean I haven't even wanted him around for hours and hours. Why do you think I've been splitting seconds, running down this trail if not to give them the chance to find they're just made for each other?"

"Why, Mary Lou."

"Yes, Jay, and that's why I did it."

"Did what?" Jay asked.

"That's why I went into the cabin when they were still playing tennis this afternoon, and cut a nice jagged hole in the lining of Phoebe's boot."

"The salamander rises from the ashes," Jay said.

"Yes, Jay. I did it for you. Just for you. I had to prove that two humming birds are better than one."

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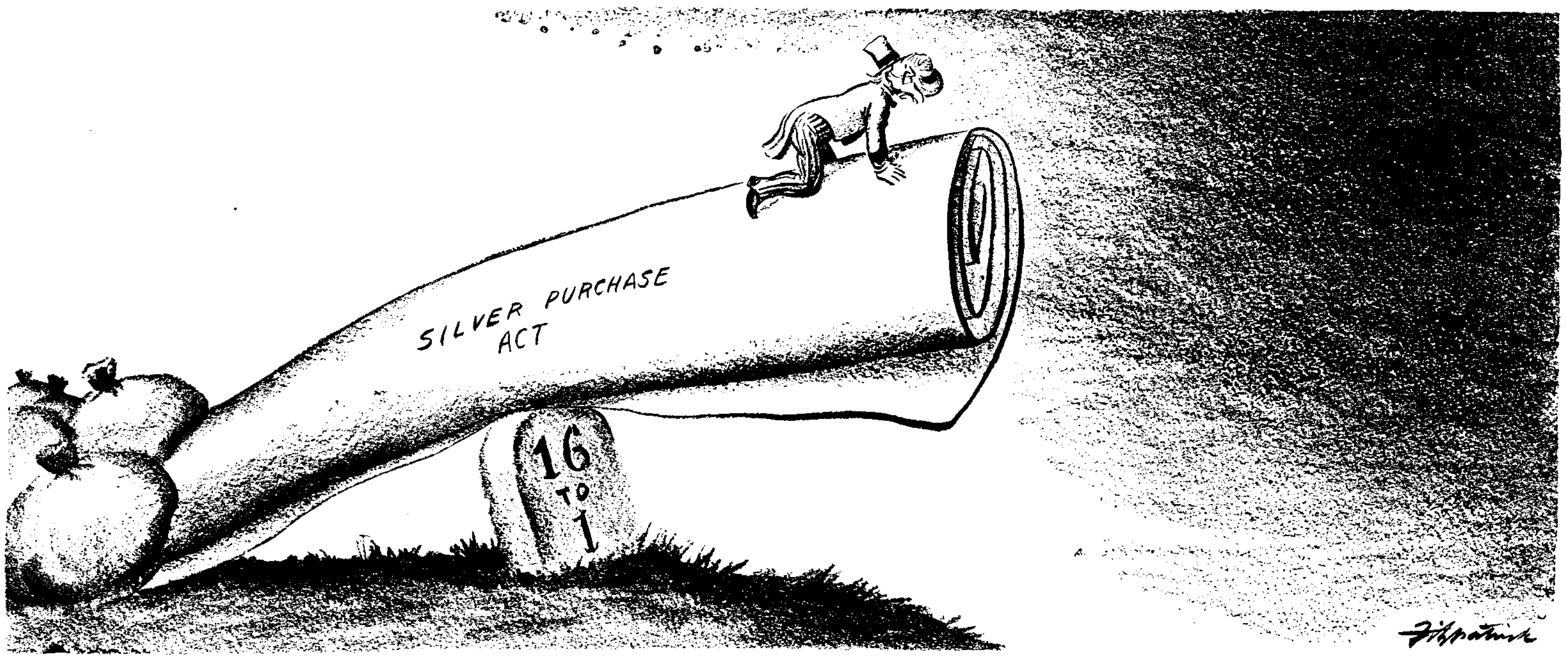

The Great Silver Bubble

OF ALL the muddleheaded schemes which have emerged from Congress, none has had its folly more spectacularly demonstrated than the silver purchase program.

The plan was to hasten prosperity by buying silver until the price reached the wholly artificial level of $1.29 an ounce. The argument was that a silver reserve in the United States Treasury against which paper dollars might be issued would increase general prices and bring prosperity to this country.

Price levels have increased and business conditions are better than they were two years ago, but silver purchases by the government had nothing to do with our improved situation. We have moved forward despite the drag of a thoroughly Mad Hatter silver policy.

It is important now at the finish of the attempt to win economic salvation by establishing a governmentally inflated price for silver to understand clearly what happened. For, in spite of the general recovery, further demands are heard in Congress and elsewhere for other magical remedies.

As a prosperity producer silver has worn a halo at least since the days of William Jennings Bryan and his sixteen-to-one campaign. Gold, somehow, seemed evil to Bryan and his followers but silver appeared clean and good. If sixteen ounces of silver could be made to buy as much as one ounce of gold Bryan thought the troubles of the United States would be cured.

Silver mining is not a large industry. Most American silver mines are located in seven states in the Rocky Mountain area. About sixty million ounces of silver have, on the average, been produced by American mines since 1900. Recent production has been smaller. Gross sales of twenty-three million ounces in 1933, a year of low production, amounted to about $8,000,000. This is a small industry to justify representation by fourteen Western senators, some of them exceedingly influential men.

At any rate, the silver senators persuaded Congress and the Administration that there was merit in forcing the price of silver upward by purchases for the United States Treasury. The Silver Purchase Act of 1934 authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase silver and to issue certificates, valuing the silver for currency purposes at $1.29 an ounce, more than twice its actual worth as metal.

In order to drive the price upward the Treasury bought silver in the markets of the world. Senator Elmer Thomas, of Oklahoma, said some weeks ago that already 700,000,000 ounces had been bought by the American government.

Of course the price of silver was forced upward. Silver production was not, however, greatly increased in the United States. Four-fifths of the silver mined in the United States is a by-product of the production of lead, copper and zinc. Obviously more silver cannot be mined without the accumulation of stocks of lead, copper and zinc, which must also be sold.

Producers who had silver to sell got more for their ore. Speculators the world over benefited from the bounty of the American government which paid so much more than other buyers thought silver was worth. We have a lot of paper money called silver certificates in circulation. But so far as contributing to a general rise in prices is concerned, the silver purchase scheme is a complete failure.

Worse still, contrary to the forecasts of Western senators, the silver scheme did not increase American exports to China or to other countries which traditionally used silver as money. On the contrary, as a direct consequence of the increase in the price brought about by American governmental purchases, China abandoned the metallic standard because silver was more valuable as a commodity than as money.

Instead of increasing, our trade with China diminished. Meanwhile, hoarders of silver the world over dipped into their accumulations and sold silver to the United States Treasury. The hoarders profited by the generosity of the American government. When China stopped selling openly, the Japanese offered silver which, it was suspected, had been secretly exported from China.

The goal of sixteen to one which the silver senators sought meanwhile retreated into the distance. The movement of gold into the United States increased immensely the amount of silver necessary to fix a metallic reserve consisting of one part silver and three parts gold as specified in the 1934 law.

In a word, Congress tried by statute to control the price of a commodity most of which is produced and owned outside the United States. We are a big country but not yet is our Congress able to impose its will on China, India and other great areas owned and governed by other peoples.

So the silver plan is another beautiful scheme wrecked on the hard rocks of reality. It ought never to have been attempted. The eminent liberal senators of the seven silver states demanded it and they got it.

If the peanut industry or the chewing-gum industry or the cosmetic industry, every one of which from the standpoint of dollars is vastly more important than silver mining, had sought any such bounty, liberals in the Senate would have denounced the attempt as a wicked grab of the people's money. Silver mining they think is different. In the name of silver anything is possible and decent!

If we are capable of profiting by an immensely expensive bit of experience, we ought to learn something of value from our silver speculations.

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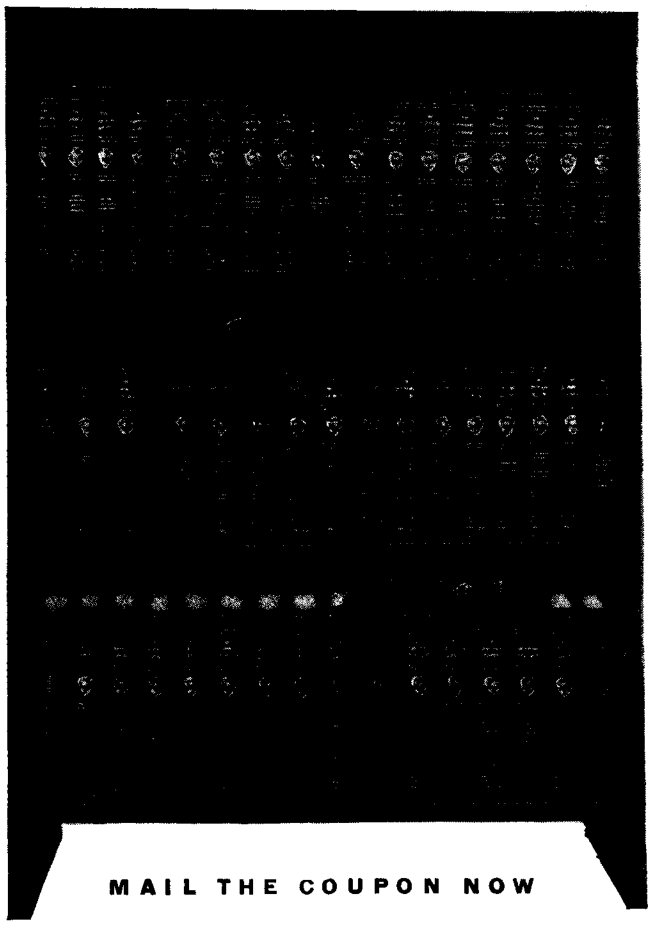

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